

THE
LIFE AND DEATH
OF
SILAS BARNSTARKE.

A STORY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY TALBOT GWYNNE,

Author of

“The School for Fathers” and “The School for Dreamers.”

“I would not have your conscience for all your gains; nor
your accomplice to make for all the world.”—BAXTER.

LONDON :

SMITH, ELDER, & CO. 65, CORNHILL.

MDCCCLIII.

[*The Author of this work reserves the right of authorising
a translation of it.*]

Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

823
G 1372

Dedication.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I will not fall into common-places concerning obligations and cares which I feel can never be repaid ; but, as you have ever encouraged and applauded my authorcraft, I will beg you to add to your never failing kindness by accepting the dedication of this work, as a small mark of the respect and gratitude of,

My dear Mother,

Your very affectionate Son,

TALBOT GWYNNE.

BELGRAVIA, 1853.

THE
LIFE AND DEATH
OF
SILAS BARNSTARKE.

THE night was dark—dark with the melancholy, mysterious blackness of a winter midnight, and so still that distant sounds seemed near at hand.

Snow fell lightly, quickly, and silently on hill and vale; on plains, and on frozen rivers, streams, and pools.

The earth was white with it; and every hour added to the depth thereof; as it fell, fell, fell, throughout the livelong night.

There was a little village nestled beneath a bleak down, high and smoothly rounded. Winds might rage around the top of that hill, and sweep howling past it, but they reached not the village.

The dwellers in the cots which composed it could hear the blustering tempests raging above them ; but those storms, broken by the sheltering downs, passed with diminished violence over the hamlet.

On the night in question, 4th January, 1610, the flaky snow covered the cottage roofs ; tired labourers slept the sleep that refreshes those who toil. The watch-dogs, unprovoked by passers by, or by suspicious sounds, were mute and slumbering ; there was nought to break the dead silence of the bitter winter's night.

Without the village, about a mile beyond the church, stood a long, low house, with stone roof, and roomy porch. This house, like the village cots, bore snow upon its roof. The five or six yew trees, clipt into fantastic shapes, which stood before it, were capped by the feathery flakes, whilst their retreating parts remained darkly green and sombre. The grafts around the house, and the paved path leading from the stone fence to the porch were invisible beneath the deep white coating that covered them.

From two long windows of the house lights shone out on the darkness.

The night wore on, still the lights burnt.

Within the dwelling all watched throughout the long hours of night, except Silas Barnstarke, a boy

but three years old, who slept as children are wont to sleep, softly, calmly, though all around are full of anxious care.

In the room in the front of the house from the window of which a light was shining, sat a tall, strong man with folded arms ; chin resting on his breast ; closed eyes, and agitated expression of face. Now and then he would open his eyes, raise his head and listen ; then with a sigh fall again into the attitude he had just quitted.

All was silent about him. From time to time he arose ; slowly paced the room ; opened the door ; listened ; shook his head ; resumed his walk ; looked from his window on the monotonous falling of the eddying snow flakes, visible in the light cast without from fire and candles ; then reseated himself with folded arms and drooping head before his sparkling wood fire.

The hours passed heavily and wearily.

From watching alone and in silence, slumber began to take possession of the tired man.

At first he dozed with many a start.

The falling snow seemed present before his closed eyes. He could see it fall, fall, eddy, eddy, flake crossing flake, quickly, lightly, without pause or cessation. He ceased thinking. The snow to him became a waking dream, a dreamy waking ; and

thus, by little and little, his doze turned into a dead and heavy sleep.

Night wore on. It was three hours past midnight.

The door of the room was slowly opened and an old woman peeped in.

“Master Barnstarke!” she cried.

The man moved in his sleep without waking. The old woman touched his shoulder; he started up.

“Master Barnstarke,” repeated the old woman: “the babe is born;” and she shook her head.

Master Barnstarke looked into her meaning eyes. Without saying a word he left the room, and sought that in which the other light was burning.

As he went he heard the wailing of his newborn son.

He stept up to the bed where lay his wife: she feebly put forth her hand. He took it in his, which were cold and trembling. His words choked him: to speak was, to him, impossible.

The night was over, day was breaking, and the snow still fell from the clouds; the clouds that hung so low, that were so sad-looking, grey, dark, and heavy.

The light still burned in the room where throughout the night Barnstarke had watched, or wearily

slept. The dull light of morning struggled with that of the candle, giving a melancholy air to the large low room, and seeming to add to the chilly cold of the now fireless chamber.

Barnstarke sat before his table, his arms folded, and resting on it, whilst his face was buried in his arms.

He remained motionless for hours, with teeth tight set, and brows knit closely together ; whilst a moan burst from him at rare intervals.

In the room above, behind the closed curtains of the ponderous, dark bed, lay the clay-cold body of his wife.

A sound rang through the still air and smote his ear.

It was the tolling of the church bell, announcing that a soul had passed away.

Barnstarke raised his head, and fixed his eyes on the yew-trees before his house. They seemed to him as the feathers of some gigantic spectral hearse.

A small soft hand was placed on his thigh. He looked round and beheld Silas his son : he took the little boy on his knees, kissed him, and then putting him down walked to the window, biting his under lip to keep in his tears.

Little Silas followed him, and pulling him by the doublet to gain his attention, told him that the

women would not let him go to his mother to say his prayers, as he was wont to do every morning ; that they said she was very ill, but that there was a babe, that he should see it when it was awake, and that the babe was his little brother.

“ What be little brothers ? ” he added, in conclusion.

His father was leaning his head against the cold window panes, and answered not.

Silas looked up at his face, and felt frightened, he knew not why.

He took hold of Barnstarke’s hand, and trying to pull him towards the door to go out with him, to see the sheep and cows, and taste the fresh air, as the father and son were in the habit of doing betimes in the morning.

“ It snoweth,” said his father hoarsely.

“ Snoweth ? ” repeated the boy, looking up first at the sky and then at his father.

Seeing a large tear on his parent’s cheek, he let go his hand and crept away in silence.

Barnstarke’s heart beat heavily; his blood ran slowly and sluggishly through his veins, whilst his head and eyes burned, and he ached in every limb.

He repeated over and over again to himself :

“ Dead ! dead ! ”

He could scarcely believe his loss ; then suddenly

the crushing reality would force itself upon him, rudely shaking him in soul and body.

Whispering servants sought him, arousing him with questions concerning sorrowful details that rent his heart and increased his woe.

About noon a friendly hand grasped his; a friendly voice sounded in his ear; the hand trembled, the voice spoke in a whisper, but they roused and soothed him.

It was his wife's brother, Sir John Lovell, who stood beside him.

Sir John vainly tried to persuade Barnstarke to leave his home and return with him.

“A man should bear his sorrow, and should not shrink from doing his duty, though it be full of grief and pain,” was Barnstarke's answer to Sir John's instances.

However, he was glad to let little Silas depart with his uncle: the sight of the boy, and his innocently thoughtless questions and remarks, were wounding and bitter to his soul.

As for Silas, he rejoiced as he rode before Sir John, surrounded by his arm, and wrapped in the same cloak with his uncle. He laughed as the snow fell in their faces, and delighted in the swift pace of the strong, fleet horse that bore them.

He liked to see the black crows hopping about

on the white snow, and flying away cawing, as the horse scared them in his course.

A five miles ride brought the uncle and nephew to Sir John's abode.

This place was very different from little Silas' bleak home among the downs.

Sir John's house stood on an immense estate. It was built on a large flat, the house itself placed on the only eminence in that plain ; surrounded by a vast garden, with a fountain in front of the dwelling, and many an alley of high and well clipt yew-tree hedges.

There was a labyrinth too ; and beyond the garden were tall, wide-spreading trees, fair to view, and full of singing birds.

The house had been built in the reign of Henry VII., and a fine and noble specimen it was of the architecture of that day.

On his arrival little Silas was turned into the great hall, where his two cousins Robert and Francis were at play.

The high roof and rafters echoed with their shouts and laughter ; whilst the helmets, with opened vizors, that hung on the walls, seemed laughing too, with wide mouths, at the sports beneath them.

Robert Lovell was about five years old, Francis a year and a half younger.

The hall contained three or four more boys, somewhat older than the Lovells. All these little men were lustily kicking at a foot-ball, when Silas arrived; who, to the best of his childish power, was soon engaged in the same pastime, as regardless as his sturdy little playmates of falls, bumps, and sundry kicks on his shins and ankles.

Master Barnstarke had lost his wife, Sir John Lovell had lost his only sister, on the bitter winter's night just passed.

The families of Lovell and Barnstarke had been friends from generation to generation.

No intermarriages had, however, taken place between them, until the day on which Anna Lovell, the sister of Sir John, had been wed to Edmund Barnstarke, against the will and without the consent of her father.

Old Sir Walter Lovell's consent to his daughter's marriage had been refused on account of Master Barnstarke's poverty: and in truth that poverty was great.

His ancestors had possessed vast estates, and goodly mansions; but all that remained to Barnstarke of this landed wealth was the house with the stone roof beneath the downs. This had been a farm in the prosperous days of the family; it became the only home of Edmund, whose father's extra-va-

gance and folly had brought him to so lowly a condition.

Barnstarke's father had been possessed by the ruinous idea of vying and competing at court with nobler and richer men than himself.

The velvets, gold embroidery and jewels which composed court costume in Elizabeth's days and at her court, were far different in cost to the tweed and broad-cloth raiment of the present time. Master Barnstarke loved rich garments, and these, together with his equipages, horses, retinue, and the banquets he gave, were those of a man of three times his possessions.

He was laughed at by courtiers ; despised by country gentlemen ; pitied by none.

Age brought no diminution to his folly, though ruin stopped his extravagance.

Estate after estate had been lost to the family by sale and mortgage ; plate and jewels were likewise disposed of. When his father died, Edmund Barnstarke retired to the old farm-house with one only wish ; that of becoming the husband of Anna Lovell.

These two young people nourished a passion for each other which nothing could control.

It was in vain that Anna represented to her father that although Edmund was poor, *her* family was

rich ; that Edmund was of good descent ; handsome, brave, kind, virtuous, and the only man she could ever love ; that she and her adorer had grown up together from childhood ; and that if they did not marry they must die.

Sir Walter laughed at first, but at length he grew stern ; and sent Anna to an old aunt's, with a desire that she might be safely guarded.

Anna had no mother, and her aunt was severe ; a maiden ; and without pity for contumacious lovers.

Poor Anna ! Far from her true-love, she faded and sickened from day to day.

Her brother John had pity on her and on Edmund Barnstarke, whose feverish state of despair drove him to roam from morn till night, regardless of driving blasts, pelting rain, or scorching funs, over the bleak downs that surrounded his solitary home.

Through the means of John Lovell, Anna was enabled, one dark night, to quit her aunt's abode.

Oh, joy ! her brother received her in his arms. Beside him stood a being who breathed hard but spoke not. Lovell placed his sister's hand in his. The flight was safely accomplished, and next day, before the altar, John Lovell gave his sister to Barnstarke ; promising to soften Sir Walter's mind, and obtain his pardon for this semi-clandestine marriage.

Sir Walter was not to be softened ; and he died two years later, without forgiving his daughter : without leaving her a farthing at his death.

Sir John Lovell continued his kindness to his sister, and wished to settle an annuity on her ; but she and her husband refused, saying that poverty had no horrors for them. They begged, however, that if their children should ever need, he would succour *them*.

Six years they lived in love and happiness within the old farm-house : six happy years, made swift and blithesome to both by the mutual kindness of each.

What a change had come over Barnstarke's happy life : what a blight had unexpectedly, and suddenly lighted on him !

All the long and wearisome day he sat pondering, desolate and alone ; throughout the cold and silent night he watched beside his wife's coffin.

Sleep he could not, except by snatches ; he would see no one, not even Sir John Lovell, his faithful friend.

As for his new born son, the wailing and crying of the little babe was melancholy and overpowering to the father's soul.

Poor Barnstarke wrung Lovell's hand, the only time he was admitted, and begged him to see that the boy was provided with a fitting nurse : some

kind and tender woman, and to have him removed to her dwelling.

Lovell fulfilled his friend's wish, and Barnstarke's house remained still as the grave.

Worn out with watching and lack of food, for eat he could not, Barnstarke, strengthening his spirit as best he could, prepared to follow the body of his wife to her last home.

Cold and drearily dawned the day which was to separate the two fond lovers till this globe should cease to roll.

The snow had in part thawed, showing the wet ground beneath it; whilst rain fell thick and chilling, freezing as it fell.

Barnstarke heard the tolling bell, and he counted each stroke mechanically, as he walked behind the coffin, with head erect, with a fixed look, and with a wild expression in his tearless, burning eyes.

Anna Lovell was lowered into her peaceful grave: the mourners departed, but her husband remained.

The village children, who had collected to see the funeral, whispered together, and stared at Master Barnstarke; then left the churchyard without jumping about over the graves, or noisily helping the sexton to shovel in the earth, as is commonly

the wont of village youth on such occasions ; turning a sad solemnity into mirth and disport.

Barnstarke remained, and saw all things properly done, and in order ; then dismissing the sexton, he stood alone in the pelting rain and bitter cold beside his wife's lone resting place.

He felt neither rain nor cold : his petrifying grief was his only sensation.

The whole day he remained bound, as it were, to the grave.

Sir John Lovell had, at Barnstarke's desire, gone home, with a promise to return next morning.

Towards close of day the rain ceased ; the sun shone forth with sickly rays, lighting up the rain-drops that fell from roofs and trees, and casting faint long shadows from surrounding objects on the thawing, blue-looking snow.

With a long drawn sigh, Barnstarke aroused himself from his state of torpid sorrow ; and then he felt how piercing, cold, and damp, was the air : he felt how benumbed he himself was, how wet were his garments, beard, and hair.

“ I shall soon lie beside thee, Anna,” he cried, once again fixing his sad looks on the grave ; and noting how the rain-drops shone and trembled on the rank grass around, as though they were tears shed for him in his grief, or for the wife he had lost.

He turned away from the mound, seeking his home with heavy steps and aching limbs.

Ah ! how desolate seemed that house : how full of gloom, how melancholy, how silent !

Barnstarke, worn out and faint, threw himself on his bed, dressed as he was ; wet through, and shivering. There a deathlike sleep came over him ; his woes were forgotten for a while : no dream visited him to bring back to his mind the chilling misery he had undergone.

Such happy oblivion could not endure for ever.

Towards midnight, Barnstarke awoke, stiff and shivering with fever. He sat up on his bed. The moon was shining on the floor through the casements of the long window.

With an overpowering rush, thought returned to him ; with thought came back all his woe, and all his grief.

He felt ill—his heavy head ached—his hands and face burned—he shivered each time he drew his breath ; and in all this he rejoiced : he hoped that his life was attacked, and that he should perish ere long.

Sir John Lovell was at the old farm-house betimes next day.

He found his brother-in-law in a small room over the porch that had been Anna's own room in

her lifetime. On the night of her death, her husband had locked it, taken the key, and no one had been in it since that time.

There, with flushed cheeks and gleaming eyes, sat Barnstarke.

Everything in the room was as Anna left it when she sought her bed. Her spinning wheel stood before her chair; on it was a little Bible from which she read each day, and from which she had read when her sorrows were beginning.

On the table were her gloves, retaining the very shape of her hands; beside them lay a little bow belonging to Silas, to which Barnstarke had seen her put a new string to please her boy.

Near these was a letter which she had begun, to a friend of her childhood, but which she had been unable to finish.

Without moving it from its place, Barnstarke had read it. These were the last words it contained:—

“ The weather is piercing cold without, but we are warm and happy in this our dwelling. Send Heaven thou mayest one day wed such a man as my dear husband, and find as great content as I have found! Our happiness seemeth not imperilled by ought but death; and when that cometh, as come it surely must ”

No more was written. The pen was thrown across the letter, and there left.

“It is not good for thee to be here,” cried Sir John Lovell as he looked around him; his throat swelled as he perceived the mementos of his dead sister.

Barnstarke, however, would not leave that room, till, burning and unable to support his weight, he was carried to his bed.

Delirium soon seized him, during which he raved of the happy days of his love, nor seemed once to dream of his loss and sorrow. For many days, for many nights, he raved, muttered, and wearily tossed in his burning bed.

A fortnight after the burial of his wife, Barnstarke, an unconscious corpse, was placed beside her. He had died without recovering the senses which pain and fever had scared away. Thus, within but a brief space of time, were Silas and his little brother left orphans.

Edmund Barnstarke was but six and twenty when he died, leaving his children on the wide world.

Sir John Lovell, however, took care that his desolate little nephews should have a better home than the wide world. He kept Silas at his own house, making no difference between him and his sons.

The little one, who had been christened Walter at his dying mother’s desire, had been placed by

Sir John at the cottage of one Thomas Elderfield, whose wife Joanna was to nurse him and bring him up, till his infancy should be passed.

Joanna was a woman of the tender, compassionate, kind nature, common to most countrywomen ; and she at once loved and pitied little Walter with all her heart—in which he replaced the child that had been born to her, and lost to her, the very day before Walter first drew breath.

Her cottage was but half a mile from Sir John's abode ; wherefore Silas was often taken to see his brother, and his brother brought to see him ; but the heart of Silas did not warm towards the babe, and he took but small notice of it.

Silas was not an ordinary child. He was taciturn, which is not the usual character of children ; he joined his cousins in all their country sports, but he had no real love for boyish plays, though he was stout of limb, deep-chested, and robust. He had none of the airy gaiety of childhood : he was a grave and sedate boy, with a deep look in his dark gray eyes ; whilst his mouth shut with a firmness which had more of the man than the child about it ; and his head had a squareness that denoted great strength of body, as well as a most determined disposition.

He was dull at learning, and the family chaplain and tutor looked upon him as a doomed dunce.

It was not till this chaplain thought it his painful duty to try and teach Silas something of figures, that his hard-brained pupil woke up from his lethargy. Then, to the good tutor's astonishment, he found that there actually did exist a capacity for something in “the poor little dolt,” as he had been wont to call Silas. He seemed born for arithmetic. In his walks, in his bed, at every spare moment, Silas was making calculations: goff and bowls, sword-play, single-stick, wrestling and riding, he now left entirely to his cousins. As for him, he strolled about the fields and lanes calculating, till, at ten years of age, he was the marvel of all who were aware of his sedate talent. He was rough in his manner, and all the efforts of his uncle and his wife, all the lessons of the tutor, and all the bantering of his cousins, failed to mix one drop of courtesy with his rudeness.

Walter remained under the tender care of Joanna Elderfield till he was three years of age. Her love for him had waxed greater from day to day. He was a meek and a winning little child; and this, together with his orphan state and his gentle blood, rendered him a precious treasure to his nurse. She loved her own children: stalwart children and good were they; but she entertained for Walter a sentiment of respect and tenderness, superadded to her

affection for him : which, even at his then immature age, her fosterchild well repaid.

Walter and his brother were as different as it was possible for two brothers to be.

Whereas Silas was rough in manner, and stout in body, little Walter was courteous in his childish ways, and delicately made. He was neither a handsome nor a particularly pretty boy ; but the expression of meekness and goodness spread over his countenance, was far more charming than the greatest beauty would have been.

It was with a heavy heart that Joanna Elderfield arrayed him in his best suit, on the fatal day on which Sir John Lovell had decreed that she should give up her charge, and that Walter should take up his abode in Sir John's dwelling.

Joanna smoothed down her foster-son's silky, light brown hair, kissed his soft pink cheek, and promised, with rising tears but half concealed, that she would be sure not to feed the poultry in the evening till he came back ; then, giving him to the servant who had been sent for him, she watched him as he ran across the meadows, the white feather of his hat fluttering in the light breeze.

Joanna's cottage seemed dark and dreary to her, as she re-entered it, sat down, and wept for the departure of her beloved charge.

As for Walter, the day passed over merrily ; he knew not that he had been doomed to leave his nurse. When, however, twilight came on, and he asked to be taken “home ;” when he was told that he had come to live with his brother, then his little heart saddened. He begged of his uncle to send him to his nurse ; he begged of Lady Lovell not to let him remain where he was.

Lady Lovell was a Frenchwoman of high family, whom Sir John had loved and won during his travels abroad ; and she, kind and gay, tried to amuse Walter, and to make him forget his nurse : but Walter felt an awe creep over him in the large rooms of his uncle’s house, as they grew darker and darker ; and the garden looked mysterious and gloomy as night came on, and the bats began to flit hither and thither through the cool evening air.

Then, too, Walter thought of Joanna, of her cot, of the poultry, of his foster-brothers and sister, and of his pet kitten ; and these images combined, sank his child’s soul in cold despair. He sat silent awhile, and it was supposed that he was pacified ; but when lights were brought, it was perceived that the poor little fellow was struggling hard to keep in his tears ; which then burst forth, and so prevailed, that Sir John, being a kind-hearted man, could not bear to see them, and carried Walter back to his nurse’s cot.

Great was the joy of all the Elderfields to have him once again among them: Sir John Lovell rejoiced to see such happiness, neither had he the heart again to disturb it; Walter was allowed to remain at his nurse's. As time went on, his education was confided to the vicar of the parish; a good man who had led a stormy married life, but whose handsome virago then lay silent and at rest beneath the sod. The vicar had always loved Walter; the boy from year to year became more and more attached to that righteous man, and spent his young life happily between the Vicarage, the Elderfields' cot, where he lived, and his uncle's friendly home. For the latter, however, he felt but little inclination. His brother treated him roughly; his cousins were too old for him, and too merrily boisterous in their kindness to win his tender spirit. To his child's fancy, a mysterious gloom seemed ever to hang over the mansion, with its large rooms, its dark old carving, its oak wainscotting, and its garden with the solid-looking, majestic yew hedges that composed the avenues.

Of Lady Lovell, too, in spite of her sprightly kindness to him, Walter felt a kind of dread. Her broken English, her dark complexion, her large and sparkling black eyes, with their black and arched brows, so flexible and clearly marked, were to him

strange and unnatural; and there was in her bedroom a large crucifix of black wood, with the figure carved in ivory, which struck a solemn awe to little Walter's soul. He could not look at it without a curdling of the flesh: and yet he loved to look upon it, connecting it in his mind with Lady Lovell, and thinking how dreadful it would be to pass the night in the room alone with that huge black cross; or to leave Goody Elderfield and live with his aunt, who was, he had heard, a "Roman Catholic :" words which conveyed to his mind an undefined, but terrifying idea of something mystic, preternatural, and awful.

Walter loved his uncle, and felt happy beyond measure, when, with a gentle pressure, Sir John laid his strong hand on his nephew's head, telling him to remember that he would always be both father and uncle to him; and that in all troubles or sorrows he must ever fly to him for succour and for comfort. Still, a shade of sadness came over his heart, he knew not why, at the idea of troubles and sorrows, and flying to his uncle for succour and for comfort. The feeling was visible in the expression of his meek eyes, as he would look up at Sir John, and putting his arm around his tall uncle's thigh, lean fondly against him with a silent gratitude, whilst Sir John, smiling at him, would say:

“Thou art a loving child, Walter, but my mind misgiveth me: I think that thou wilt ever be unfit to fight thy way through a rough and troubrous world, full of cares and pitfalls; unquiet, self-loving, and fraught with vice and devilish cunning.”

Walter gave no promise of great or astonishing intellect, or of any vast decision or strength of character; but he was an incarnation of goodness, possessing a soul that shrank naturally, as much as a fallen human soul can shrink, from the least approach to, or appearance of evil.

He loved to follow the “parson” in his tours of charity, to stand by him and listen to the advice, the comfortings, and consolations he gave to his poor flock; or to stroll with him through the green meads beside the glassy, winding river; noting the reflection of clouds, trees, and reeds in the water: viewing how fleetly the flying swallows skimmed along, dipping their wing, and leaving many circles to mark the spot where the tip of their pinion struck the silvery stream; whilst he learnt, the while, how good men had lived and tranquilly died; and how the wicked might flourish in life, but how their death-bed was a bed of agony; their minds full of fear and torment, crying out for the fleeing moments to tarry; whilst the moments hurried on, and the wicked died with frighted soul,

and face of grief and horror ; startling the living, and leaving them a double weight of woe.

From the lips of the righteous parson, Walter from day to day learnt fresh lessons of godliness and virtue : learnt them beneath the vault of heaven so high and clear ; in the open fields, breathing the pure, sweet air of the country ; or sheltered from the mid-day sun in his glory, by the spreading aged trees of the woods, where the hot rays, broken by the stretching branches, reached the mossy ground, and tortuous, knotty roots of trees, in chequers with the shade : woods where birds sang and chirped, and buzzing insects flew to and fro in summer idleness ; where village sounds and human voices were heard, pleasantly subdued by distance ; and where peaceful souls and virtuous minds could find delight and quiet ; but from whence the sinful man would have rushed as from a death-like calm, a scene of gloomy horror.

The thoughts and feelings of Silas were far different from those of his brother.

“ That boy,” Sir John Lovell would say, “ is hard of heart and strong of head. He wanteth no fostering hand, neither doth he stand in need of aid nor comfort. He will coldly fight his way through life ; and what he setteth his mind upon, he will see to the winning of.”

Silas had heard the history of his lost estates, and how his grandfather's extravagance had ruined the family.

At his desire, Sir John had shown him the various lands in that part of the country, which should have been his ; of which the farm-house where he was born alone remained.

Silas loved to hover about his lost property, to walk from meadow and field, to wood and down ; to view the splendid abode of his ancestors, and, in his mind, to call it his own.

“ Mine it should be ; mine it *shall* be ! ” he said, and firmly he set his mouth, and bent his heavy brows.

Silas was twelve years old when he made this resolve. He was not a boy to ponder over it, nor to build castles in the air concerning it.

No ; he told himself that to possess that estate he must buy it ; to buy it he must needs have wherewithal to do so ; that he was not worth, at that moment, a single farthing ; that when he came of age he would have the farm, and the 100*l.* a year it brought forth ; therefore to redeem his lost houses and lands he must “ *make money.* ”

Make money ! how was that to be done ? He must find out.

From that day all his discourse with Sir John

and with the chaplain was on the theme of money-making; and all his questions were inquiries as to how money was to be made.

He thought over all he had gleaned on this subject.

It was evident that by remaining at Sir John's, learning classical lore with the tutor, and finally settling down at his solitary farm on 100*l.* a year, and any little sum which, he hoped, his uncle might leave him, was not the way to reposess his estates, and to become a man of weight in his county. That would never do.

Having fully made up his mind as to his future career, he one day bluntly informed Sir John that it was his desire to become a merchant; and that if his uncle would give him an education which would fit him for that line of life, he would repay him, "*with interest,*" as soon as ever it should be in his power to do so: for he felt certain that he should eventually have it in his power so to repay him every farthing spent on his early training.

Sir John Lovell laughed heartily at this proposition of his nephew's; at which burst of hilarity Silas was not over well pleased.

"Thou art my poor sister's boy," cried Sir John, wiping away the tears of laughter, and looking

grave, “and dost thou suppose that I am going to covenant for thine unearned money, Silas, or to take it when earned? Would that be like either a good Christian or a gentleman? It would be more like a Jew usurer.”

“ Usurer? what is that? ” asked Silas quickly.

“ Thou wilt know time enough. ’Tis a foul and dirty trade, taking advantage of a man’s necessity: a selling of the soul for the filthy lucre of gain. Thou shalt be a merchant, Silas, let that suffice thee; but never again offer me money, or interest on money. Thou art the son of my only sister, and of my dearest friend. Is not that enough? and should I take money for helping the orphan? Thou didst mean it in good part, my boy; but see that thou doest so no more! ”

Silas felt pleased to think that he was to have his desire, and that without repaying his uncle for any outlay he might incur in the fulfilling of it.

Sir John Lovell took the necessary steps towards setting his nephew forward on his way, using his interest and influence to that effect.

Silas Barnstarke was to leave Sir John’s after the midsummer holidays, and to wend his way to London. Arrived there, he was to be deposited at Christ’s Hospital, where he would be arrayed in blue gown and yellow stockings, and receive a good

education ; thus laying the first stones of the grand edifice it was his intention to rear.

Silas was not given to sensibility ; neither did he feel any attachment to inanimate objects, seen and known from babyhood. He took leave of his uncle, aunt, and cousins, with his usual *sang-froid*.

Walter embraced him tenderly ; which embrace Silas received quite passively and without emotion.

As for the beautiful country, his walks, his haunts, his uncle's house, the house which had been his home from the moment he had become an orphan ; he left all these without one regret.

Silas was to travel by the waggon, which took two days and two nights in the performance of the journey to London.

He left his home whilst all therein still slept, except his cousin Francis, who looked from his latticed window laughing, wishing Silas a merry journey, and hoping that he would not be over intimate with the rod at school.

Silas did not receive this sally in good part ; he merely uttered a fullen “ farewell ; ” and left his cousin to return to his bed, laughing aloud at Silas' gravity.

The journey was performed safely and without excitement. The six strong horses stepped on

heavily and sturdily ; the dust flew, the sun shone hotly, extracting a smell of grease from the waggon wheels ; the waggoner's dog trotted beneath the vehicle, panting in the dust, his tongue hanging out. Silas walked the greater part of the day, and made calculations beneath the tilt of the waggon during the remainder of it. By night he slept therein beside the dog, who lay asleep, yet watchful in his repose ; whilst the calm moon shone on them from on high ; the cool night wind blew over the face of the earth ; the waggoner softly whistled, and the broad grinding wheels, and clanking drag-chain, lulled Silas to repose with their monotonous, unceasing sound.

During the mid-day halt for repose and dinner, on the second day's journey, a sedate looking man about forty, plainly dressed in black, stepped into the little inn where Silas was taking his repast of boiled bacon and greens : good country food rendered doubly grateful by the ravenous appetite of young Barnstarke ; true English bacon well accompanied by foaming ale, and by unsophisticated bread, guiltless of alum and other modern improvements.

The man in black was respectfully received by the landlord of the little inn, as well as by his wife and daughter : the fat, robust daughter, overflowing with rude health, who waited on the guests, keeping

over-lively ones at arm's length, and all in their proper places.

The landlord addressed the sedate man as "Master Benson," took his little valise, placed it carefully in the waggon, and informed him that Silas was his only fellow-traveller.

Master Benson glanced at the hungry boy, smiled, and said that he had no doubt they should soon be friends, and not fall out by the way.

Silas, as he cut from the loaf a third hunch of bread, looked up at Master Benson, and felt that he should be pleased with his society; but being blunt and uncouth, he had no power of expressing this sentiment in pleasing phrase: he merely nodded his square head, and cut another thick slice of bacon.

The time for starting having arrived, Benson got into the waggon followed by Silas, whilst the landlord stood by, cap-in-hand.

Off rolled the heavy waggon, the dust flying, and the dog trotting between the hind wheels. Silas being sleepy laid him down for a nap, making a snug nest among the packages; whilst Master Benson, taking a little thick vellum-clad book from his pocket, proceeded to read.

As he did so, he from time to time eyed sleeping Silas. Astonished was he at the boy's firm, steady,

grave expression of countenance, set off by his thick, curling, dark-brown hair. The sallow colour of Silas' skin added to the gravity of his face, and made him look older than he really was.

After an hour's sleep, Silas stretched himself and awoke ; raised himself on his elbow, and, in his turn, stared at Master Benson, who was intent on his vellum book.

This person was of moderate stature, inclining to stoutness, with black hair prematurely grizzled ; large, dark eyes ; which, together with his features, wore a mild but fixed expression.

Master Benson feeling that Silas' eyes were upon him, looked up, smiled, and said he hoped that Silas was all the better for his nap.

Silas sitting up, rubbed his eyes and replied in the affirmative.

After this beginning, conversation grew between the two.

Silas being a cautious and taciturn lad, it was not until he had learnt from Master Benson that he was a city merchant dwelling in Mark Lane, that Silas, in his turn, informed his fellow-traveller that he was a nephew of Sir John Lovell's.

Benson next said that he had been to his country-house to see his wife and children, who were spending the summer there, far from hot, pent-up London ;

and that he always, when alone, travelled by the waggon, as it was useless waste and folly to spend more money than necessary. This sentiment delighted Silas, who, assenting to it, then recounted how he was destined for commerce ; how he was bound for Christ's Hospital ; and how he intended to make his fortune, and to purchase all the estates lost to the family through his grandfather's extravagant vanity ; neither did he spare the memory of that progenitor of his : waxing warm, he denounced him in good round terms.

Master Benfon was both astonished and delighted with Silas' views and sense ; whilst on his side, young Barnstarke could not ask questions enough of the merchant : a *real* merchant, a man who could answer all Silas' enquiries to the full, and satisfy all his thirst for knowledge on the subject of commerce.

Never had Silas passed so delightful a day.

Towards dusk the merchant took a manuscript book and an ink-horn from his valise. He then entered the events of the day in his book, telling Silas that he had kept a diary since he was fifteen ; that he put down therein not only the doings of each day, but the observations that offered themselves to him on all subjects : observations which he might otherwise have forgotten, and which had often stood him in good stead. He recommended the

practice to Silas, promising him a book for a diary, and advising him to commence it from the day on which he had left his uncle's house to begin the world for himself. Silas readily promised this; it was a plan quite in harmony with his ideas.

When they lay down in the waggon for the night, Master Benson was soon asleep; but Silas, fixing his eyes on the moon, thought over all he had that day heard: thought over it again and again, fixing it in his memory; nor did he doze off till he had come to the conclusion that Master Benson might be a useful friend to him, and that it behoved him not to neglect opportunities, but to cultivate the man thrown in his way by a lucky chance, as he was pleased to express it.

On arriving in London the following morning, Master Benson and Silas alighted in a great paved yard, which was enclosed by the inn at which the waggon put up. The waggon rattled beneath a tall archway into the yard; the waggoner “wo-oh-ed!” to the stout horses; the dog saluted his London acquaintances; the ostlers ran out; the travellers paid their fare; and there stood Silas beside his school chest, about to begin life in the great metropolis!

Master Benson was too much pleased with Silas Barnstarke to lose sight of him. He invited him to

come home, breakfast, and pass the day with him ; when he would show him his offices and warehouses, as well as those of some of his friends.

This was an offer which was thankfully accepted by Silas, who walked from street to street with Master Benson, seeming to breathe in wealth from the London atmosphere, as he stepped along gazing on all around him.

Silas on arriving at the merchant's, put on his best suit of Philamot cloth, and fancied that he looked quite mercantile ; as he purposely omitted lace and ribands in his costume, making himself as clean but as plain as possible. Silas' nature was one of those that are not easily astonished ; however, when he beheld Master Benson's mercantile treasures, his chests, his bales, the number of men he employed, and the signs of wealth everywhere visible in his house, Silas *did* give way to a certain degree of astonishment, and of admiration likewise. At Sir John Lovell's he had been accustomed to the wealth of a country gentleman in more than easy circumstances ; to good cheer, and no lack of the comforts of life ; at the Mark Lane merchant's, things were far different. The aristocratic air that pervaded his uncle's dwelling was not to be seen at Master Benson's ; but in his abode, riches, vast riches, made themselves to be felt, as it were, at every turn.

Silas bluntly told the merchant how astonished he was at all his wealth ; and as bluntly asked him how much he had had to begin life with.

“ A little learning, a stout heart, and a willing mind,” replied Master Benson ; who then proceeded to inform Silas that his mother and father were never known to him : that he never had any clue to who his parents might have been. He was found, a little infant, snugly wrapped up in an old velvet cloak, one cold and blowing evening. The bundle of baby was placed under a hedge, which sheltered it from the blast. A poor labourer spied it out as he was getting over a style on his way home.. He took the little child in his strong, stiff arms, and carried it gently to his master’s, whose wife took it in. Her husband, a stout yeoman, grinned on beholding the new arrival ; but he gave it shelter and a home. Searching enquiries were made in order to discover the infant’s parents ; without effect, however, for his origin was never known.

The yeoman bestowed his own christian name of Anthony on the babe ; to which was added Benson, the name of the man who found him.

Anthony Benson was brought up at a charity school in London ; where he learnt reading, writing, and arithmetic, according to the old fashioned plan.

He felt that he could not be a burthen to the

generous yeoman who had fostered him, but that he had a vast debt of gratitude to pay to him ; and no one but himself to look to in this world.

On leaving school, he entered a merchant's house as errand boy, sweeper of offices, and general doer of anything that might fall out to be done. This employment was not very imposing, but he put his whole heart in it, did it well, and made duty his rule of life.

Such conduct has never been known to lead to ruin. Anthony's master noticed and promoted him.

From factotum he became a clerk's assistant, then clerk ; and then his master's secretary.

He saved money ; put some out to interest ; made ventures of the rest ; doubled and tripled his small income ; married his master's daughter, and became his partner.

Benson's fortune was then as good as made.

As soon as he was able, he bought a small estate, which he presented as a Christmas-box to the yeoman to whom he owed so much ; telling him at the same time that, do what he would, he could never repay him for his kindness.

Anthony Benson recounted the above history to Silas, merely omitting everything that redounded to his own credit ; Silas listening with the greatest interest and attention.

“ My poor old father-in-law died last summer,” added the merchant in conclusion, “ leaving me a good half of all he possessed—may heaven be praised!—Bear in mind, young man, as you mean to follow my calling, that you may be content with honest gettings. Little with honesty is better than great riches with fraud; and a happy conscience worth all the pelf in the world. I am thankful to say that I can lay my hand on my heart, and faithfully tell all men that I have never stooped to dishonest gain—never! May you, my boy, on your death-bed, be able to say the same; for there be many and great temptations in this our state of life. Do not forget that in the beginning more money is to be saved than made; and that a youth who loveth pleasure and wantonness can scarcely come to wealth and honour. Eschew all junkettings, and light throwing away of your gains. Be sober, plain-living, and temperate. See, moreover, that you do not get an over love of gold and money-making. That is a snare many have fallen into: it hardeneth the heart; ever maketh the kind affections to wither and die; preventeth the doing of good offices, and doth cut a man off from all his fellows. Be open-handed with prudence, and according to your ability; but be open-handed. The very poorest man may be open-handed according

to what he hath ; but if the rich man be not so in the way of almsgiving and kindness, woe betide his miserable soul ! ”

Silas listened reverently to this little discourse of the merchant’s : but there was a rising in his heart against the “open-handed” precept ; although he entirely agreed with Benson when he recommended saving and prudence.

The merchant took Silas to the house of two of his rich friends, bringing them home to dine with him between twelve and one o’clock, after Silas had surveyed their warehouses to his heart’s content.

At dinner young Barnstarke eat, drank, listened to the conversation of his elders, and held his tongue ; save when he now and then modestly but roughly asked a question of them : as for remarks he made none.

The youth of that period were reverent in their demeanour towards their seniors. Men were men ; boys were boys, and treated as such in that age. The monkey modes of the “*rising generation*” of our day were then unknown ; the modes of little premature men making themselves sick over cigars, and apish in man’s attire ; giving out their opinions resolutely in piping treble ; whilst their fond parents look on with approving smile at the “*fastness*” of the smooth-haired little rascals. What sort of men

will they become, and what will the generation after them be like?—“*¿ Quien sabe?*”

The Spaniard's question-answer is the only reply to be found to that query!

All that the merchants said during dinner, sank deep into the mind of Silas; and many a shrewd remark of theirs he stored up in his strong memory, for future use.

Towards the close of day, Master Benson himself conducted Silas to Christ's Hospital, and there left him, with the gift of a couple of gold pieces, and an invitation to come and pass the day in Mark Lane when ever he had leave out.

Silas felt no sinking of the heart when the merchant left him, and none of the chilling sensation which seizes most boys on being turned into school for the first time. He put up his gold pieces, adding them in his mind to the pocket-money he had brought from his uncle's. One gold piece from Sir John, one from Lady Lovell, a crown from each of his cousins, and a modest silver penny with a hole in it from his little brother; and which Walter had told him to wear round his neck that he might not forget the giver. Such was Silas' amount of cash, and well satisfied with it he felt.

The dreams of the night are oftentimes faint images of the doings of the day.

Silas, amid the snorings of his comrades, dreamt that he had a warehouse full of little foundlings in swaddling clothes. The foundlings were hung on hooks in rows all along the wall ; and he sold them 100/- a head to various merchants, who meant to bring them up as virtuous, active clerks.

Silas had no personal vanity, consequently he felt no particular aversion for his yellow-stockinged costume ; neither did grief oppress him when he beheld his beautiful, thick, brown locks fall beneath the scissors that ruthlessly cropped him as close as a private of the line is cropped now-a-days.

On the first day of his arrival, he went through the initiatory fight with a boy of his own calibre ; one Will Higgons, son of a drysalter on a small scale.

Silas was stout of heart and limb, so was Higgons ; however, Silas won the fight, amidst universal admiration : Master Barnstarke going about for days afterwards with a black eye and a cut lip ; whilst Will Higgons' countenance presented the appearance of a dejected and hideous mask.

Dating from this fight, Barnstarke and Higgons became allies.

Higgons was a fair-skinned boy, the said skin being well sprinkled with freckles ; his eyes were pale and clear, decked with white lashes. His

hair was red, of course ; his nose being slightly turned up ; his mouth wide, with round corners, and garnished with a set of strong, thick, white teeth : good, bacon-eating, longevity-looking teeth were they.

Higgons was a steady boy ; a young Presbyterian, with a marked love of apples, and bread and cheese ; a sturdy courage ; and an intense admiration for the two hour sermons he heard from a certain Jonas Sherwood during the holidays.

He informed Silas that he meant to preach himself “one of these days ;” at which information Silas grunted, replying :—

“Thou wilt never make a fortune that way—oaf !”

“Enough is as good as a feast,” retorted Will.

“Thy notion of enough would match a crust of bread ; my ‘enough’ would need a king’s banquet, and not be as good as a feast even then.”

“Law !” cried Higgons ; and pulling some apples from his pocket, he polished them on his sleeve, offering a couple to Silas, as he inserted his large teeth into one himself.

Silas pocketed Will’s gift, and sold the two apples before night for a farthing. That was a farthing cheaper than old Gaffer Green, the apple-man, would have sold them : but they cost Silas

nothing ; and, in his scheme, every farthing was precious. He never lost sight of this scheme. He considered that it was not necessary to wait until he should have reached man's estate before he began the building up of his fortune—no ! Silas began it directly he arrived at school, and steadily persevered in the gathering together of small gains ; which small gains were to be the foundation of large ones, as the handful of snow rolled up becomes the ball too heavy for the maker to move.

Silas had not been long at school before he bore the nickname of “ steady Silas.” The Christian name being by degrees omitted, he was at length known by the name of “ Steady,” and by none other.

Idle boys and dunces were mines to Silas. When they would not, or could not, do their various lessons, “ Steady” was always at hand, like some hired scribe, to do the task for them ; never, however, delivering over his work until he had been paid for it : and this payment was always to be in hard cash ; Silas would take nothing else. He had a wonderful and dangerous talent for imitating all sorts of hand-writings, doing it quite well enough to deceive masters ; and he could, moreover, write so small, yet so distinctly, that he would copy a lesson on a bit of paper which would

fit into the palm of the hand. These little papers saved his customers much trouble, as far as memory was concerned. They stuck the copied lessons on the hand, and repeated them with great volubility and precision.

Silas' copying of lessons, and doing of written tasks in feigned hands, became in time to be called "*Steadies*"—from the enditer. All his play hours were taken up by these "*Steadies*," which were paid for in copper coin; such pence being carefully put away by Silas till they amounted to the value of a silver coin, for which he exchanged them; the silver being, in its turn, kept until there was enough of it to be exchanged for gold.

Silas heart expanded with quiet joy when he eyed and handled the first gold piece of his own making. He felt that he was able to "*make money*," and he felt at the same moment that his ancestral estates could not fail of becoming his own.

In spite of his nickname of "*Steady*," Silas' reputation was very bad with the higher powers. No boy in Christ's Hospital was under punishment more often than Barnstarke; and no boy bore the infliction with so much philosophy and carelessness as he did. And yet Barnstarke suffered for offences which were none of his! As far as his own duties

went, he was immaculate ; but for a groat—that was his price—Silas would take on himself any offence which could be transferred without fear of being found out, and with it the consequent punishment.

His ally, Will Higgons, was among those who never bought “*steadies*,” or transferred a groat and a punishment to Silas. The boy had a conscience, did his own duty, and bore his own castigations.

Barnstarke, on the invitation of Master Benson, passed his first holidays at that merchant’s.

Silas did not pass these holidays with his eyes shut. He began to use them and his mind in gaining a knowledge, even then, of mercantile pursuits.

Master Benson, delighted at Silas’ steadiness and sense, became, as it were, his mercantile tutor. He, day by day, taught him something of business; which lessons Barnstarke took in with avidity, and retained firmly.

He was, moreover, held up as a pattern to the merchant’s son Anthony, a thin slip of a boy, a month or two younger than Silas. This Anthony was his mother’s joy, who had shown her fond love for him by spoiling and pampering him, till she injured him both in mind and body. Master Benson, waking up from his business to a sense

of his son's impertinence, peevishness, and arrogance, sent him to Westminster, in spite of Mrs. Benson's tears, entreaties, and reproaches.

Whether it was natural disposition, or the effects of spoiling, I cannot say, but Anthony, at Westminster, gave unmistakeable signs of turning out a rake and spendthrift. There being no "Steady" in the school, Anthony was in one continual sea of trouble; whilst his mother's heart bled for him, and she looked on her husband as a monster of cruelty.

Young Benson having the greatest contempt and aversion for his father's calling—destining himself, in his heart, for a future courtier—was not much edified by the pattern held up to him in the person of Silas; neither did Mistress Benson approve of the praises given to Barnstarke by the merchant. She detested the grave visage and steady modes of Silas, and prophesied that Master Benson would sooner or later rue the day on which he had let him into his house.

Silas knew well enough that he was an object of hatred and contempt both to the mother and son of his patron; however, he held on his course steadily, without appearing to observe their feelings, saying to himself, that "he had a fortune to make, and a good friend to further him in his scheme, and that

he was not to be turned from either by a foolish woman and a spoilt boy."

Anthony having one unfortunate day collected three or four of his schoolfellows for the purpose of venting his spite against Silas, they waylaid him, calling him "yellow legs"—"jolter head"—"quill driver," and various other abusive epithets; all of which Silas bore in silence for some time, until Anthony, pulling him backwards by his blue gown, tried to bring him to the ground.

Silas, turning round, knocked Anthony over with a well-planted blow of his strong fist; and then, without the least appearance of anger, but with a firm countenance, defied the rest to fight him like men, and not to bully him like cowards.

The boys, brought round by his conduct, said they were sorry for what had happened, shook hands with him, and walked off; whilst Anthony, trembling and weeping with rage, sped to his mother, to confide his sorrows to her bosom, as well as to have his bleeding nose washed and tended.

Silas walked quietly home, reported to the merchant all that had taken place, and begged his forgiveness for having knocked Anthony down; saying that he believed it was the only way to stop such doings for the future.

In spite of Miss Benson's denunciations, and

the increased volume of Anthony's nose, the merchant gave his verdict in favour of Silas ; bidding his son shake hands with him, and beg his pardon.

“Never !” cried Anthony, drawing himself up with an air.

“Then back thou goest to school to-morrow, sirrah !” was the merchant's reply, as he walked towards the door. “Come, Silas, I'm going on 'Change, and I'll take thee with me !”

Anthony knew his father well, and had often and often had examples as to how the merchant kept his word, and how he was not to be turned from what he had decreed.

This being the case, young Benson thought he had better strike his colours ; which he did with an angry tear in his eye.

Silas received his hand and his apology without either condescension or triumph ; then followed the merchant, and the affair slipped from his mind.

Not so with Anthony. When Silas left the room he cried and stamped with rage, and his silly mother wept for his vexation. Anthony devoted Silas to the infernal deities, and swore to hate him, “for ever and a day ;” whilst Mistress Benson applauded his spirit, instead of trying to put better thoughts into his heart. In her opinion, Anthony could do no wrong.

Besides this son Master Benson had a daughter, five years younger than Anthony.

Little Damaris was a pretty blue-eyed little girl, the delight of her father's heart, but no favourite with her mother and Anthony. She was her brother's slave ; Mistress Benson having brought her up to obey him in all things, and to look up to him as her superior. She was accustomed, poor little thing, to see her mother treat him with the greatest tenderness and regard, magnifying him extremely, whilst she received but a small share of love or care.

Master Benson had been too much taken up with his calling to note his wife's conduct to his daughter ; but he observed that there was a shade of sadness over Damaris, and that she would sometimes sigh as she sat on his lap, her little fair-haired head resting on his breast. He had observed also, how, if her brother called her, she would start from his arms and run to Anthony, as a slave would run to his master.

The merchant put all this down to her natural disposition, and loved her with all his soul.

Thus, whilst Anthony was growing up in the cultivation of all the bad parts of his nature, little Damaris was learning humility, self-denial, and obedience ; though at the expense of the careless gaiety of childhood.

Silas failed not, on the evening of each day, to set down in his diary the events thereof; together with those things which he esteemed of most value among all that Master Benfon taught him, or which he gathered together from his own observation.

The diary was written in concise style, and had anyone found it, he would have supposed it to be the work of a man rather than that of a schoolboy.

The first time that “Steady” appeared before Lady Lovell in his quaint garb and with his cropped head, she looked at him in astonishment, laughed, hid her eyes, as though in horror, and cried:—

“*Ah! le petit sapajou! le petit monstre!* Silas, Silas, where are your beautiful *hairs*? I cannot suffer you like that! They might play at bowls with your head!” Then she laughed again; so did Robert and Francis; but Silas took no heed of them, further than to rub his hand over his head, saying, that hair would grow again at any time.

Silas’ yellow legs were great eyesores to Lady Lovell, and she begged Sir John to let him have a “*human*” costume during the holidays. To this he consented; first asking Silas what had become of the new Philamot suit he took to town with him.

“I sold it,” replied Silas gravely. “I looked upon it as my own, and saw no use in keeping it

lying by, with this one to wear. I thought it best to make money of it."

"He is beginning to *redorer son blason!*" said Lady Lovell, laughing.

"Thou art a thrifty dog!" cried Sir John. Silas had a new suit, and received orders to let his hair grow. The hair was cropped again on returning to school, and the clothes were sold as before.

It was a great delight to Silas to wander about the family acres, and to gaze at his family mansion through the iron gates, opening on the long straight avenue of beech-trees that led to the house. This avenue was a quarter of a mile in length, as straight as an arrow, high and arched like the nave of some vast cathedral. The iron gates were a mass of beautiful scrolls and foliage, with a falcon, the crest of the Barnstarkes, in the centre.

The mansion and the greater part of the estate were at that time in the possession of Sir Peter Markeham, K^{nt}., a Roman Catholic gentleman of good and antient descent. Sir Peter Markeham was a devout follower of his faith. He had turned a large room in the fourth story of his mansion into a chapel; and the way that led to it had been rendered purposelly intricate and hard to find. There were several little staircases to be mounted and descended, contrived with the sole view

of perplexing any foe on the scent of the chapel. A wide passage on the second floor had been divided lengthways into two. Stairs at the further end of the first division led to the third story, the wide corridor of which had also been divided, like that on the second story. The first portion of the third floor passage having been traversed, stairs at the extremity led to the second division of the second floor corridor; at the end of which a staircase gave passage to the second portion of the third story corridor. From a narrow corkscrew stair, by which but one man at a time could mount, the fourth story was reached, from this division of the passage. One half of this floor was occupied by the chapel. The remaining half contained a narrow passage doubled backwards and forwards on itself, with a door at every turn.

Sir Peter Markeham's devotion, as well as his taste and wealth, appeared in the little chapel.

The windows, which were few and narrow, gave entrance to a dim light; rendering the chapel dark with a soft-looking kind of twilight, and spreading through it an air of religious calm and meditative repose.

The candlesticks and altar ornaments were of massive silver; as was likewise the heavy lamp that hung from the roof by a cord and tassel of crimson

silks, and in which a light glimmered with serene ray through the gloom.

The altar-piece was a beautiful painting representing the Ascension ; a picture in which the clouds seemed to float, whilst light appeared really to burst through them.

The painting was seen to the greatest advantage when the tapers on the altar were alight.

The altar itself was of stone, well and richly sculptured. The right side of it was moveable, being made to turn on a pivot at a third of its length from the front. Within the altar a square door about three feet high, opened through the chapel-wall, just beneath the picture. This wall was about four feet from the wall of the house. Between the two a strong ladder was planted, being the sole means of reaching a small chamber which ran the whole width of the house, but which was only four feet wide. This place had been walled off from the loft beneath the roof, to serve as a refuge for the priest, should he be pursued whilst saying mass. It received a little air and light by means of a brick displaced here and there in the outer wall.

The secret of opening the altar was known only to Sir Peter, to his wife, and to the chaplain.

Although Silas had often been at Sir Peter

Markeham's, he had no idea of the existence of this chapel. He had heard, indeed, that the Markehams had a *subterranean* chapel, and that a priest came, now and then, *in the dead of the night*, to celebrate mass.

Sir Peter's household were all Catholics, and trustworthy. They betrayed to no living being that their master's *soi-disant* bailiff, the portly man with the ruddy cheeks, grey hair, mild blue eyes and gentle manners, was no other than Father Humphries, the knight's chaplain !

Silas had a great respect for "Humphries the bailiff," and picked up many a hint, and much information from the good-natured priest.

Lady Lovell went to chapel in the dwelling of Silas' ancestors ; but Sir John Lovell alone was aware that she went otherwise than to visit her neighbours.

The farm-house in which the two young Barnstarkes were born, and in which their father and mother had breathed their last, had been let to a good tenant.

Master Edmund Barnstarke had, himself, made his will, before poor little Walter came into the world.

By that, all his property had been left to Silas, with a desire that he should keep and care for his mother. He had likewise appointed Sir John

Lovell his son's guardian, in the event of his being a minor at Master Barnstarke's death. There was no codicil in favour of Walter, who was consequently left without a penny in the world.

Sir John received the farm rent, suffering it to accumulate; himself being at all expences for his nephews.

“Silas,” he said, one day to the eldest of them; “thy brother is penniless !”

“Yes,” replied Silas, rather doggedly.

“As soon as thou art of age, the farm will be thine.”

Silas nodded his head in silence.

“Methinks, then, that the rents which are accumulating should be his.”

Silas opened his dark grey eyes, but said nothing.

“It would be doing him a kind turn if thou gavest them to him on thy coming of age. The farm was let when thou wast but four years old. On thy twenty-first birthday the rents will amount to 1700*l.* The money might then be put out to interest for Walter, and it would be a little fortune for him to begin life on.”

“It's a great deal of money,” said Silas, slowly.

Sir John looked intently at Barnstarke, and then continued—

“Silas ! Silas ! I hope thou hast nought of the

curmudgeon about thee. The farm is in good hands, and rising in value; it will soon bring thee in more than it does now."

Silas brightened up a little at this news, but anon relapsed into his thoughtful state, whilst his uncle watched him with displeasure.

"One thousand seven hundred pounds," he said, deliberately. "Much coin! With that I might buy back some of the fields about the farm."

"But Walter would be a beggar!"

"He can work as I mean to do; and I could lend him a helping hand, as Master Benson does by me."

Sir John looked severely at his pondering nephew and said.

"Give him half!"

"Eight hundred and fifty pounds?"

"Aye!"

"I am fully determined never to make rash promises."

"But thou shouldst do thy duty to thy brother. Doth not thine heart warm towards the poor boy?"

"The heart hath nought to do with money matters."

"Silas beware! Thou art becoming grasping and grovelling even now, what will thou become hereafter?"

Silas made no answer.

“ If it be only for the sake of thine own heart, to prevent the hardening thereof, give Walter half of the money ? ”

Silas shook his head coolly and firmly.

“ Give him one hundred pounds ! ” said his uncle.

“ There is plenty of time before us, between this and my coming of age,” returned Silas.

“ Thou meanest to keep the money ! Ah ! Silas suffer not thy soul to harden, and for the sake of paltry lucre. A good deed is worth thousands. Thou wouldst buy one cheap by giving the 1700*l.* to Walter ; thou will buy an ill deed dear by withholding it.”

Silas was not to be persuaded.

The obdurate, sensible boy was fifteen when this conversation took place.

The very next day he was round and about the farm, looking out to see what land he should purchase, at some future time, with the accumulated rents.

It was on a fine summer’s afternoon that Silas had started on this expedition. The shadows were imperceptibly beginning to lengthen as he left the farm to begin his walk homeward. The beauties of this walk were entirely lost on Silas. He saw

not the downs stretching out afar, beginning to cast their evening shadows long and dark over the plain, whilst the space appearing between their tops and the sun was growing less and less; it wanting but an hour to the time when he should dip behind them to sink faster and faster, until he should seem to drop, huge and crimson, into the distant sea, visible from the summit of those beautifully rounded hills. Neither did Silas observe the inland country spreading before him: the wide plain studded with majestic-looking trees; another range of downs, purple through distance;—he did not even notice his ancestral home standing on a rise, the upper windows appearing above the tree tops, and the panes shining like gold beneath the sun's rays.

The soothing hum of homeward-bound bees fell unheeded on young Barnstarke's ear; the pure freshening breeze, redolent of down thyme, gave him no sensation. He walked sturdily on with downcast eyes, seeing nought but the path he was following across the meads; and that, as it were, mechanically. His mind was full of figures and calculations; sales and purchases; doubling and trebling of capital; schemes of prudence and frugality, money making and future wealth.

All very good things no doubt; but it was a

pity that a youth of fifteen should be so taken up with them, as to breathe and to walk in bright green fields on that calm and richly glowing evening, unmindful of the thousand beauties around him; wholly cribbed down in mind to the addition, multiplication, subtraction, division, and to the various combinations of nine figures and an "o."

But so it was; and Silas walked the three miles that separated the farm from Sir Peter Markeham's, without looking around him.

Arrived before the massive iron gates giving entrance to Sir Peter's avenue, he beheld on the other side of them his brother and portly "Humphries the bailiff."

These two were fully enjoying the beauty of the evening, watching the sunlight shining on the thick trunks of the avenue beeches, making the opposite side of them to look so gray and dark; whilst the sun cast his parting rays nearly horizontally across the road beneath them, throwing a mass of shadow from their thick tops on the green meadow beyond.

Father Humphries, his hand negligently reposing on his fat abdomen, was laughing a soft good-natured laugh, with which the boyish laugh of Walter was mingled. This laughter was raised by the chirruping, twittering, fighting, and alighting

of a whole regiment of sparrows, not one of which was visible. The solemn, clipt yew-tree growing by the gates, and in which all this clamour was taking place, was the roosting-place of the pugnacious little birds; who, darting into it, raised evening after evening a twittering fight for places, the noise subsiding by degrees, leaving the old yew silent and quiet, whilst it seemed to wear an appearance of being solemnly shocked at having been the scene of an uproar it had no power to quell.

When Silas saw his brother and heard him laugh, his conscience gave him a twinge, seeming to say to him: “Thou art hard-hearted and cruel. To keep back *that* money from him is like unto defrauding him.”

Silas felt uneasy, but he gave an inward “tush!” swore that it was not prudent to be led by feeling, and so called to Walter.

He, on hearing Silas’ voice, turned towards him.

“Silas!” he cried, running up to him. “Why, brother, thy voice sounded strange: I did not know it!”

Silas’ heart and conscience again wrung him, as he beheld Walter’s eyes fixed on his, and beaming with kindness.

“Where hast thou been?” asked Walter.

“To the farm,” replied Silas, casting down his eyes.

“That farm,” said Father Humphries, folding his hands and gently twirling his short thumbs, “hath much increased in value since Sir John Lovell hath let it. It will be a nice nest-egg for you, young man; and a pleasant retreat, now and then, from city noise and business.”

“But if I made a retreat of it, I should have to send away my tenant. That would be killing the goose that lays the golden eggs.”

Father Humphries chuckled at these words of Silas.

“Farm it yourself,” he said.

“No—no, Master Humphries, business first and play afterwards. Farming would take my mind from commerce. I must first make my fortune, and see about farming and country sports afterwards. Your servant, sir! I have another two miles to walk, and I fear I shall be late for supper. Good-night, Walter!”

With these words Silas turned to depart. He usually liked to talk to “Humphries” on matters connected with farming and land; but on that evening, and before Walter, the subject was unpleasing to him.

Walter, saying he would walk with his brother as far as the village, bade “good-night” to Father Humphries, raising his hat as the priest shook hands with him. The latter walked up the avenue—with which he was quite “in keeping”—with his black stuff doublet, breeches and mantle, his high-crowned black hat, and his staff with the horn crutched top. His costume and portly figure gave him somewhat the air of a burgomaster.

Silas would rather have been without his brother’s company. He felt surly as he tramped along, Walter stepping lightly beside him.

“How is it thou art not with the parson?” he asked, with somewhat of a sneer.

“He is gone to a dying man—a poor man dying of fever. He would not take me lest I should catch it.”

Here followed a silence; whilst Silas wished his brother gone, and felt more and more surly.

The silence was broken by the sound of the church bell tolling through the air, and adding to the repose and calm of the evening.

“Poor old Rogers is dead! There is the bell,” said Walter, reverently. “He was old, sick, and poor! His troubles are over! I should like to die on an evening like this,” he added, with a sigh.

“Thou talkest like an old gaffer. There’s time

enough to think of dying when one becomes aged. Don't talk to me about it—I hate it,” said Silas, gruffly, and with an involuntary shudder. “I wish that dolt of a bell would leave off tolling!” he added, doubling his pace.

Walter held his peace, and enjoyed his meditations. Silas did not enjoy his.

After a time he said suddenly to his brother.

“What dost thou mean to do hereafter?”

“Hereafter? When?”

“Why, hereafter! How dost thou mean to gain a livelihood?”

“My desire is to be a country parson.”

Silas made an exclamation of contempt, and said: —“That's a poor trade, to christen dirty babes, marry and bury poor folk, all unable to pay fees, all backward with their tithes, and pass thy life in some nook of a village. Thou will never grow wealthy that way!”

“I do not wish to grow wealthy. Poor I was born, poor I shall live, and poor I shall die; far from trouble and turmoil, and contented, please Heaven! with little and a good conscience.”

At the words “a good conscience,” Silas blushed a dark blush; for he felt at that moment that his was not precisely so.

He passed the remainder of the walk as far as

the village in trying to persuade Walter to turn his mind to the making of wealth ; but Walter had no ambition, and no desire for riches, or the things that riches give. His sole wish was to pass a tranquil life in obscurity, giving his time and talents to the service of the poor ; for whom he felt an extreme love and pity, as well as a sincere respect.

When Silas quitted him at the cottage-like Vicarage where Walter then lived, his temper was black and his mind fretted. He hurried over the half mile between the village and Sir John Lovell's, and sat down to supper discontented and vexed. Lady Lovell tried to rouse him : all in vain.

“ Ah ! ” she said, laughing. “ I see poor Silas he *nourish* a *misfortune* passion for a belle. Silas, you will prevail if you let your *hairs* grow ; because no lady love a *soupirant* with the ape his head, Silas ! ”

This sally only served to render Silas more gloomy. He went to rest fighting with his conscience ; and alas ! for Silas, he succeeded in chaining it heavily, if he did not quite conquer it.

Better would it have been for him to have resolved on endowing Walter with the rents.

Ah ! the lightsome heart, the tranquil breast, the approving conscience he would thereby have

gained ! He would have conquered *self*, that natural tyrant over the heart of mankind ; whereas *self* had gained the victory. Silas, unfortunate Silas, tried to comfort his uneasy soul by repeating that Walter had *himself* said that he had no desire for wealth, a country parson's life being his aim and end ; and that, therefore there was no need to offer him that which he had no wish to obtain.

“ Besides,” added Silas, “ I can always lend him a helping hand when my fortune is made ! ”

This was the issue of Silas' first fight with his conscience !

When Walter had attained the age of ten years, he had been removed from Joanna's cottage, amidst tears on both sides, and placed under the tuition of his good friend the village parson ; who had observed in Walter the seeds of so gentle, pure, and virtuous a disposition, that it became the joy of his declining years to foster so rare a goodness, and to strengthen and guide his pupil in every righteous way. Many conversations he had with Sir John Lovell on the subject of Walter. The parson deemed it a sin to send the boy to school, there to learn premature iniquity amidst rough young scholars.

Walter having shown signs of a decided vocation for the life of a holy churchman, it was agreed between Sir John and the Vicar, that the latter

should bring him up in a manner befitting the calling he inclined to ; being fully competent so to do.

Walter well repaid the affection and care of the good pastor. They loved each other as father and son ; and there was not a feeling of Walter's heart, or a thought of his mind, which was unknown to his tutor.

Walter had traced out his line of life with quite as much precision as Silas had traced out his ; but their ways lay far apart from each other, running in a directly opposite course.

Silas' way led to riches, ease, and influence. His mental prospect was bounded by the accumulation and final enjoyment of them in old age : neither did it extend beyond this life ; his whole soul being wrapped up in sublunary matters, without a thought of anything beyond them. He had prudence, perseverance, and firmness enough to fight his way to the end he desired to attain unto ; no one being better cut out to succeed in it than Silas Barnstarke.

Walter's way was to run through self-denial, privation, and a rigidly holy life, without moroseness or melancholy. His prospect had no earthly boundary, but there was a bright and shining country beyond this world, on which his eyes were bent from early youth. He felt and knew that his

course would be difficult to tread, even for the best among men; but it was the only course that he loved, therefore he was bent on following it with the same prudence, perseverance, and firmness that accompanied Silas on his Mammon-led way.

Silas' education at Christ's Hospital being completed, or at all events sufficient for his purpose, he left it with sedate joy, to fill the situation of clerk at Master Benson's, until he should be of age.

What with the editing of *steadies*, the selling of clothes, and the saving of pocket-money, Silas was the happy possessor of fifteen pounds on leaving school. Silas had never felt the innocent school-boy greediness which tempted his comrades to exchange their money for the sweets of the pieman and apple-woman.

“It is folly,” he argued, “to eat coin in the shape of pies and fruit, not for hunger's sake, but through wantonness. I will do no such foolishness. A pie is soon devoured, but a penny saved is a penny gained.”

Thus Silas withstood pies, and saved his pence.

Master Benson had too high an esteem for Silas to allow him to lodge out; he was therefore installed in a snug little room of his own in the merchant's house, living with the family; much to Mistress Benson's displeasure.

Barnstarke put the whole of his steady soul to his work ; resisting the pleasures and temptations of the other clerks, as firmly as he had formerly resisted the pies and apples at school.

Whereas some among them were fond of drefs, well inclined for tavern dissipations, and for gadding abroad, Silas went soberly clad in iron-grey cloth ; his dissipation consisting of a walk in the meads, near London, with Master Benson, or a trip on the river and a visit to the theatre, when he happened to be treated to them by the merchant.

Youth he especially eschewed, seeking the company of sedate men.

He deemed young men to be the main sources of all evil ; beings who lead each other into folly and temptation, as well as into the extravagance consequent on the two first ; whereas from grave men a young man draws good counsel, whilst he remains free from expensive and ruinous pleasures.

Barnstarke was virtuous, chiefly because vice is ever scattering of gold, and destructive of the application necessary in order to *get on* in this world. Higher motive for virtue he had none. The natural sedateness of his character, too, might perhaps incline him towards virtue ; although it is possible to be sedately vicious.

Altogether Silas was, externally, a most exemplary young man.

An oath never garnished his discourse, and he was never known to have taken a cup too much, or to run up a bill anywhere. Ready money was his motto.

The only young man with whom Barnstarke consoled was Will Higgons ; a personage as steady as Silas himself, although in a different style.

These two would walk abroad together staidly and demurely, uttering but few words ; models of English sense and taciturnity.

At rare intervals they might be seen at some respectable grey-beard tavern, talking over grave matters, and refreshing themselves with cakes and ale ; at Will Higgons' expense of course.

Will Higgons had a decided distaste to the business of a dry-salter, but his father insisted on his following it ; and, to use his own words, Will "made a conscience of obeying parents in all things."

Anthony Benson, the merchant's son, on the contrary, did not "make a conscience" of obedience.

He steadfastly refused to follow his father's calling ; resolutely standing out, supported by his mother, to be sent to college "*like a gentleman.*"

Master Benson sorrowfully took counsel with himself in this matter, and so far honoured Barnstarke as to ask his opinion thereon.

“ I fear,” quoth the good merchant shaking his head, “ that mine will be the fate of many a pains-taking father. I have amassed wealth with care and toil, and Anthony will spend it all in vice and riot ! ”

Barnstarke folding his hands together behind him, knit his brows and fixed his dark eyes on the fire for a long space, without answering the merchant ; then, looking up without changing his attitude, he gave it as his opinion that considering how Anthony had been spoilt in childhood, as well as viewing his head-strong disposition consequent on the spoiling, it would be quite in vain to attempt to make him apply himself to the career of a merchant, for which career, Silas said, he deemed him to be utterly unsit, so flighty, so idle, and so fond of pleasure was he.

This being the case, he opined that the plan would be for Master Benson to give him his head ; making him a fixed allowance of money, with the full understanding that if he exceeded it he was to look for no more from his father ; and that moreover, as in a year’s time he would be one-and-twenty, he should be made fully sensible that if he got into debt Master Benson would not be answerable for him,

but that to prison he must go. He added that the merchant should rigorously follow this latter course in case of need; or that young Benson would contract debts, leaving it to his father to pay them, and expecting him to give him money to begin afresh.

“Perhaps, sir,” said Barnstarke in conclusion, “he may sow his wild oats, and think better of it.”

“Friend thy advice is good,” returned the merchant. “Why art *thou* not my son? That boy Anthony will do himself no credit in the world. Folly is his goddes, and her he will follow to his destruction.”

Master Benson acted on Silas’ opinion; which tallied with his own, save in the matter of allowing his son to go to prison if his conduct should lead him there: the idea of such an event was grievous to his paternal heart. This part of his advice, however, young Barnstarke doggedly supported, saying, that a bitter taste of the consequences of his own ill-doings might be the means of reforming Anthony, and saving him from utter ruin.

At night Barnstarke entered this conversation in his diary, adding to it:—“*Mem.* Methinks it were well for a man engaged in our calling, if he marrieth, to do so somewhat late in life, that his sons tread not on his heels; also to bring them up thriftily and somewhat severely; and to see that his wife have

no lead in any matter, and that the children be not spoilt by her."

Anthony Benson departed for college somewhat late in life, with a heart full of vanity, a stock of rich raiment, a good allowance added to by his mother's weakness, together with a firm resolution to turn out the most distinguished rake of the day.

"Fare-thee-well, Gaffer Barnstarke!" he cried, superciliously and impertinently to Silas, accompanying his words with a patronising nod of the head. Silas pretended that he had not heard him. "Thy days will not be many, poor wretch! Thou will ere long come home to die!" quoth Barnstarke in his heart. But Anthony could not hear the prophecy, and he left his home full of glee; whilst his mother and Damaris wept, and the merchant thought of him with a heavy heart.

Silas consulted Master Benson on the subject of the 1700*l.* in rents, which he should before long receive. He spoke of his intention of buying land with it. The merchant recommended him to employ the sum in commerce, and to set apart a portion of his yearly income for the purchase of land.

"I will do so," replied Silas; when the merchant suddenly asked,

"What income hath Master Walter?"

"My uncle will care for him," replied Silas.
"Shall I go now, Sir, to Lord Glamorgan's about the payment of the loan?"

"Do so!" and Barnstarke lost no time in departing.

The subject of Walter and his penniless state was very unpleasing to the soul of Silas; and his conscience rattled its chains, although it could not get free, whenever the idea came before him.

"*Tush!* the wife and prudent man must master womanish weaknesses."

Such was ever the finale to unwilling reflection on this subject.

One of the "red letter days" of Silas Barnstarke's life was decidedly that on which, being fully of age, Sir John Lovell gave up the accumulated rents to him.

Sir John, taking his nephew into his own room, walked up to a large ebony cabinet, dark, polished, carved in masterly style, full of drawers and doors, little steps and pillars, and decked with hanging handles in gilt brass, well wrought and elegant in form.

The whole appearance and "*bearing*" of this cabinet announced it to be a thing of other lands. The shape, the finish, the proportions, the air of it, all said "*Paris*;" whilst the Parisian *meuble* seemed

to stand with majestic mien amongst the solid, well-carved, rich, but not over elegant English furniture around it ; much as an aristocratic French warrior of other days might have stood prisoner among a band of stalwart British soldiers.

Sir John Lovell, taking a finely wrought key from his pocket, unlocked the centre door of the cabinet : a thick and arched little door, about two feet high, with brazen hinges of beautiful fabric.

Within this door, was a little vestibule paved in chequers with lapis lazuli and alabaster. At the end of it were three steps, in ebony, surmounted by folding brazen gates wrought in the most Cellini-like manner, with various devices issuing from a Medusa's head, which served as a centre to each gate.

Sir John opened both these, whilst Silas stood by, forming, in his sober, iron-grey garb, a great contrast to his uncle in his green velvet and lace, with his gold-mounted sword and the large roses on his shoes.

Sir John looked a worthy owner for the French cabinet. His face was grave and his air noble. He was not handsome, but a thorough gentleman in air and manner.

Silas stood beside him, firmly planted on his sturdy, well-turned legs. There was a look of

curiosity in his eyes, and even in his doggedly square shoulders, and strong, short neck.

Within the above-mentioned gates was a space lined with purple velvet, into which Sir John put his hand, and pressing against the *ceiling* of it with his thumb, the whole of the back flew open with a snap, and so suddenly as to make Silas start.

From the compartment thus given to view, Sir John drew forth three canvas bags, which he gave into Silas' ready hands, telling him to put them on the table while he should shut the cabinet.

With a half smile on his determined lips, Silas looked at the three bags. They varied in size, one being somewhat larger than the second, whilst the third was comparatively small.

In short they were like the far-famed bears in the story, a *great* one, a *middling* one, and a *little wee* one.

They had all, however, one feature in common, for they were all quite full; and all bore circular marks on their sides of the valuable, seducing coin within.

As Sir John locked up the cabinet, he silently watched his nephew; who, standing with his hands behind him, eyed the three bags as a concealed lover would eye his unconscious mistress.

“ Silas ! Silas ! ” cried Sir John, putting one

hand on Barnstarke's shoulder, whilst with the other he pointed to the bags, "that will be thy snare and thy temptation ! Check thy love of gold ! Beware !"

"I love gold, but I love it not for its own sake," returned young Barnstarke, slowly. "I have no wish to hoard it, that it may lie by useless; my desire is to use it to the full, to get its utmost value from it. I have no miser's thoughts or habits. The miser is a wretch who loveth not only heaps of lazy gold, but who gathereth nails, bits of string, matches, candle-ends, bones, anything, and everything. Gold I *do* love; but I love it for what it is to bring me. Hoarded, idle gold, is of as small value as hoards of pebbles; it cometh not near a pie's storings in worth. I take it, Sir, those bags contain the rents."

"The large bag containeth one thousand pounds in gold. Take it!" said Sir John, putting it into his nephew's hands: which hands held it firmly and greedily.

"This bag holdeth the seven hundred other pounds, likewise in gold; and in this little one is gold to the amount of three hundred pounds," continued the Baronet, whilst Silas nodded his head silently.

"Silas!" cried Sir John, after a pause, "how

much wilt thou give to Walter? Give him the bag with the seven hundred pounds; I will make it a thousand, by adding to it this little bag with its three hundred. He will thus have a thousand pounds, and thou wilt retain that sum! Wilt thou do so?"

Young Barnstarke, holding his money-bag in his left hand, with the right lightly touched his breast, then quickly stretching his right arm to the full extent, he shook his head, and said :

" *No!*—I will give him *nothing*!"

" There is the bag with the seven hundred. Go to thy room and count thy cash. See that it is right. Go!"

Silas took the proffered bag, and looked at that which remained. Sir John walked towards the cabinet with it, saying :

" This is for poor Walter. It is better than nothing?" And so Sir John Lovell locked up the *little wee* bag; whilst Silas, disappointed of it, walked off with the *great* bag, and the *middling* bag, to count their contents in his own chamber.

He spread out the rich yellow gold, and then placed it before him in piles of twenty pounds each. He felt rich, far richer than he really was; for he saw not only the golden columns on his table, but the thousands that were to spring from them.

It was a very selfish amusement in which Master Silas Barnstarke was engaged ; for the thought of the welfare of no human being, save his own, busied his mind, which was wholly buried in the contemplation of all the good that was to befall him.

He was not at all touched at the kind and watchful care Sir John Lovell had taken of his property, both landed and monied ; wherefore, boor that he was, he never even attempted to thank him for it.

His first act, on stepping into his property, was to give his tenant, a worthy honest man, notice to quit. However, he did not do so in the dark. Before he acted in the matter, he had made quite sure of a new tenant, a far richer man than the original one ; a person who was anxious to secure the farm, and well able to pay the increase of rent required by Silas.

Francis Lovell was much amused by his cousin's proceedings. Barnstarke's gravity, steadiness, and business-like modes, were matters of great mirth to Francis ; as open-minded, cheerful, lazy, good tempered a young man as could possibly be met with ; and whose idea of happiness was far different from that of Silas. He placed *his* in having nothing on his mind, and nothing to do ; some-

thing after the fashion of the ploughboy, who centered his on swinging on a gate, and eating “*fat ba-a-con!*”

Francis Lovell had a merry, careless, kind-hearted way with him; which, together with a ringing laugh, smiling expression of countenance, and a pair of blue eyes never clouded by a bad feeling, made him a favourite with all who knew him. Dogs wagged their tails when he passed, and the village children all added a smile to their salutes when he appeared.

His heart was always open to the distress of the poor, and his gold at their service; so that he and his cousin Walter were, each in a different way, benefactors to the surrounding country.

Silas did not like Francis, looking on him as an idle, giddy, useless young man; whilst Francis was never weary of jesting and joking with him on his toiling at such hard work as commerce; telling him that it was all “*vanity and vexation of spirit,*” and that he had far better live at his farm and be a good, honest farmer, with *nothing on his mind.*

“*By the time this great fortune of thine is made,*” Francis would say, “*thou wilt be an old pantaloon of a merchant, with one foot in a gouty shoe and the other in the grave. Thou wilt be so busy among thy books and thy bags, thou wilt have*

no leisure all the young days of thy life to look about thee on the fair country, or to court a sweet damsel, or to taste how good this life may be to him who will make it so. When thou wakest up and dost begin to look around, thou wilt have no relish for real happiness. Thy health will not be strong and even ; and all things but traffic will be strange unto thee. Thy sons, may be, will not know much of thee, and will be wishing thee to give up the ghost that they may finger thy pelf. Thou wilt make vast riches ; and, when the time cometh which thou hast appointed for the enjoyment thereof, thou wilt find thou hast no taste for the very enjoyment thou hast longed for. Vanity, Silas, man ! Vanity and vexation of spirit ! Be free, be happy ; be content with little ; make little to be enough ! Look about thee, open thine eyes ! Love, woo, win, and wed a fair and gentle maiden. Let the years slip away marked by good deeds, not by increasing gold. Cherish thy sons and daughters in thy youth, and they will love, honour and tend thee in old age. Open thine heart, man ; be genial. Remember my sermon, and send the love of gold to old Nick, who in this round world first set that most damnable fashion of gold worship.”

Silas would sometimes retort by a homily on the horrors of laziness, warning Francis that he would

“be eat up of that sluggish sickness ;” and Francis would laugh heartily, telling his cousin that he had an old man’s soul in that stout, square body of his.

As may be supposed, the two cousins were not to be persuaded to follow the course each pointed out to the other ; Silas trotted off post to London, with his bags in a valise well strapped to the front of his saddle ; whilst Francis laughed, then with a gape pitied him, and proceeded to throw himself full length beside a running stream, in which he watched the eddies and bubbles till he fell asleep to the purling music of the water.

Silas deposited his precious bags in Master Benson’s hands ; thus sowing the seed that was to bring forth the crop. He received with a modest air the merchant’s commendations of his prudence, and his predictions of his future success.

Master Benson, with a sigh, then proceeded to tell him that Anthony, tired of college-life, had returned to town, had taken a house for himself, and had set up *grand seigneur* on a small scale.

Silas shook his head, and said—

“Folly !”

Anthony during the year he passed at Oxford had been a persevering tuft-hunter. He went to college for that purpose ; deeming that to be the

only place in which he could make the acquaintance of great people, and learn to copy their manners.

He succeeded in doing both, after a fashion.

His noble acquaintances laughed at him, and used his money. People of less rank laughed at him too, and resented his patronising airs of superiority.

The course followed by Anthony in London was the same as that which he followed at Oxford.

He haunted his noble acquaintances, and stood their cool impertinence, in order that, when among his city friends, he might be able to speak of them familiarly, without giving them their titles; quote their sayings; tell what was going on at Court, without having ever appeared there; and give himself all sort of second-hand airs, to the astonishment and disgust of his father's old friends.

He became the hanger-on of young noblemen; doing for them many little dirty services.

They called him “Cit;” and he felt honoured, yet half affronted, at the familiarity.

He affected the dress of his high allies; succeeding only in looking a caricatured courtier. He affected their manners; succeeding only in adopting a vulgar, ruffianly swagger.

All this was pain and grief to Master Benson, who saw the degraded folly of his son's conduct;

saw how he was despised by all, and how his conduct must inevitably lead to ruin.

Mistress Benson, on the contrary, gloried in her son. She looked upon him as a perfect courtier ; a model of aristocratic bearing. She opined that the life he had cut out for himself would lead to certain elevation ; that he would undoubtedly wed a nobleman's daughter, rich and fair : for who could resist the graces of her Anthony ?

In order to aid him in his Mahomet's-coffin position in life, this fond mother supplied him with money ; pinching herself and Damaris, and going without many things, that the aid she gave him might be the greater : Anthony receiving it as his due without thanks ; but waxing peevish and impertinent if it was not forthcoming the minute he expected it.

Damaris, grown up to be meek, gentle, and pensive, knew not what to think of her brother. She loved him so well she could not think ill of him ; and yet his dress, language, and modes, all struck disagreeably on her soul.

Anthony looked on his father with fullen contempt.

The worthy merchant refused his son's request that he should set up a coat of arms.

“A babe in swaddling clothes *proper*, under a

hedge *vert*—eh ! Anthony ? No, my son : arms I have none ; and arms I will not buy ! ”

Anthony remonstrated ; and, putting his hand on his hip and looking over his shoulder, told his father that he was sure his parents were of noble blood, for the said blood stirred so mightily in *him*, Anthony.

Young Benson paid all proper fees and dues, and made himself master of a flaming coat of arms, with a green dragon as crest.

Everything of his which offered the least opening for it received the green dragon, perched on an esquire’s helmet. Anthony wished it could have disported itself on a coronet.

Silas viewed Anthony with solemnly sarcastic eyes.

Anthony looked on Silas as a “ curmudgeon ; ” for Anthony had tried the experiment of honouring him by borrowing money of him : which honour Silas had gruffly declined, well knowing that “ *Cit* ” had no security to offer.

The venture made by Silas with his accumulated rents answered so well that in two years’ time the sum was doubled.

Master Benson announced the tidings of success to his favourite with joy in his benevolent eyes.

“ But look ye, Silas ! ” he added, “ be not

grasping, but open-handed. I fear me thine only fault is over-prudence. Whatever thy gains may be, or great or small, set by one-tenth for charity. 'Twill bring thee good luck. The tenth may be lost to worldly gain, but it will grow in heavenly gain. I have ever followed this course, and with these tenths I have, Heaven be praised! been enabled to found and endow an alms-house, in the very field in which I was picked up, a poor deserted babe, like to have perished with cold and want but for the kind help of Providence! Yes, friend Silas, a man may be prudent to his own destruction."

Silas did not see the use of setting apart the tenth part of his gains for charity: but he said nothing to that effect; being intent on the manner in which his treasure was next to be employed.

Master Benson felt a sincere affection for Barnstarke.

That good merchant only saw him in a commercial point of view; and in that point of view Silas was perfect. He was attentive, industrious, persevering, acute, sober, steady, and honourable, so far.

Master Benson did not perceive his selfishness, his deadness of heart, his worldly mind, and his quiet cunning. The merchant was too upright himself to suspect baseness in others. When he

discovered its existence, he felt shocked and sad ; but he never either suspected or looked for it.

Time went on, but Silas took no note of it.

He was becoming, day by day, more and more versed in mercantile matters ; his capital increasing rapidly ; money making money ; whilst he had bought back many of the ancestral acres around the farm. Silas was happy, with a negative kind of happiness of his own : that is, he was so fully occupied, his mind so taken up with affairs, and those affairs so prosperous, that he had no time to think and ponder, or to feel that there were other states of greater happiness than the career he was following, with eyes shut to everything, save the heaping together of wealth and property.

Poor, blind, prosperous Silas !

It is not to be expected that any great excitements should be found in Barnstarke's pursuits.

Day followed day, every one much like that which went before it ; but Silas was content with them, and that was enough for him.

A day of great interest and great solemnity dawned for his simple-minded brother Walter.

It was a pure, fragrant day in May.

The lovely morning broke cool and serene, the lilacs and boughs wet with dew ; the daisies and buttercups decking the green meadows ; whilst the

milk-maids, with pail on head, stepped forth to milk their gentle, sweet-breathed cows, who seemed to expect their singing hand-maids; and birds on every tree and bush greeted the fair day with songs that nought can approach unto.

Walter arose with the sun. His placid face was serious and devout, and he smiled a happy smile when the old Vicar greeted him as they met.

On that day Walter was to be admitted into holy orders.

It was a day on which he had often thought; a day that had seemed far distant, but which had at length arrived; a day that was to give him to the state he had destined and prepared himself for, and in doing the duties of which he hoped to live and die.

Walter had to trudge eight miles to the cathedral town at which he was to be ordained.

The Vicar, who was growing old and feeble, accompanied his beloved pupil on this great day of his life. He rode a rough and slowly pacing old nag, beside which Walter walked, full of serene joy.

Gay and worldly-minded beings might have laughed and jeered, had they met these "*parsons*" on their road. They might have seen the coarse black garments, and the poor old favourite horse "*Charlie*," and these might have raised their

mirth; but they would not have seen the virtues of the “*parsons*” souls: charitable, gentle piety; forgiving hearts; lack of selfishness; cheerfulness in poverty; self-restraint and self-denial; contempt for the world; and an ardent desire for a future life. These gems lay concealed in their souls, to be worn as occasion might require.

Walter and the Vicar spoke but little as they went on their way; but they mused as they journeyed through the sweet-smelling morning air.

Arrived at the old cathedral, with its dim light, its vault-like odour, and lofty echoing aisles, Walter’s heart overflowed with joy.

Long rays of light burst through the upper windows, slanting downwards, and vanishing in the gloom; the organ echoed with mysterious sounds through the old building; seeming as though unearthly voices sang and shouted from niches high aloft, from fretted ceiling, from crypts and tombs, whilst distant thunder accompanied them.

Walter shuddered at the sound; but he felt a happiness not to be described.

When he and the Vicar left the cold, mouldering, dark church, the spring noon-day burst upon them in all its glory; gay, golden, and calm.

The old man wrung his pupil’s hand, and Walter, as he returned his friendly grasp, said that he had

now attained the happiness he had so long looked forward to—thanking him for all the kind and father-like care which he had taken of him from his childhood upwards ; and saying that he could never repay it, though he would ever try to be as a dutiful son to him.

The two parsons regained a little wayside inn where they had left poor old Charlie to refreshment and repose ; and where they likewise refreshed and reposèd themselves, in a little, low, raftered chamber, with a window opening on a wide and lovely view.

Seated beside this window, enjoying the fresh breeze, and the song of the lark combined with the lowing of cattle, a small table, bearing a simple but solid meal, placed between them, the Vicar and Walter eat their wholesome repast and talked over the young man's future life.

“I have no fears on thy account, Walter,” said the old parson, as, dinner being over, he leant back in his chair and fixed his eyes on the high, clear, blue sky : “the way is plain before thee. Thou feelest all that thy calling demandeth of thee ; not entering holy orders for lucre's sake, as some, alack ! are apt to do. Thou feelest that thou art to be the servant of all who call upon thee ; of the poor man in his misery, as well as of the sinner tormented in his

agony. Thy time will not be thine own, to seek pleasure and vain recreations; thou wilt give it up to thy duties,—and those duties are never-ending: not the reading of prayers and homily, or preaching of a sermon on Sundays,—those be the least, though great, among a parson's duties; but the duties I mean are those of watching over thy flock with a tender heart; the listening patiently to long tales of woe from poor and ignorant creatures, the pitying and comforting of them; the redeeming wicked men and lost women from the wide path of vice; seeing that the children of the parish be taught their religion betimes; tending the souls of sick and dying men, and dressing their spirits for the grave. All these things, Walter, thou wilt do, and wilt persevere in difficulties. Thou wilt not faint when toil is wearisome; thou wilt bear thy cross amidst the blessings of thy flock, neither looking to the right nor to the left, but following the straight and rugged path of temperance and of all virtue!"

Walter replied that he hoped to be able to do all these things, and said that, after many long days of thought, having viewed the subject in all its bearings, he had fully made up his mind to lead a single life.

"I blame not those men," he continued, "who lead a wedded life. Let each man judge himself,

but let him not judge another ! In my own case I know, full well, that without a wife to please, or the welfare of children to look after, I could give myself up more entirely to my holy calling. Without a divided mind, or a spirit drawn towards earth by the cares of a family, my soul will be more given to my duty here, and to thoughts of the life hereafter. Celibacy may be hard to bear, and full of temptation, but I feel it to be the life best fitted for me ; and Heaven forbid that I should ever stifle the voice of my conscience ! ”

The old Vicar commended Walter for what he had said. He remembered the beautiful girl he had himself married, being over head and ears in love with her. He remembered how he had played Socrates to her Xantippe ; he sighed, looked up at a pigeon that was flying past, then cast his eyes on Walter, and said :

“ Wedlock is not the paradise that some men think, Walter. Thou wilt miss many woes by keeping out of it. Avoid the company of maidens. They will not seek thine. If thou hast strength to do without one, thy life will run much smoother lacking a wife than having one ! ”

Here the old parson sighed again, and remained silent. The remembrance of other days was before him. After due refreshment, Charlie was brought

round beneath the wide-spreading oak that stood before the little inn. The Vicar mounted slowly, as old men are wont to mount ; and the two parsons started on their way home.

On arriving at the vicarage, Joanna Elderfield met them. Her ruddy apple-cheeks looked more ruddy, and her sparkling black eyes appeared more sparkling than ever.

She curtsied respectfully to the Vicar, and gave Walter a kiss, half maternal half reverential ; fixing her eyes on him with fond affection, as she smiled at him through rising tears.

She said she could not credit her senses that the dear little orphan she had nursed and tended stood before her a “ parson ; ” then she wiped her bright eyes, then laughed as she gazed on him ; and then offered him a little basket full of fresh, transparent eggs, and butter that looked like essence of buttercups, as it reposed among fresh mulberry leaves.

Walter thanked his old nurse, receiving her gift gratefully and kindly.

She remained awhile still to gaze on him and to listen to him as he conversed. When she left, Walter walked as far as her cottage with her : the well-known cottage where his childhood had been passed, happily, though somewhat roughly.

As he quitted Joanna’s cottage the moon was

rising, and the calm of evening—fresh, dewy evening—was spreading over the face of the earth.

One or two villagers might be seen chatting at their doors ; the greater part of them were sleeping on their hard beds, till the dawn should call them up to their daily toil.

Walter walked over the meadows towards the village, in the churchyard of which his father and mother slept their last sleep. He could not let that day pass without visiting their graves : the graves he had so often looked upon, and beside which he had so often meditated.

Although he never knew his parents, Walter's heart both loved and revered them. His birth, which had cost his mother her life, was to him a subject of sad and tender musing. Sir John Lovell had often recounted to him the story of his father and mother's life, and how his father had died of prostration of soul and body consequent on grief for the loss of his wife. He had, moreover, given Walter a little painting of his mother, which became the greatest treasure that her fond son possessed.

The moon was shining on the large yew-tree that grew in the churchyard, and on the mounds that rose above the rustic graves.

Walter sat down beside those of his parents, and with a sigh rested his cheek upon his hand. He

bethought him of the day on which his mother was laid at rest ; he bethought him too of all his father must have suffered as he stood beside her grave, and of the force of grief that could have brought a young, strong man to death.

The breeze of night sighed through the old yew tree, rustled the long churchyard grafts, shaking the casement of the church windows, and causing the rusty weathercock to creak.

The sounds added to the loneliness of the spot : a superstitious being would have fled in awe, full of vague terror ; but to Walter the stillness of night and the melancholy moaning of the breeze were soothing and void of horror.

There, beside the venerated graves, beneath the peaceful moon, he mused long and soberly ; and there renewed and confirmed himself in resolutions steadily to follow the path he had marked out for himself ; to despise this world and all its flying pleasures and honours, for the sake of happiness which should last for ever.

What was his brother Silas doing, as Walter rose to leave the lone churchyard ?

He was alone in his chamber, entering the events of the day in his well-kept diary :—

“ May 18, 1634. This day I did sign the papers, and went through other matters touching

my loan of 500*l.* to young Lord Amherst, a friend, so called, of Anthony Benson. Security most excellent, interest high : a profitable bargain. I find myself prosperous, and very high in favour with Master Benson, with whom Anthony doth lose ground daily. A very fool is Anthony ; he gambleth away his money, and doth lose his health through drink and a loose life, when he might lead a steady one, and at small pains double his father's wealth. Money maketh money, as I find by experience. And here I do renew my resolutions of continuing in my present course with firmness ; keeping an eye on my ancestor's possessions, and resolving to buy out Sir Peter Markeham as soon as I am able so to do.

“ Master Benson did sound me concerning Damaris, as to whether I should be willing to take her to wife. She is but a poor, puny maiden, and I think not to wed till I be turned of forty, and my wealth great ; and then to look out for a damsel of quality, with beauty and riches. A—— cannot live long, and I truly think that at his death Master Benson would adopt me.

“ I have made 100*l.* clear this month.”

Thus wrote Silas Barnstarke, depositing his precious manuscript in his iron chest, and then turning his attention to some accounts of his patron's ; whilst

Walter, with *his* resolutions engraved on his heart, sought his peaceful home, listening to the cricket's chirp and to the nightingale's song as he paced along. That which Silas had written was true. It was the wish of Master Benson's heart that Barnstarke should marry Damaris, and thus become his son; but he found him cold on the project, and she expressed such dread of Silas, and prayed so vehemently that she might not be his wife, that the merchant was fain to kiss her, promise that she should never be Barnstarke's, and so dismiss the idea of their marriage from his mind.

It was likewise true that Anthony was fast going to destruction.

His house was the resort of young noblemen, when they had no better place to go to. There they feasted, drank, and gambled; and in these orgies Anthony took great pride, losing his money and his health with the greatest good-will in the world.

It grieved him that he could not insinuate himself into the society of great ladies; but his efforts to that effect were all in vain. His noble patronisers kept him at arm's length on that point; forcing poor Anthony into the fabrication of dreadful lies, wherewith to regale the young city "sparks" on the subject of his intimacy with ladies of quality, whom he had never so much as beheld.

Some among these gay nobles had heard that Anthony had a sister who must inevitably be rich. These, wishing to replenish their coffers, had begged young Benson to present them to Damaris ; which favour he, vain, foolish, and desiring an alliance with the aristocracy, had been but too delighted to grant. Damaris, quiet, meek, and half broken-spirited, felt the greatest alarm in the presence of her brother's friends ; so airily did they address her, and so little pains were they at in concealing that they thought she ought to fall down and worship them.

Master Benson who had no foolish ambition, nor any desire either to rise above his station in society, or to sink below it, and who well knew the character and designs of the young gallants who suddenly infested his dwelling, sent his wife and Damaris into the country, and shut his door on the courtly allies of his son.

Mistress Benson shed many tears, and gave vent to many reproaches on the occasion ; looking on her wife husband to be both a foolish and a cruel man, thus to shut the door to distinction in his daughter's face.

She would have been enchanted to see Damaris serve as a patch to a young rake's broken fortune, receiving a title in return ; and she bitterly reproved her daughter for her silly timidity and want of spirit

in not encouraging the young lords ; holding up Anthony to her view as a model she might be proud to copy, as one who never neglected an opportunity of advancing himself in life, and who would no doubt end by making a very noble and advantageous alliance with one of the great ladies with whom he was intimate. Mistress Benson quite believed all her son's wonderful stories.

As for Damaris, she was but too happy to leave London and her suitors.

If her father could but have been with her, the country would have left her nothing to desire.

To be sure, she had to endure Mistress Benson's bitter regrets at being parted from Anthony, together with the reproaches which her mother addressed to her as being the author of their exile, through the "filly" complaints she had made to Master Benson on the subject of her brother's friends.

She predicted that Damaris would "die an old maid," and Damaris, with a sigh, thought that very likely to be the case.

However, she bore all Mistress Benson's black tempers with the most dutiful gentleness ; which conduct only served to chafe her mother, who would have liked opposition, and a good tangible subject for a quarrel with poor Damaris, or with

any one else, so vindictive did she feel at the merchant's conduct.

She declared that Master Benson was not worthy to have such a son as her Anthony, and that his harshness to that "dear lamb" was heart-breaking.

Now, in spite of Silas' advice, the merchant had twice paid the debts of that "spirited" young man. He, wretched being, rapidly sped from bad to worse. Lost in soul and body, in health and wealth, his end was drawing near.

He had never been either robust or good-looking: he became the wreck of his puny self. Hollow-eyed, with lank cheeks, parched lips, and lurking fever, a racking cough shook him roughly. Still he followed, as well as he was able, his old course of life. He still decked himself in magnificent array, tawdry, and exaggerated; he still feasted and gambled; he still, with vain hopes, played the hanger-on to men of high station, making himself useful to them to gain their favour.

After a night passed in frightful dissipation, he awoke late in the day to behold his pillow covered with blood. The miserable rake had broken a blood-vessel; his doom was signed.

Mistress Benson and Damaris nursed him tenderly, whilst his mind turned peevishly from the present

to a visionary future, in which, strong and well, he was to resume his past frantic mode of living.

The merchant had caused his son to be brought to his own dwelling, as he would never allow his wife and his dear Damaris to set foot in such a den of vice as was Anthony Benson's late abode.

His fretful irritability was hard to bear, especially for Damaris, who was now tenfold her brother's slave; whilst Mistress Benson, feeling no pity but for her “dear lamb,” never spared her daughter, or regarded the waste of strength she was going through.

At length, worn out and dying, Anthony was not able to leave his bed; by the side of which tailors and jewellers received audiences and orders. These orders were contradicted by the merchant as the tradesmen left the house; he telling them, with grief, of his son's dangerous state.

Anthony died with his whole heart and soul fixed on this world's greatest vanities.

Panting, hardly able to draw his breath, but gently fanned by weeping Damaris, his agony had begun—was drawing to a close. A black velvet hat, with gold band and tassel and long blue feather, a new purchase, rested on his bed. Beside it lay several splendid swords from which to choose,

together with a weighty gold chain, and a massive pair of silver spurs.

In his yellow skeleton hands he held a pair of scented, fringed gloves, which he declared in peevish, feeble tones to be far too large for him ; then cursed the glove-maker for a fool ; and so died.

Silas had been right in his surmise.

After his son's death, Master Benson, afflicted in soul, turned towards Barnstarke for comfort, begging him to be to him the son he had longed for, and thus to efface from his mind the grievous remembrance of Anthony's death and thrown-away life.

Silas asked for nothing better than to be the merchant's son. His heart expanded with secret joy at this adoption ; he readily promised to be as a brother to Damaris, and to stand in her father's stead at his demise.

This was a glorious event wherewith to enrich his diary. He now beheld himself well launched, and steadily sailing on the sea that was to lead to fortune.

There was no wavering or turning about Barnstarke. As he began life, so he continued it ; steadily, perseveringly, without faintness or weariness, never led away by feeling : a cold, calculating man of business was he.

From year to year his brow grew heavier, his mouth firmer, his eyes more downcast; and yet with those shaded, dark gray eyes he beheld every turn, change, and expression in the face of other men.

From year to year his heart became harder, his love of gain greater, his conscience more and more his slave.

* * * * *

The troubles in England were beginning: civil war was at hand.

Those troubles and that war, together with their causes, are too well known to render their history necessary in this tale.

Silas Barnstarke heard men talk of turmoils and disturbance, but he took very little heed of the matter.

So that commerce should continue in a flourishing state, he cared very little whether monarchy or republic, King or Cromwell, parliament or army, should have the upper hand.

Silas Barnstarke was to Silas Barnstarke the only being worthy of interest and consideration: so that his affairs prospered he did not care how the rest of the world wagged.

He had, however, fallen into Puritanic views and modes; not through any feelings either religious

or political, but because that party were demure and steady, and their dress and ways tallied with his ideas. He was at this time thirty-five years of age, robust, with somewhat of a stoop about his burly shoulders; well-shaped legs and feet, and a serious, rather saturnine expression of countenance.

His brown hair was clipped so close, that his small ears looked quite large; whilst his dark beard was close-shaven, leaving a black shade over those parts of his face where it should have grown.

He still dressed in iron-gray, with plain collar and cuffs; he wore, moreover, a high-crowned black hat, with black band and tassel, and a heavy iron mounted sword hanging at his side in a calf-skin belt.

Mistress Benson was no more.

Anthony's death had thrown her into an ill state of health, from which she had never recovered.

Damaris had watched her as tenderly as she had done poor Anthony.

The loss of her mother left her pensive and melancholy, wrapped up in her father; who, leaving the management of his affairs to Barnstarke, his partner, gave himself up to the enjoyment of a calm old age, in the society of Damaris and of some of the friends of his youth. His chief pleasure lay in doing good with his vast

fortune ; and in this his daughter seconded him. Her young days were over, she being then thirty years of age ; her health was delicate, her spirit sad. She was the victim of her mother's foolish weakness for Anthony, and consequent neglect of her ; the naturally gentle and meek heart which she possessed having been crushed and lowered from her childhood upwards. For the first time in her life she felt at rest. Her only wish was to be the solace of her father's last days, and then to follow him to another world.

Walter Barnstarke, in his country retreat, had heard, as well as others, rumours of troubles ; but his mind remained calm and unmoved.

He had been steadily pursuing his duties as parish priest.

His old friend and tutor had resigned his living, which was in the gift of Sir John Lovell ; and that living was by Sir John given to Walter, to his unspeakable happiness.

What greater delight could he have, than to find himself pastor of the much loved village in which he had dwelt from childhood ?

The good old Vicar lived with him, and Walter felt true pleasure in solacing the age of the man who had so kindly watched over his youth.

It is not to be supposed that Walter's days

passed by in one continued fête ; or that his flock were so many pastoral perfections continually piping and dancing ; offering flowers and fruits, lambs and doves, to their Vicar ; their hearts overflowing with innocence and gratitude ; their manners tinged with rustic coyness, the amiable coyness of Florian's shepherds and shepherdesses.

No ! things were not on that wise.

Walter found wickedness, ingratitude, rudeness, and overreaching among some of his flock ; though it must be owned that these were the exceptions. Still, some among them would repay his favours by grasping for more ; others, knowing the kindness of his heart, would try and impose upon him : but here his prudence would step in and defeat them.

For some among his parishioners his tender pity was moved by their patiently-borne poverty, sickness, and misfortunes ; for some, by their ignorant, dogged vice ; for others, by their persevering wickedness.

Walter did not start by supposing all men but himself to be in a state of damnation ; consequently towards the meanest of his flock his manner was gentle and humble ; whilst, with the most vicious, there was no superiority of conscious virtue about him. He never arrogantly taught, or superciliously

dogmatised : his teaching was meek ; but with his kind voice, and tender eyes, he seldom failed in turning men from their evil ways.

At all hours of the night, as well as of the day, he was ready at the call of any who needed him. He was not one of those hard or careless men who, heedless of the feelings of weeping mourners, will keep a poor person's funeral waiting ; whilst the clerk wonders where “our parson *be*,” and the sexton says : “*dang'd* if I had'nt better give '*un* a call !”

Neither was he one of those who grumble at all duty that happens to interfere with their pursuits ; as if pleasure was to be their vocation, duty an unpleasant exception.

His parish was large, many houses lying wide apart and scattered ; but he knew every one among his parishioners, their histories, their sorrows, and their various characters.

He well knew who among them had to be aroused from killing apathy ; whose mistaken zeal and fervour was to be represt ; the sins that were to be conquered, and the virtues that were to be encouraged.

Great care too he gave to the children. He knew them all ; had christened most of them ; and looked upon them as young lambs to be kept from ravening wolves.

Walter Barnstarke's wants were few. Strong, but homely clothing, wholesome food, and a few works by good old authors ; these were the only things on which money was spent for his own use.

All the rest went to the poor, or in comforts for his old tutor.

The little bag containing the three hundred pounds which his brother Silas had coveted, but which Sir John Lovell gave to him, was kept as a precious store, to be had recourse to as charity might demand.

Walter had taken Joanna Elderfield, then a widow, to live at the vicarage ; where she did her best to make her beloved and venerated foster-son comfortable, and to repay his kindness by her care.

Walter was strong and active, though rather slenderly built. His beauty lay in the angelic expression that always decked his countenance. His hair was light-brown and somewhat long, according to the fashion of the times ; whilst he wore his beard in a point, and his moustaches sedately drooping : not turned up and starched, like those of the gay men and soldiers of the day.

At the first glance, it was impossible not to see that he was thoroughly a gentleman in appearance, mind, and manners ; his coarse black garments serving but to set off his gentle blood instead of

hiding it. His whole bearing and demeanour were so holy and reverend, that for any woman to have looked on him save as on a man to be respected and honoured, as one set apart for a pure and sacred life, would have been a hideous desecration.

War had no sooner burst out in England, than Sir John Lovell's eldest son Robert, leaving France, where much of his time was passed, hied him home to take part in the fray, by joining the king's noble, gallant, brave, but undisciplined and helter-skelter army. With such a field before him, Robert Lovell could not remain idle, with his sword in the scabbard. He had inherited his mother's vivacious French blood. He possessed a boiling courage, a restless disposition, a great love of adventure, a heart full of loyalty to his king, as well as of a sovereign contempt for "*those canting curs,*" the Puritans.

Robert Lovell was light, active, and wiry. He should have been extraordinarily handsome ; but the small-pox, which he took during boyhood, had blurred his features, and left marks not to be effaced, marring the beauty of his face ; his large and sparkling black eyes being all that were left to tell what he might have been.

This misfortune did not damp Lovell's gay and happy spirit. He wore his long sword with an air ; put on his wide-brimmed hat gallantly ; trimmed

his “*royale*” to the proper length, breadth, and point ; starched, turned up, and combed out the tips of his black moustaches in French style ; rumpled his boot-top with careful carelessness ; and carried himself with an upright, easy grace, very pleasing to Lady Lovell’s maternal pride.

It was in vain that Robert tried to persuade Francis to bestir himself, and to take a part in the contest between the King and Parliament.

Francis vowed that nought on earth would induce him to take so much trouble, whilst he had it in his power to live quietly at home.

It was not that Francis lacked courage ; he had more than an ordinary share of good, old-fashioned English valour : that sturdy valour, unflinching and cool, that performed such mighty feats in the hard times of the Peninsular war, and in the gallant sea-fights of yore ; that dogged, unpretending valour that kept mighty hosts at bay, and tore the great Napoleon’s sceptre from his hand ; that manly quality which some men, now-a-days, pretend to look down upon as barbarous and “*unintellectual*.” It is an ill sign for a country when even *one* man can be found degenerate enough to look contemptuously on so distinguishing a national virtue as that grand old English valour.

To return,—

Francis, though as brave as a lion, was so supinely lazy that the active life of a campaigner would have been, to him, one long torture.

Up by day-break, long marches, hard fare, out in all weathers ; these things would not have tallied with the ideas of easy Francis, whose father had never had cause to quarrel with him save on the subject of lying in bed in the morning : a soft indulgence congenial to the boy's soul. Francis was always too lazy to go to bed at night ; and too lazy to get out of it in the morning.

He loved to stroll about the country or lie on the grass in the fine long summer days ; to sit in the chimney corner looking at the embers, when the wind was roaring, and the rain or snow was falling ; but for all activity he had an inherent aversion !

Imagine what sort of a campaigner he would have made !

Francis said, truly, that if the rebels should ever dare to attack the house, he would lose the last drop of his blood in the defence of it ; but as for running after them from the Land's-end to John-o-Groat's he would rather leave that amusement to his brother.

Robert, burning to join his Majesty's forces, was busy from morning till night in hurrying on his preparations.

Sir John Lovell was at all the expense of the

expedition. His son succeeded in levying twenty strong young men from among the villagers ; and these, together with himself, two nephews of Sir Peter Markeham, three more Roman Catholic gentlemen, and five young squires from neighbouring estates, with their servants, raised the force to the number of forty men.

Robert Lovell, with Sir Peter's nephews, who had served abroad, worked most diligently in trying to give his little troop some slight military knowledge, before they left their homes. His patience was rewarded, in so far that they fired with some little degree of precision, and learnt to handle their swords pretty vigorously. The rest would, he hoped, be soon picked up when once they joined King Charles's army.

Lady Lovell beheld all these preparations with chivalrous delight ; though, at times, her heart sank when she looked at her son and thought that he might perhaps fall in action.

She lamented over Francis's lack of spirit, telling him that he was :

“ *Un gros Jean Boul pétri de plomb !*”

Francis, at this compliment, would laugh, kiss his mother, and tell her that when Robert was with the army, she would be very glad to have “ *Johnny Bull* ” at home with her.

Lady Lovell, patting his heavy shoulder with her little white hand, would reply :

“ Tu as raison, mon fils,” and then turn her thoughts to warlike Robert.

She felt most tenderness towards Francis, so kind, so easy-tempered and domestic ; but her heart beat with pride at Robert’s accomplishments and martial turn of mind.

It was on a golden autumn morning that Robert Lovell’s comrades met together in a meadow at the end of Sir John Lovell’s garden, mustering for their departure. The twenty young villagers were all armed with cuirasses and steel caps, carbines, pistols, and long straight swords ; they were mounted on strong gray horses ; and very determined, sturdy-looking young men were they.

Robert Lovell, in high spirits, armed with splendid corslet, sword and pistols, which he had brought from Paris, mounted his pawing, foaming steed. The animal champed the long bit, and threw his foam aloft ; his long waving mane hung like silver from his arching neck ; he tossed his small fine head, and opened his red nostrils ; whilst his rich dark eyes shone like fire.

The gentlemen of Lovell’s little force, well armed and mounted, sat on horseback around him ; fine

and gallant young men, ready—like most of the royalists, *too* ready—for the fight.

In air and daring, however, neither they nor their steeds were to be compared to Robert and his fiery gray.

Beside Lovell's horse gambolled his dog Bayard, a splendid creature between the blood-hound and the mastiff, finely marked with black, which shaded off into his tawny coat.

Bayard, raising himself on his hind legs, rested his fore-paws on his master's stirrup and licked his hand ; then bounded off, barked, and ran back, as though he were eager to depart.

Sir John, with Lady Lovell and Francis, stood beneath the porch ; beside Francis sat his black grayhound, Lazy : so named by Lady Lovell at poor Francis' expense.

Sir John looked grave ; Lady Lovell's face was flushed, and her fine eyes sparkled with excitement ; Francis smiled, but his countenance was sad beneath his smile.

The moment for marching had arrived.

Robert shook hands with his father and brother ; he had tenderly embraced his mother before he mounted.

“ *Adieu* ”—“ *Farewell* ”—“ *Heaven bless thee, my son !* ”

These words resounded in eager tones, whilst Robert's friends raised their hats ; then, with clang of arms and hoofs, they disappeared behind the tall yew-hedge.

Anon they were once more visible in the meadow.

Robert and his gentlemen waved their hats ; and putting themselves at the head of their men, who followed by twos, the little troop turned to the left and were seen no more ; though the ring of their arms and the tread of their horses were long heard as they went down the rough, narrow lane that led from the house.

Sir John Lovell folded his arms and cast down his eyes as he listened to the sound of the departing men and steeds ; Lady Lovell hid her face on Francis' shoulder and wept bitterly, with many exclamations, whilst he put his arm around his mother, and unconsciously hummed a royalist tune.

As the last man quitted the meadow, Lazy, raising his fine head towards heaven, howled in long and melancholy tones.

Just then Bayard burst through the hedge, licked Sir John's hand, and laid his head fondly against Lady Lovell. Francis patted and caressed him ; the dog, with drooping ears, trotted off, cleared the low,

wide yew-hedge at the end of the garden and disappeared.

A shudder ran through Sir John Lovell's frame ; he knew not why.

By degrees the sound of iron and hoofs ceased.

In front of the house were to be seen the marks of impatient horses' feet, but horses and riders were gone.

The fresh autumn wind ruffled the russet trees ; the distant river shone like a huge golden snake beneath the sun ; the light clouds sailed rapidly, blown along by the healthy breeze ; the robins singing the while with all the glee of their little hearts, and the bells of a distant team jangling pleasantly as the sturdy nags drew a heavy wain towards the market-town.

Without Robert Lovell, his father's house seemed melancholy and silent.

There had been of late so much stir and bustle about his levy, and drilling of men and breaking of horses ; his friends riding over to help him, and to dine or sup with him ; whilst he himself was so lively, merry, and full of spirit, that now that he was gone, and all things in the family had resumed their accustomed tenour, he was missed, as the brilliant sunshine is missed when hidden by a dark cloud.

Lady Lovell found the day of her son's departure long and weary. To try and distract her thoughts she went to see her friends, the Markehams. Their chaplain, Father Humphries, employed his kind nature and religious soul in trying to point out consolations to her ; but it was all in vain : her heart sank within her ; her light spirits were chilled, and a nervous dread of some unknown misfortune took possession of her mind.

Lady Lovell laughed at herself for her weakness, but she could not shake it off.

She slept but little, and arose next day restless, agitated, and still haunted by vague terrors.

Towards the close of this day, being that which followed Robert's departure, Sir John Lovell and Francis were in the bowling-green diverting themselves with a game at bowls, whilst Lady Lovell walked to and fro watching the players, and Lazy stretched at full length in the rays of the setting sun composed himself to sleep.

The sun was sinking lower and lower ; the shades cast by the bowls were very long, and the game was drawing to a close.

Sir John Lovell, shading his eyes with his hand, looked at the crimson sun, as Francis was picking up a bowl.

Lady Lovell was looking in another direction, at

the young moon and her attendant star, rising in the lilac heaven, whose atmosphere appeared so delicate and cold when contrasted with the burning, glowing sky around the sinking sun.

Both Sir John and his wife were thinking of Robert, and Lady Lovell sighed at the thought of him.

At that instant the sun dipped behind a large cloud, which shaded him from view like a huge black pall, hung up fold upon fold.

Lazy ran cowering to his master, drawing his curved tail between his legs and uttering a long and melancholy howl.

Lady Lovell's flesh curdled, she knew not why; she seized her husband's arm, and whispered with white and trembling lips:

“ Robert, n'est plus ! ”

Sir John laughed and called her superstitious, but his voice faltered, and the game at bowls was left unfinished.

Throughout the clear moonlight night the black greyhound howled dismally, whilst owls flew against the windows with boding cries.

These sounds spread dismay over the minds of Sir John Lovell's household.

One and all, with voices full of awe, predicted that some great evil was about to befall their master's family.

Lady Lovell arose the following day weary through lack of rest, dispirited, nervous and anxious, unable to compose her mind, or to settle to her usual pursuits.

Sir John felt uneasy, but strove to divert his mind by hard exercise with his hawks over the far-spreading downs.

Francis sat in the porch with Lazy beside him.

He read one of Ben Jonson's plays, dozing between whiles, and enjoying the warm rays of the autumn sun.

These three sat together on the evening of that day, but their spirits were sad.

They all thought of Robert, all wished to talk of him, but none dared to begin the subject.

A gloom had settled over them, which they could neither account for nor shake off.

At nightfall the sound of heavy wheels was heard.

The sound ceased—giving way to that of a horse trotting towards the house. It continued to approach—then stopped before the door.

Sir John and his wife held their breath: Francis went to the window.

“Young Theobald Markeham!” he cried, and the loud ringing of the door-bell followed his words.

“Ah, ciel! il est mort! il est mort!” groaned Lady Lovell, wringing her hands.

Francis left the room to meet young Markeham. He was the youngest of Sir Peter Markeham's nephews; one of those who had joined Robert Lovell's expedition.

“Dead?” inquired Francis, with husky voice, in an under tone.

“Alas!” replied Markeham.

“Where did you leave him, Sir?”

“I have escorted his body, night and day, and brought him home. We could find nought but a wagon to carry his corpse. He died the night before last, Sir, like a brave and loyal gentleman!”

Lady Lovell, in spite of Sir John's efforts to prevent her, rushed from the room, and reached the hall as Theobald Markeham uttered these words.

She clasped her hands tightly together, stretching them at arm's length before her; uttered one loud, ringing, piercing shriek, and ran from the house, followed by the three men.

“Robert! Robert! ou es tu? Ou avez vous porté mon fils?” she cried, in heart-rending tones.

Beside the open gate at the end of the terrace on which the house stood, was a low wagon. On one side of it sat Lovell's servant on horseback, holding the dead man's gray steed.

A large brown cloak covered the bottom of the wagon.

Beneath this cloak the outline of a human figure stretched at full length was visible.

Lady Lovell with trembling frantic grasp seized the covering, and tore it aside.

There was a deathlike silence on all around. Lady Lovell stood with rigid limbs, pale, haggard face, and half-opened lips, her burning, motionless eyes fixed on her son's ghastly countenance : in one of her clenched hands she held a part of the cloak that covered him ; the other she pressed against her breast.

The tears trickled down Sir John's brown cheeks and wetted his grey moustaches, as he looked on his first-born stretched before him, dead and stark.

Robert Lovell lay as he had fallen, in his bright cuirass and buff jerkin. His head, thrown back, unsupported by cushion or pillow, looked menacing even in death, his black hair and beard contrasting with the deadly whiteness of his face ; whilst his half-closed eyes and hanging jaw added to the horror of his appearance. In his right hand he held a silver-mounted pistol ; and by his side lay faithful Bayard, dead and cold, covered with blood and dust, his beautiful head supported by his beloved master's shoulder.

Lady Lovell gazed long on this sad spectacle; looking as though her gleaming eyes would never close again. Suddenly her head fell backwards; her clenched hands relaxed their grasp; her knees gave way beneath her: she was sinking to the earth.

Francis and young Markeham supported her.

Her face was as pale as her dead son's; a deep swoon had come over her, and shrouded her senses from her crushing agony.

Lady Lovell was carried to her room, where Lady Markeham soon appeared to watch over her during the night:—the long and fearful night through which she wept beside Robert's corpse, holding his cold hand between hers; the long and fearful night, during which grief and horror turned her dark locks to snowy white.

It was but two days before that Lady Lovell had seen the son who now lay cold and stiff with the cold stiffness of death, full of health, life, strength and manly daring, departing on his loyal expedition.

Robert and his friends had left their homes with merry hearts, fully persuaded that the royal army which they were to join, would very speedily bring the King “to his own again.”

The expedition was quite a party of pleasure.

The gentlemen rode together at some little distance from the men, who were put under the com-

mand of Robert's old servant, in the new capacity of sergeant. The rear was brought up by the rest of the servants, with the led horses and their masters' light baggage.

As they went, Lovell and his allies laughed, talked, sang, and recounted their adventures ; the young squires, who had never left England, listening with eager ears to the tales told by Robert and the Markehams concerning the various events that befel them in foreign lands. Then came the mid-day halt, the merry dinner, the rest for man and horse ; then the mustering and mounting to continue the march.

Over hill and dale they rode ; over commons, through woods ; between hedge-rows on which the rich-looking, tempting blackberries hung shining in the sun. They passed through murmuring streams ; beneath trees, the autumn-tinged leaves of which, quivered in the light breeze.

As they passed through villages, cottagers came forth to see them ride clattering by ; and labourers stopped awhile from working to view them from the fields.

When they rode through the country-town of the shire they were traversing, some of the inhabitants of it cheered them loudly for "true-hearted gentlemen," calling out : " Long life to His

Majesty!" whilst others again hissed them, and groaned at them for *royalists*, shouting, "Down with the *man of sin*, down with all tyrants!" Lovell and his cavalcade trotted clanking out of the town, having hurraed for His Majesty with his supporters, treating his opponents with silent contempt.

These two parties wound up their demonstrations, when the soldiers had passed, by a fight, in which many were injured, and to which the watch at length put a stop.

The little troop halted for the night at a small country-town.

Then came the rubbing down and cleaning of horses; the laughing, singing and whistling of their robust riders as they tended them; the taking possession of their quarters, and the eating the well-earned supper which crowned the day's march.

Lovell and his friends, not trusting to inn fare, had taken care to provide themselves with many bottles of good wine, besides a supply of large pies and game.

These, with the addition of fresh trout from the river hard by, foaming jugs of home-brewed sleep-inviting ale, and brown bread that smelt of wheat, formed their repast.

Freed from cuirasses and sword, with unbuttoned jerkins and weary limbs, they sat them down around

the table to taste the delight of the first brimming cup of strong ale after a good day's work.

Ah ! how little do sickly, bilious-looking *blasés* loungers wot of the charm of such a draught !

Exercise, hard exercise, alone can procure it.

When the pliant muscles are, one and all, well suppled with such exercise ; when the sweat of labour has flown ; and when, towards the close of day, buoyant freshness has given place to a wholesome fatigue, and that exhaustion has caused healthy appetite and thirst, then doth the foaming ale restore the man—as water doth the thirsty plant.

It spreads itself over the frame with genial warmth, and a magic power of restoration that belongs not to wine, or to aught but itself—to good old English ale !

Lounge on ye loungers—drawl through your day at your club—stare with vacant gaze and sickly countenance from the superb windows thereof—take a gentle ride in Rotten-row—tempt your fantastic appetite with rich dishes—promenade your *ennui* on board smooth-water yachts—talk detraction and small-talk—complain of all things in peevish tones—go on and prosper, and happy may you be ; but you will *never* know the delight of the first glasf of strong ale, after a day pass'd in hard and manly exercise.

Neither do you wish to do so, may be !

Our royalists fully appreciated it, and did ample justice to their feast.

After supper came the King's health, Prince Rupert's health, that of the Prince of Wales, besides many other loyal toasts.

Wine and cards, singing and laughing, filled up the evening, and it was late when, after friendly "good nights," each man sought his bed. Sound and dreamless was the sleep that sealed their eyelids, till the trumpet roused them at break of day.

Then up and to horse, and a five-mile march before breakfast ; with Bayard, strong and elastic, bounding through the morning dew.

The eastern sky was saffron and rosy when they started, the shadows long ; the diamond drops sparkled on grafts and spray ; scarcely visible cobwebs were festooned from hedge to hedge ; birds were singing and darting about, fresh and lively in the early morning air ; and labourers trudged forth to daily toil.

Higher and higher arose the sun, and the noon-day shadows were short and strongly marked ; labourers eat their plain fare beneath the hedges or under spreading trees ; and our friends rested and dined at a gable-ended village-inn.

Bayard with wistful eyes paraded round the table ; fed by all, and yet unsatisfied.

The sun, as one who has passed the prime, began to decline; shadows to lengthen, and stiff-limbed labourers to regain their cots.

Lovell, in jocund spirits, was the life of his party.

His father and mother were thinking of him with uneasy hearts: so different are the feelings of those who are left and of those who go forth on an exciting expedition.

The cavalcade was within six miles of the town at which they were to halt for the night, when, three of the sturdy grays having cast their shoes, it was decreed by Lovell, his companions agreeing thereto, that they should draw bridle at a large village through which they were passing, get the horses shod, take what refreshment the place might offer, and then, without having disarmed or put up their steeds, push on for the town.

They expected to come up with the King's army on the following day.

Lovell, active and restless, leaving the command of his party to young Peter Markeham, said that he would go forward and get everything in readiness for their arrival.

He trotted off accordingly, followed by Bayard, and whistling a gay and lively air as he went.

“What are they doing at home?” he asked

himself, and the thought passed from his mind without an answer.

His father and brother were playing their evening game at bowls, whilst Lady Lovell looked on, and Lazy basked in the evening sun.

Between three and four miles from the village at which he had left his companions, and at about half a mile from the next village on his road, Lovell espied, at a sudden turn of the lane he was following, two dragoon- sergeants mounted on bay horses, and fully armed with cuirasses and steel cap, carbine, sword and pistols.

Lovell perceived at once that these men belonged to the Puritan party. They drew bridle as he trotted towards them, whistling to Bayard ; who, breaking through the hedge, leapt the bank, and obeying his master's signal, ran along by his side.

The two Parliamentary soldiers were bearers of a verbal message from “the General,” to be by them delivered in London, from whence they were to return with the answer.

They had diligently avoided all branches of the royal army ; and they now stopped to reconnoitre the approaching horseman, and to listen if there were any sounds of a party in his rear.

Lovell drew near them without slackening his speed, or speaking a word ; although called upon

to halt, and to say who he was, and whither he was going.

When at a convenient distance from the “*dragoniers*,” who had drawn their swords, Lovell drew his; threw his horse into a gallop, and charged down upon them, shouting “Long life to King Charles!” whilst Bayard bounded after him with flashing eyes.

On coming up with them, Lovell made a cut at the head of the dragoon who was on his left-hand side.

The soldier guarded his head and made a thrust at his foe with his long straight sword, which thrust Lovell parried, immediately cutting at the dragoon’s right arm so nimbly and with so stunning an effect, that the blood gushed forth, and the numbed arm refused to wield the sword.

Much to Lovell’s surprise, the Puritan, being ambidexter, shifted his weapon to the left hand, attacking Robert with great vigour; who was obliged to put all his skill and quickness of eye into practice in order to guard himself from the soldier’s left-handed cuts and thrusts.

Meanwhile faithful Bayard, strong, active and full of courage, kept the other dragoon at bay. With a bound the dog sprung on him, seizing his left thigh in his hard white teeth. The terrified

horse reared and plunged, whilst his rider had much ado to keep his seat.

The soldier, with the iron pummel of his sword, dealt hard blows at Bayard’s large, powerful head ; but the brave dog only kept a tighter hold on the man ; tearing his thigh savagely, and causing the Puritan to roar with rage and pain. His horse, pivotting round on his hind legs, started off furiously down the lane ; the rider trying in vain to stop him and to knock off Bayard, who resolutely kept his hold ; thus doing his master good service.

Alas ! for brave and faithful Bayard, “sans peur et sans reproche,” like his great namesake ! The dragoon drawing a pistol from his holster, fired. The ball entered poor Bayard’s shoulder, who let go his hold and fell ; but the noble dog rallied in a moment, and with a frantic spring and a yell of pain, seized the horse by the nose. The snorting bay became unmanageable. The soldier fired another shot at Bayard, but missed him ; when the horse with a sudden and violent plunge and swerve threw the Puritan, who fell heavily to the ground ; whilst the horse ran away as well as he was able, tossing and shaking his head to free himself from Bayard’s hold.

The stunned soldier lay senseless on the ground ;

bleeding from the torn and bruised wound caused by the dog's tearing fangs.

Lovell continuing the fight with the foe, and finding it impossible to come at him with the sword, drew forth a pistol, the soldier doing the same.

The dragoon fixing his steady eye on Lovell, allowed him to fire first. As he did so the Puritan caused his steed to swerve and so avoided the ball; then, with good aim and cool determination, delivered his fire, and with such precision as to break Lovell's left arm just below the shoulder.

Without waiting to see the effect of what he had done, the soldier seized his second pistol and fired again.

The ball pierced the cuirass, entered Lovell's chest, traversed his heart, and embedded itself in the spine.

The gallant royalist—the brave and loyal gentleman—fell dead from his horse; his pistol firmly grasped in his right hand.

The dragoon, without even looking at him, seized his enemy's beautiful gray and trotted off to look after his comrade.

Poor Bayard had held on to the runaway horse, till loss of blood compelled him to let go his hold.

Slowly, feebly, trembling and panting he returned towards his master.

The dragoon was so busy in attempting to succour his fellow-soldier, that he did not see bleeding Bayard limp past. The beautiful dog gained the spot where lay the dead body of Lovell; sniffed him and scratched at his breast with his heavy paw, as though to rouse him from his last sleep.

Finding that this took no effect, Bayard stretched himself down beside his master, fondly licking his cheek, fixing his glazed and dying looks on him with the most touching affection—and thus the faithful animal breathed his last.

It was not long before the clank and clatter of Lovell's force was heard down the lane, as they drew near the spot where lay their dead leader.

The merry voices of the royalist gentlemen, too, might be heard, unconscious as they were of their loss.

The two dragoons were between the troop and the body of Lovell.

The man who had been attacked by Bayard was still lying senseless; the other, looking up as he heard the approach of horse, beheld the cuirasses of the men giving back the last crimson rays of the setting sun.

Young Peter Markeham, who rode in Lovell's

place, espied the dragoon stooping beside his comrade ; and his quick eye beheld, at the first glance, Lovell's gray horse tied to a bough. He also saw by their colours that the two men were foes.

"Gallop on, Theobald," he cried, "turn those *curs*, and prevent that rascal's running."

Theobald, obeying his brother's order, "turned the *curs*."

As he did so, he perceived, some two hundred yards further on, a man lying in the middle of the lane.

His heart misgave him, and he called out to his brother that he feared Lovell had come to harm.

The troop trotting up, secured the Puritan, who boasted loudly of his victory ; desecrating the language of the Holy Bible, according to Puritan custom, in describing the fight, and using the most sacred names in a disgustingly familiar manner.

Lovell's followers stood about his body in sorrowful silence.

Peter Markeham was the first to break it. He swallowed the tears that began to rise, and calling forward a couple of men he told them to bind the dragoon to a tree ; then bidding them all make ready their carbines, he gave the word ; the crashing sound of the volley echoed through the still evening air, and the Puritan had ceased to breathe.

He died loudly raving against the “*man of sin*,” and prophesying his downfall.

As for the other soldier, his fall on the hard earth had deprived him of life, and Lovell’s followers took no further heed of either of them.

Many a manly fellow felt his eyes obscured by tears, as he looked on “poor Master Lovell” and his faithful dog.

There was something calm and stern about the whole body, as well as in the countenance of the dead royalist. How different was he then from the Lovell who, but a short space since, with glaring eyes, set teeth, and heaving breast, had fought so well, dealing his blows so rapidly with his flashing sword.

The sun had set, the gray twilight was ushering in the night.

Each man, except Theobald and Robert’s old servant, had looked on their valiant leader for the last time.

His body was placed in a wagon, bought of a farmer for the purpose; Bayard was laid by his side, his head resting on Lovell’s shoulder; a cloak was spread over them; Theobald, taking leave of his friends, travelled beside the waggon throughout the night; whilst Lovell’s troop, with sad hearts, sought their halting-place.

There was neither gay feasting, cards, singing, nor laughter that evening.

The remembrance of Lovell filled all their hearts, and his name was on all their lips.

On arriving at the royal army they made known their loss, and deeply was it deplored by all those who had been Robert Lovell's friends : and they were many.

Theobald's journey was a painful one.

Many spots on the road brought to his mind words and jests of the man whose body he was escorting ; and who, but the day before, merry and full of life, had been the very soul of the company.

Robert Lovell was buried with due pomp, after lying in state for two days.

Sir John hung up his departed son's cuirass pierced by the fatal ball, together with his sword and spurs, as a trophy over his tomb in the village church ; and there, rusty and dark, they may still be seen.

Lady Lovell, sad and broken-hearted, prayed day after day before the altar in Sir Peter Markeham's chapel, resting her forehead on the cold marble pavement, and wetting it with her tears.

The villagers told each other in a whisper that there would be another death in the family before the year was out, adding mysteriously : “ for

they *do* say Master Lovell's *carpse* *wor* quite limp."

Walter Barnstarke was much grieved at his cousin Robert's death ; but, as may be readily imagined, it made but little impression on Silas.

This personage was more deeply plunged in business than ever. By degrees Master Benson attended less and less to the affairs of commerce, living entirely in the country ; spending his peaceful old age in deeds of charity ; enjoying country pursuits and his garden ; and, in the society of meek Damaris, passing on from day to day in a state of cheerful and calm repose. His health was strong, he never having tampered with it by overwork, for the sake of rapidly becoming rich. The good old tranquil merchant had every prospect of many long years to come, passed amidst his country neighbours, and on the estate he had so honestly earned.

Silas Barnstarke was, to outward appearance, the gravest of Puritans. He did not speak their jargon : he had no aptitude for picking up such things ; but on Sunday he went to chapel, sitting through a two hours' sermon with exemplary patience, thinking over his mundane affairs the while ; taking advantage of the lulling effect produced by the monotony of one voice heard for so long a time, to settle many an intricate business.

His friend Will Higgons had, at his father's demise, got rid of the trade of drysalter, which had always been so contrary to his ideas. Will gave his soul to arms and theology, enlisting in the London Trained Bands (*green*), in which corps he was able to indulge his tastes. He was a stout fighter, and a long-winded preacher of powerful voice ; qualities much esteemed by his party.

It was not long before he rose to the rank of lieutenant, having gained the name of *Hew-them-down* Higgons, from the exhortations he gave both in battle and in the demolishing of "superstitious trumpery" to "*hew them down !*"

Higgons was a valiant soldier, and a great observer of discipline. It must be confessed, that although Cromwell's army were both impious and ridiculous in preachings and jargon, they were a brave, orderly, and thoroughly well-disciplined host ; and there was no man among them more exemplary for military virtue than *Hew-them-down* Higgons.

He was not pleasing to look upon ; being short, square, double-jointed, and bullet-headed ; the said bullet-head having its red hair cropped down to the very scalp, whilst it was flanked by a pair of large, standing-out ears, in size and colour like two thick slices of ham.

Sun-burning had sprinkled freckles over his visage

thick as stars ; it had moreover given a deep brick-dust tint to the bony protuberance behind his ear : that protuberance which is the phrenological short-hand for battle, murder, and fisticuffs. The same tint was spread over so much of his neck as was visible, his stiff linen collar preserving the lower part, which was white as snow.

Silas Barnstarke and *Hew-them-down* Higgons kept up a demure correspondence at intervals.

The last advices from the soldier informed the merchant that he was detached in command of fifty men, in order to ferret out recusants, malignants, and those who should harbour them.

Thus each man pursued his calling. Barnstarke told himself that he would work hard until he should arrive at the age of fifty ; eschewing all pleasure that could interfere with business, till he should have arrived at that time of life.

Once turned of fifty, he meant to retire to his ancestral estates, which he hoped by that time to have redeemed : he would then increase his weight and power in the county ; marry a young and lovely wife, whom he would keep under due discipline ; and live to a good old age, rich and powerful beyond measure. Farther than that good old age he looked not.

Barnstarke was a prudent man, and not given to

committing himself by writing, when speech would serve his turn. It was only when he deemed it necessary to keep a man to his word that he would put pen to paper, in order to the getting an answer in writing, which should contain words and signature not to be denied.

Having made sufficient money for the redemption of his ancestral mansion, Barnstarke hied him to his uncle's, for the purpose of tampering with old Humphries "the bailiff" on the subject of his long looked-for purchase.

Before doing so, however, he had respectfully consulted Master Benson on the matter; for Barnstarke failed not to behave towards the old merchant with all the reverence due from a son to his father.

Master Benson quite approving of his scheme, Barnstarke lost no time in seeking to invest the money, set apart for that purpose, in the land he coveted.

Father Humphries was now an old man; his hair had become snow-white, and his good-natured blue eyes somewhat dim; but his ruddy face remained ruddy still, and his portly figure was not much bent.

Barnstarke waylaid the old priest as he was taking his morning walk about the meadows and

lanes, supported by his staff, and escorted by two or three of Sir Peter's dogs. He walked with short steps, and slowly, resting longer on the right foot than on its fellow.

Barnstarke having demurely given him "good day," the talk fell on the weather, and on matters of agriculture, in which matters Father Humphries was well versed.

From these subjects they proceeded to that of the civil war then raging ; and Barnstarke related to the priest the latest news concerning it, which he had gathered in London.

Father Humphries stood still, attentively listening, with his staff under his arm, and slowly rubbing the back of one of his fat hands as it rested on his breast.

"These are like to be troublous times, Master Humphries, for those of your persuasion," said Barnstarke, after a pause, having told all his news.

Father Humphries looked very sad, sighed, shook his head, and, taking his staff from beneath his arm, resumed his heavy walk.

"I wonder," continued Barnstarke, "that any of you be bold enough to stay in England. Penalties are heavy, and Parliament has sequestered a number of estates owned by recusants. It is

persecution, Master Humphries ; but so it is. As for the harbouring of a priest . . . ”

“ Here, Tracy ! Tracy ! ” cried Father Humphries to a ranging dog ; after having cast a rapid glance at Barnstarke, whose downcast eyes left his face dark and impenetrable. “ Tracy ! Tracy ! come in ! come in, sir ! ” continued the old priest, whilst his companion waited patiently till the dog had obeyed orders.

“ What doth Sir Peter think of the times ? ” he then inquired.

“ That they be stormy and troublous,” was the reply.

“ He taketh no part in them,” said Silas.

“ No. Sir Peter doth wax old : his nephews be valiant gentlemen, and have already shed and lost blood for His Majesty.”

“ There is a commission for the sequestering of estates in the next county, and the news runs that they be coming here on the same errand.”

On hearing these words Father Humphries looked up quickly at Barnstarke and stopped, leaning both hands on his staff.

Barnstarke’s face was as impenetrable as ever.

“ Did you have this on good authority, Master Barnstarke ? ”

A solemn nod answered this question.

It was true that there was a sequestering commission in the next county ; but the remainder of the news was a little *jeu d'esprit* of the demure merchant's.

“Heaven protect us !” cried the poor old priest, taking off his hat and rubbing his venerable white head.

“ It would be well, Master Humphries, to take some prudent step in this matter. The Parliament is hard-mouthing, and not to be played with. I get news from one of the army, an old friend of mine. You may depend on what I tell you, Sir ; and if you be the true friend to Sir Peter I take you to be, warn him of his danger in time.”

Thus spake Barnstarke, coolly and slowly.

“ I thank you, Sir, for your kindness,” rejoined the priest.

His pleasant walk was spoiled, and his cheerful countenance was sad.

They paced on in silence awhile.

“ That is a beautiful water-spaniel,” said Barnstarke, nodding his head towards one of the dogs ; deeming that he had talked enough of estates for the present. Father Humphries replied not. After a long pause in the conversation, he said :

“ I should advise Sir Peter to sell his house and land before the rebels lay hand on them ; turn them

into money, and leave this land of iniquity for some foreign country."

These words of Father Humphries rejoiced the heart of Barnstarke ; but he showed no outward sign of what he felt.

" 'Tis a good thought ; provided Sir Peter could find one ready to buy," he said carelessly, as he sauntered along with his hands behind his back.

" It would vex him to part with it ; but better sell it whilst he can, than let it fall into the claws of those harpies."

" I agree with you, Sir !" returned Barnstarke, as they drew near the avenue that led to the large, ponderous mansion.

Here Silas Barnstarke stopped, saying, as he did so ; " Good Morrow, Sir ; I thank you for your company."

" Stay, Master Barnstarke, stay awhile. Sit you down beside me on this felled tree."

The merchant placed himself on the tree beside the priest ; folded his arms on his ample chest, and listened attentively.

Father Humphries, clearing his throat, debonairly proceeded as follows :—

" What say you, Master Barnstarke, to making yourself lord of this goodly estate, eh ? You have nearly all the surrounding land ; the property was

once in your family ; you are well to do ; who so fit as you, Sir, to seize this opportunity of regaining the mansion of your ancestors ? ”

The old priest looked triumphantly, yet doubtingly, at his listener ; who, shaking his head, slowly replied :—

“ Why you see, Sir, there is a great deal to be thought of. Your offer is very sudden ; and it behoveth me to look well on all sides of the question, and not rashly to engage myself. I cannot tell what Sir Peter might ask for the property, or whether I should be wealthy enough to buy it of him. However,” he added, after a long pause, during which Father Humphries leant his hands on his staff, and his double chin on his hands ; “ I will turn it over in my mind. Maybe Sir Peter will not be willing to sell it ? ”

“ We shall see,” replied the old man, with a sigh. “ I will tell him of his danger, and I thank you for your kind warning, Sir. Think of what I have said to you ; and, if it be not irksome to you, I pray you to meet me at this spot at this time to-morrow morning, when we will confer further on the matter.”

After a little more conversation, Father Humphries rose slowly from the felled tree ; the dogs, who had lain themselves at his feet, jumped up and

capered around him ; he bade Barnstarke “ good morrow,” and proceeding up the avenue, mused sorrowfully on the then state of things.

As for Barnstarke, he rubbed his hands solemnly, as a grim smile, parting his black-bearded lips, gave to view his small, regular, square, white teeth.

“ So far so good. If the Papist knight does not give into the trap readily, I have further things in store for him.”

With these thoughts in his mind, Silas paced off to inspect some of his redeemed acres.

Barnstarke was at the rendezvous punctually the next morning. He seated himself on the felled tree to await the old priest’s arrival, turning over in his mind various matters of business. Any one but our hard-minded merchant would have been alive to the beauties of the lovely summer morning, and to the music that filled the warm air ; as birds, insects, and running river, melodiously mingled their various sounds with that of the light, scarcely heard, rustling of leaves. All these sounds were so different—the voice of the thrush so unlike that of the lark ; the hum of the busy bee so unlike the whizzing noise of the light gnat ; the gurgling of the clear bright river so widely different from the filken sound of the leaves ; and yet there was not one discord among them : not one grating

note ; they formed a perfect whole, soothing and harmonious, but quite lost on Silas Barnstarke.

Father Humphries, with Tracy and the other dogs appeared in the avenue ; the good priest slowly advancing, his four-footed companions barking, frolicking, and ranging hither and thither.

The beauty of the morning, together with the sweet smell of the balmy air, and the concert of pleasing sounds, were fully appreciated by Father Humphries : he stopped ever and anon to listen, to breathe deeply, and to look around him ; taking off his hat that the light western breeze might blow among his silvery hair.

“Good Morrow to you, Sir ?” he cried, as he opened the iron gate and left the avenue.

Barnstarke rose to meet the old man, who shook his head as he gave him his hand.

“Alack ! Master Barnstarke,” he said, “I fear me, Sir Peter is bent on his own destruction !”

“How so, Sir ?”

“I told him all that you related to me yesterday. ‘Let the rebels come,’ quoth he ; ‘let them do their worst. The monarchy will not always be dragged through the mire. The King will conquer that villainous Parliament in due time. Let them pillage me, and sequester my lands ;

His Majesty will restore them to me. Iniquity may reign for awhile, but such doings will not go unpunished ! ' Such were his very words, Sir, as near as I can remember them."

" Umph ! " returned Barnstarke, resuming his seat on the tree, Father Humphries placing himself by his side.

" As for selling the land, Sir Peter waxed wroth at the bare thought of such a thing. He faith he will not truckle to rebels, nor fly from his native land like a malefactor through fear of them ; and Sir Peter is a very dogged man, and one that acteth up to his word ! " said Father Humphries, fighing.

" Sir Peter feeth matters through the spectacles of his hopes, Master Humphries. The King is in a sad plight. His army is brave enough, but it doth lack conduct and discipline. Charge here ! charge there ! like madmen : carding, dicing and drinking too, under the very nose of the enemy. They'd let themselves be hacked to pieces for King Charles with the greatest valour ; but they'll never be a match for Cromwell. He hath his host well in hand. There is no helter-skelter pell-mell fighting in his army ; no drunkenness, no gaming : why even swearing and cursing be subject to punishment with Oliver."

The priest uttered something between a sigh and a groan at these words of Barnstarke's, who continued:—

“Cromwell's aye *is* aye, and his nay *is* nay ! The King is full of irresolutions, and his army full of folly: the General is clear-headed and determined, and he will hunt Charles into a corner, there destroy him, and find a text to warrant the act !”

Barnstarke smiled his grim smile as he uttered this.

“Maybe,” said the priest, “the blood-hound rebels will not find Sir Peter out.”

“Think not so, Sir ; they will find him out, and leave him bare of everything !”

“Then Heaven help him ! He doth say that he would rather lose all, and earn his bread as a stable-man, than bend before rebels ! I know him well, and he will act as he hath said.”

Before leaving the bewildered old priest, Barnstarke made quite sure that it would be only waste of time, and utterly vain, to try and turn Sir Peter Markeham into any other view of the case than the one he had taken ; and that no sum of money, however large, would tempt the Baronet to do that which he looked upon to be “a truckling to rebels,” and a stain on his spotless escutcheon: and Barnstarke acted accordingly.

He left Sir John Lovell's the next day, and going between twenty and thirty miles out of his road, surprised his friend Lieutenant Hew-them-down Higgons with a visit.

The freckled soldier was quartered in a little country town, the living of which had been sequestered. Pending the arrival of an "able and pious Minister," who had been destined by Parliament to undertake the cure of souls, Lieutenant Hew-them-down attended to that office; married fond lovers, and enlightened the parishioners by means of his never-ending sermons.

When Barnstarke arrived, Higgons was in the pulpit—buff jerkin, long sword and all.

He had that day treated his men to an ecclesiastical field-day. "Hew-them-down" was the word, and the fine old Gothic church was the scene of action.

The well cropped soldiers had made short work of it.

Images were strewn about; books and wood-work had formed a bonfire in the nave. The church plate and surplices were divided by lot, the latter being greedily sought after, with a view to converting them into shirts.

Then, too, there had been a visit to the church roof, and the brave Puritans were to be seen climb-

ing about it at the peril of their necks, tearing away every bit of lead ; which heavy metal they passed the evening in melting into royalist-destroying bullets.

The hubbub was great ; but Higgons' voice was heard above it loudly roaring out his favourite exhortation.

The work and the din being at length over, Lieutenant Hew-them-down Higgons mounted into the pulpit ; the only carved work which his men had respected.

The soldiers seated themselves, wiping their streaming foreheads. There was an instant of dead silence ; and then, casting up his eyes, the lieutenant began his discourse.

It was long, of course ; divided and subdivided into a perplexing number of parts ; full of warlike tropes and example, all culled from the Old Testament ; abusive and coarse beyond measure towards the King and his party ; but abounding with promises towards “ the Saints ” and all connected with them.

Barnstarke hearing that his friend was “ holding forth ” at the parish church, turned his steps towards it, being curious to hear how Will acquitted himself in the pulpit.

The merchant placed himself just within the church door.

His old school-fellow's strong, harsh voice was alternately mounting and descending, *crescendo e diminuendo*. He tried from time to time to fall into a pious snuffle, especially destined for the edification of the weaker sex; but despite Lieut. Hew-them-down's best efforts to that effect, he broke out irresistibly into a sharp, barking, *giving-the-word* kind of voice, far more military than ecclesiastical.

The listening soldiers sat, some with closed eyes, others with their looks rivetted on their officer. So deeply and mournfully did they ever and anon groan, when touched by his words, that any one might have supposed numerous patients to be undergoing most awful surgical operations.

When Barnstarke arrived, his friend was just beginning the third and last portion of his discourse, announcing his intention of dividing it into three parts, each of which, in its turn, would be subdivided into three more.

Higgons wound his way most dexterously through this labyrinth; causing the merchant to wonder at his astonishing memory, and at the part he caused Barak, Joshua, and David to play in his sermon; each of them representing some warrior of the Puritan party.

When Higgons had at last finished his discourse

he upbraided the men with having overlooked the organ : “that pan-pipe of the Scarlet Lady !” as he called it. Hereupon a shout arose, and a rush took place to the organ loft.

Crash ! went the organ ; pipes were thrown over the loft into the church below, amidst the bellowing of the Puritans and loud cries of “ Hew them down ! hew them down !—Verily she shall have no pan-pipe whereon to pipe her seductions. Cast them into bullets, even swift-flying bullets, wherewith to reach the sons of perdition !”

As he uttered these words, Higgons whirled his long sword around his head, squinting with excitement, and foaming like a maniac.

The men marched off with the spoil, whilst Higgons committed his portion to his sergeant, and proceeded with Barnstarke to the inn where he had established himself in free quarters.

Arrived there, the thirsty preacher drained a tankard of ale, and ordered supper for himself and his friend ; desiring that it should be served under the mulberry-tree that grew beside that “ haunt of Belzebub,” the bowling-green.

There the soldier and the merchant seated themselves ; Barnstarke astonished at the ravenous dog-like manner in which Higgons attacked the cold chine of beef that was set before them, as well as at the rivers

of ale which he drank without detriment to his cool brain.

Higgons objected to talk whilst he restored tired nature, and Barnstarke being naturally taciturn, not a word was spoken during supper.

That repast being over, Lieut. Hew-them-down called solemnly for pipes, tobacco, and two more chairs.

These being duly brought, the friends proceeded to stretch their legs on the supernumerary chairs, whilst each slowly and carefully filled a long clay pipe with tobacco ; then lighting them, they drew two or three short breaths, threw down the burning paper-match, and inhaled the fragrant tobacco-smoke with an air of deep, demure, and sober satisfaction ; silently eyeing the smooth green turf of the bowling-green, once gay with players, but deserted and forlorn since the Puritan rule began.

Sir Peter Markeham's resolve not to sell his place was the first check which Barnstarke had encountered in his money-making career. This check was bitter to his soul ; for he had from boyhood looked upon the purchase of his ancestral mansion as one of his aims in life.

Barnstarke was not a man to be discouraged by events, or to be frustrated in his designs. The love of gain growing within him from day to day, from

year to year, had struck its roots firmly in his hard mind ; and had become a well-developed passion, which he sought neither to resist nor to moderate.

As Barnstarke calmly smoked, his eyes fixed on the green turf, he bethought him of his plans against Sir Peter ; being nowise conscious that they were diabolical, but merely looking on them as justifiable means whereby to reach his ends : so torpid his conscience had become ! He rightly considered that there was no need of hurrying into conversation with Higgons on the subject nearest his heart ; being quite sure that the military preacher would not long be silent on the recusant topic, so pleasing to his Puritanic soul. Barnstarke was well aware that he had only to let that worthy talk on, throw in a word and a hint here and there, and that, ere long, Hew-them-down Higgons would be in full cry on Sir Peter's trail.

Barnstarke was right.

The lieutenant, as he filled his second pipe, carefully pressing the tobacco down with his broad thumb, began extolling his morning's work, expressing a hope that all "*marks of the beast*" would soon be effaced from the land.

Barnstarke nodded his head in assent, putting in a word now and then, as Lieutenant Hew-them-down, waxing eloquent, gave him an account of his

prowess in arms, as well as of his dexterity in “smelling out an accursed son of Belial, be he where he may.” “Shall I not track them,” he continued, marking the emphasis with his pipe—“shall I not fall upon them, smiting them hip and thigh? Yea, verily, I will lend my arm towards the purging of the land from superstitious trumpery: I will hew them down, I will scatter them: I will heat myself as a furnace for the melting of the ornaments wherewith the great ‘*She*’ of Babylon, impudent in scarlet, doth deck herself withal! I will be a besom to sweep the priests of Baal into the flames of Abaddon: let them use me as such, my sweepings shall be sure!” And here the Puritan took several *draws* of his pipe with vigour and determination.

“A few zealots of thy fort, Will, are wanted in our county. ‘Tis a very nest of Popish superstition,” said the merchant.

“Sayst thou so! I will, in due season, bend my steps thither. Tell me the names of the dogs, the grinning dogs of Satan?”

“The chief among them is one Sir Peter Markeham.—Hand me the tobacco box, Will.”

“Sir Peter Markeham!” returned Higgons, pushing the box towards his friend, and taking an immense memorandum book from his pocket, wherein he entered the name. “Doth he harbour

a priest of Baal : one who exalteth his horn on high : a blood-sucker in the garish vestments of idolatry ? ”

“ He hath a chapel, full of rich ornaments, as I have heard say. No priest dwelleth with him ; but they do say that priests come and go in disguise, for the purpose of performing their mummeries ! ”

These words of Barnstarke’s brought down a vehement rap on the table from Higgons’ bony knuckles, and an unintelligible growl from his throat : a growl that had somewhat of the ring of an oath about it.

“ Oh ! verily, but such tidings do make me mad ! I do hate the heathen with a righteous hatred. May they perish ! May they perish ! I cannot away with their mummeries ; I cannot away with their back-slidings ! The man Peter will I devour ! As a silk-worm among the boughs will I devour and leave him bare. His gold and his silver, and the embroidered raiment of his priests shall be a prey unto us : yea ! as a prey shall they be. The bottomless pit gapeth wide, it openeth its jaws to receive them ; they shall—— ”

As Lieut. Hew-them-down uttered these words, lifting his pipe on high, he pressed his heels savagely against the chair on which his legs reposèd. The pressure had the effect of canting over that on which he sat ; the chair fell over, and the soldier rolled out

of it on his face ; the skirts of his buff-coat turned over his back ; and his broken pipe cast some three feet beyond his extended hand.

Barnstarke, who had been listening with closed eyes to his old school-fellow's harangue, opened them on the sudden cessation thereof, and on hearing the clatter of his fall.

Higgons got up slowly, saying somewhat sheepishly :

“ How did it come to pass ? Good luck ! but it well nigh knocked all the wind out of my body ! ”

Barnstarke did not even smile at the catastrophe, or move to help his friend ; who, calling for another pipe, resumed his oration.

The merchant listened without hearing what he said ; he was engaged by his own thoughts, and well satisfied that Higgons would do his best against Sir Peter, and that without delay.

The calm of evening, and the fire of the lieutenant's discourse were both disturbed at nine o'clock, when the roll of the drum gave notice that the pious Puritan warriors were about to retire to their repose ; the heavy booming of the old curfew-bell ringing sonorously through the air at the same moment.

How often that same old curfew-bell had tolled ! Century after century, at eight in winter, at nine in

summer, the sound had smote the ears of bye-gone generations ; now dead, and turned into dust !

It is still rung evening after evening, in that same little country town. “*Intelligent men of progress*” feel not the poetry conveyed by its deep, sonorous tone. They call the venerable bell a “*nuisance*,” writing letters to the county paper that it may be “*put down*,” and the five pounds a year, paid to the ringer, be put to some more “*useful purpose*.” Long may the curfew toll, in spite of them ; rendering winter evenings the more cozy, as its voice is heard pealing through the frosty air, the stars coldly glimmering the while : long may it toll, adding by its lulling vibration to the solemnly peaceful effect of the waning summer evening’s light.

The roll of the drum, and the ringing of the curfew sent our two friends to their beds.

Barnstarke was well pleased with his day’s work, and took leave of the lieutenant on the following morning, certain that it would not be long before he made his appearance in Sir Peter’s county.

Lieutenant Hew-them-down Higgons burned to do so.

As soon as various little affairs which he had on hand were brought to a successful ending, he reported the same to head-quarters ; accompanying

the notice with the tidings of the “*Papist-warren*” he had lately heard of.

Higgons was commended by the higher powers for a diligent and zealous soldier. He received his orders to proceed forthwith to the place in question ; to sequester the house and lands, and to carry off the spoils. One quarter of such spoils were to go towards encouraging the men ; much as hounds are encouraged by the treat of a fine fox. The remainder was to be taken to head-quarters, for the purpose of being sent to London with other plunder.

About a month after Barnstarke’s visit to him, Higgons and his detachment marched to the cathedral town where Walter Barnstarke had been ordained, and there halted ; hacking, hewing, and burning within the cathedral walls according to their custom.

The lieutenant, leaving half his men under the sergeant to keep watch over the booty derived from this exploit, marched betimes next morning, with his corporal and the remainder of the detachment, in quest of the recusants.

It was a beautiful morning in August. A light mist, indicating a hot day, shrouded the sun when the detachment left the gray old town.

As the morning grew older, the gauzy mist dispersed ; the larks sang with merry note aloft ; and

the sun shone unclouded to ripen the waving rustling corn.

The soldiers sang a psalm, now and then, as they marched along ; but the lieutenant would allow of no talking, or marching at ease, when he was in command.

Sir Peter Markeham and his household, little wotting that an enemy was at hand, had met together in the chapel at eight o'clock for early mass.

Father Humphries, in laced alb and richly embroidered chasuble, stood before the altar ; and, in a voice somewhat tremulous with age, was going through the service.

A few bright rays of the morning sun shone through a narrow side-window, and descending on the old priest's silver locks, caused them to shine with supernatural light amidst the soft twilight of the chapel.

Mass was nearly over, when a servant crept gently up to Sir Peter, touched his arm, and whispered : “Sir, there be a body of soldiers coming over the downs.”

Sir Peter left the chapel, placed himself at a window, and looked forth. During mass, a servant was always posted to keep a look-out from that window, as it commanded the road for miles. •

Sir Peter Markeham turning his eyes towards

the downs beheld Higgons' party descending by the little bridle-road that wound up them.

The sun-rays were vividly reflected from the musquet-barrels, as well as from the soldiers' steel caps and light corslets.

“The vile rebellious curs!” cried Sir Peter. “It will take a good half hour before they get here. Mass will be over in less than ten minutes. Get thee to the stables and harness Father Humphries’ horse; take him into the lane at the back of the stable-yard, and there bide with him till we come out.”

Having given this order, and cast another look at Lieut. Hew-them-down’s advancing party, Sir Peter returned to the chapel and knelt down in the place he had just left.

“Who can tell how long it may be before we hear another mass in this chapel,” he thought to himself, and sighed as he looked on Father Humphries’ venerable white head, and listened to his gentle voice.

Anon the old priest turning from the altar pronounced the “*Ite, missa est*,” and presently every one left the chapel.

Sir Peter, again looking out, and perceiving the soldiers at the foot of the downs, pointed them out to Lady Markeham and to his household.

Lady Markeham grew pale; the men talked of fighting the Puritans.

“ Nay, my friends, not so ! ” cried Sir Peter, raising his hand to still them. “ We are but few, and our arms are few. The soldiers are well armed, having good store of powder and ball ; and they are far more than we are in numbers. Besides such men have ever a greater force to back them. Fighting would be of no use but to provoke the rebels to murder us. Go you each man to his daily work ; offer no resistance ; utter no abuse. Better days will come ; when the villains will go to the wall.”

Just then Father Humphries left the chapel, his benevolent face beaming with kindness ; but he looked perplexed and downcast on hearing that the soldiers were at hand.

Before he could collect his ideas, Sir Peter hurried him to his horse ; put a handful of coin into his pocket ; reverently kissed his hand, and bade him ride for the “ fisherman’s cot.”

“ Sail for France directly, Sir, if the wind holdeth good : your life will be in peril here if you should be discovered. Write to us as soon as you have crossed the water ; we will find means to do so to you ; and now fare-you-well, and Heaven guard you ! ”

So spake Sir Peter. Father Humphries could say nothing. The tears stood in his eyes ; he wrung the Baronet's hand warmly, and proceeded down the lane.

Father Humphries was a gentle-hearted old man, and his gentle heart ached as he journeyed along. He felt that he had left his friends Sir Peter and Lady Markeham for ever ; and that he was bidding an eternal adieu to every well-known spot, so dear to him for rustic beauty and old associations.

Tracy, the water-s spaniel, who had always seemed to look on himself as the old priest's property, ran frolicking after him.

Father Humphries drew bridle, and, in broken tones, told him to "go home!"

Tracy, dropping his tail, wagged it in deprecating style ; fixing his eyes fondly and imploringly on those of his old friend.

This was not to be resisted.

Father Humphries trotted off with swelling throat, and Tracy gaily went with him.

At the end of the long, narrow, winding lane he had been following, the priest entered the high-road.

He heard voices singing a psalm to a triumphant tune, and perceived the advancing soldiers, whom he must needs pass.

The lieutenant, drawing near, laid his hand on the bridle of Father Humphries' stout black horse.

The old man felt a chill run over him.

The psalm had stopped ; the soldiers halted ; Tracy sniffed their heels.

“Who art thou ?” inquired Higgons, peering on Father Humphries from beneath his white eyelashes.

“A traveller,” was the reply.

“What calling ?”

“That of a bailiff.”

“Whither art thou bound ?”

“For a far distant city.”

“What is thy creed ?”

“That of a Christian.”

“Art thou not a recusant ?”

“No !” cried the old man, flashing with indignation, and rejecting the offensive epithet in his soul.

“Canst thou tell where dwelleth one Markeham, a popish dog and foul idolater ?”

“No, indeed, Sir, I cannot tell you *that* !”

Hew-them-down Higgons looked sharply into Father Humphries' meek blue eyes. The meek blue eyes steadily returned the gaze, and the lieutenant removed his hand from the bridle.

The priest seized this opportunity and put spurs

to his horse, who trotted off, whilst his rider bowed most courteously to the rude Puritan officer.

Higgons looked after him, as, following the curve of the road, he turned from his sight.

“ My mind doth misgive me that he is not an honest man,” grumbled Higgons; then gave the word to the men, and tramped on to the scrolled gate that opened on Sir Peter’s avenue.

Father Humphries drew a deep breath of satisfaction on looking back and perceiving that he was out of sight of the soldiers.

As he trotted through the village he stopped at the vicarage.

In the little orchard attached to it, beneath one of the apple-trees, sat the old incumbent in a large arm-chair; whilst Joanna Elderfield sat spinning beside him, crooning an old melancholy ditty to a rambling, quavering tune, which had a most soothing effect, accompanied by the whirring of her wheel.

The old divine had become very tottering and feeble.

He loved to sit and doze beside the fire in winter, and beneath the trees in summer, dreaming of by-gone times; taking, in fancy, the walks and rambles he took in boyhood; inwardly seeing every path and stile of his childish haunts, and vaulting over

hedges and ditches with his leaping-pole. Then, too, he would dreamily, between dozing and waking, see his college chums; his handsome wife, and his first home as a married man. He pruned the trees, recalling in his memory the very form of the branches. He reviewed his parishioners of those days. Their forms and features were present with him; he remembered all their names. He thus lived happily in the past, without a pang of remorse to wound his spirit. When he awoke to the present he barely recollects that which had taken place a few days before.

Although the weather was warm, the tall, gaunt old man wore his long black cloak wrapped around him.

Father Humphries called to Joanna by name, asking for Walter.

She left off her spinning and crooning on hearing his voice, and, smoothing her apron, went in quest of the Vicar.

Joanna's bright black hair had turned gray: combed straight down on her forehead, it added to the briskness of her clear eyes, as dark as floes.

"Good Morrow, Master Humphries," cried Walter, as he stepped forth with a pen in his hand. "You are out on your morning ramble this fine summer's day, I see. Let me tie your horse to a

tree, Sir, and I pray you step in and taste some of Joanna's mead, with some of her butter and home-made bread ! ”

“ Alack ! my friend,” cried the priest, rubbing his eyes hastily with the back of his hand, “ I am come to bid you an eternal farewell. We shall never meet again in this world, Walter ! ”

“ How so, Master Humphries ? ”

“ The rebels are down upon us, young man ! They are even now at Sir Peter's ; and I am flying, as it were, for my life ! ”

“ For your life, Sir ? ”

Father Humphries, leaning on Walter's shoulder, stooped down his head and said in a whisper,—

“ I can trust you, Walter ; you are loyal and true. I am a priest ! ”

“ A priest ! ” cried Walter, starting.

“ Yes, a priest ! I am riding for the coast, there to embark. Sir Peter would be trebly harassed if accident let out that he harboured a priest. Now, get you to Sir John Lovell's ; tell him the Puritans are at my dear old friend's ; and bid his lady, from me, hide all signs of our faith, lest the rebels should visit *their* dwelling likewise. Fare-thee-well, Walter. I have known thee from a child, and ever loved thee.” The old man could trust himself to say no more, his heart was too full.

He clasped Walter's hand, called in faltering tones to Tracy, and once more pursued his journey.

The parson lost no time in going to Sir John Lovell's. Great was the consternation which he there spread in relating the evil tidings concerning Sir Peter.

The large black crucifix, which had so awed Walter in his infancy, was buried in the garden, with other things of a like nature; so that every token of the presence of a Roman Catholic disappeared from the house.

As soon as Sir Peter Markeham had sent Father Humphries on his way, he proceeded to his own room, and there sat him down with a book in his hand, whilst Lady Markeham took her work; and thus they awaited the arrival of the soldiers. In due time they were heard approaching; their bandeliers hitting against their corslets at every step; their heavy tramp becoming more and more distinct as they marched up the arching avenue.

On arriving at the house Lieutenant Hew-them-down Higgons found the door wide open.

This leading him to suspect treachery, he sent in the Corporal and a couple of men to reconnoitre, but these found nought but empty rooms; Sir Peter having, on second thoughts, sent every servant away; ordering them to seek safety as best they

could, for that he was a lost man. His household, thus dismissed, betook themselves to flight, with many a sigh given to their master's ill-fortune. At length the Corporal opened the door of the room in which Sir Peter and his lady were sitting.

"I know your errand," cried the Baronet, looking up calmly from his book, whilst his wife trembled at the presence of the soldiers. "You will find no resisting with us. Begin your unrighteous work!"

The Corporal sent one of the men down to the Lieutenant to report progress.

Will Higgons and his soldiers entered the house. "Brethren," cried Lieutenant Hew-them-down, "here is a righteous work to be done! At it like men! Destroy! destroy! Turn out the heathen —tear down their trumpery! Go! and smite as ye go: meet in this hall when ye shall hear the tap of the drum! Here is a privilege! See that ye neglect it not!" On hearing these words the soldiers uttered a shout and spread themselves over the house. It was not long before they found their way to the chapel. As oaths were deemed scandalous in the parliamentary army, the warriors gave vent to their feelings by yells and denunciations.

The solemn calm, which had ever reigned in that spot, was no more.

The Lieutenant wrathfully cut the altar-piece

from its frame, and, spitting it on his sword, rushed with it into the presence of Sir Peter and his lady.

He was followed by two or three of his men carrying books, and all that they deemed to be of no value. Higgons cast the picture on the ground, and, setting his foot on it, threw his arms aloft, crying :

“Repent! repent! There lieth your superstitious trumpery! Your idolatrous temple is no more! Repent! repent! Your home is snatched from you! Verily it shall pass to honest men: the heathen shall not dwell therein. Your gold shall not be used to treasonable purposes: it shall flow into the pockets of the saints! Snodgrafs,” he continued, turning to one of the soldiers, “light a fire!” Snodgrafs, a giant of relentless and hard-hearted appearance, obeyed the order, lighting an immense crackling fire in the fire-place that yawned at one end of the hall.

When this was accomplished, and the cheerful roaring flames waved and rushed up the wide chimney, Higgons again put the picture on his sword-point, bearing it in triumph to the fire, whilst his corporal shook his strong fist in Sir Peter’s face.

The Baronet appeared not to see him, so unmoved and calm was his countenance.

Hew-them-down Higgons cast the altar-piece among the flames. The fire soon seized upon it, blistering the paint and consuming it as though it had been a thing of no value.

When the last remains of the beautiful picture were devoured by the eager flames; when the valuable, never-to-be-replaced work of art was no more; the Puritans shouted and threw books and “Babylonish garments” into the fire to take its place. The albs were, as usual, reserved for shirts.

The work was soon done. The chapel was demolished; the silver lamp, and other things of value, were brought below and packed in a large case.

The next move was to ransack the house for money, plate, and jewels. These were soon found, and pounced upon.

The Lieutenant rubbed his hands demurely as he eyed his prize; then bid the drum beat, which called all his men to the hall.

Being there assembled, Hew-them-down Higgons gave out a hymn, the soldiers singing each verse after him.

There they stood in two ranks, the drummer to the right, the Lieutenant fronting them; and there, amidst the spoil, they sang their melancholy, rough hymn-tune, in manly, determined tones.

The sound reached Sir Peter and Lady Markeham ; but they neither moved nor spoke.

“ Now,” cried Higgons, “ we will chase the heathen from his haunt ; even unto holes in the rock we will chase him ! ” Higgons acted up to his words.

A quarter of an hour afterwards, the Baronet and his wife, mounted on an old cart-horse, were slowly wending their way to the fisherman’s cot, towards which Father Humphries had travelled a short time before them.

Whilst his men were stirring up the kitchen fire and cooking a good dinner, Lieut. Hew-them-down penned a triumphant letter to his betters ; which letter, beginning with “ Hallelujah,” and ending with “ Amen,” contained many blasphemies, and an account of his proceedings.

When Sir Peter and Lady Markeham arrived at the fisherman’s, the afternoon was far advanced ; and as they drew near they perceived his boat some twenty yards out at sea, with the tanned sail set, evidently beginning the voyage to France. The waves of the smooth, glittering sea were breaking lazily along the beach, slowly rolling over the pebbles as they retreated, leaving a white line of foam behind them. Sir Peter waved his hat and shouted. His voice, smiting the quiet air, reached

Father Humphries, who raised his hat in return ; anon the stout tub-like boat lay to.

The fisherman, a Roman Catholic, was a tenant of Sir Peter's : that is, he paid a nominal rent ; his service being to hold himself in readiness in case he should be wanted for the duty he was then employed on.

The fisherman's wife, strong and active, soon pushed a little boat into the sea.

Sir Peter Markeham tenderly embraced his wife.

“ Fare-thee-well, Mary,” he said. “ Heaven only knoweth if we are to meet again on earth. Thirty years we have lived together a peaceful life, but now the storm hath overtaken us ; black and hard to bear it is ! ”

Lady Markeham, choked by her tears, could utter no word in reply.

The fisherman's wife rowed her to the tanned sail boat, and put her safely on board.

The following morning, the tired, frightened, sorrowful lady, landed with Father Humphries at a little fishing village on the French coast.

She took refuge in a convent, where, at her husband's death, she became a nun ; never again visiting the land of her birth.

Gentle old Father Humphries, disdaining to eat the bread of idleness, became curate to a country

Curé, a learned and pious priest, with whom he lived out his days in a pleasant French village, remote from towns ; aiding the Curé in his righteous works, without repining or discontent.

As for Sir Peter Markeham, he mounted Father Humphries' nag, journeying towards His Majesty's army, which he joined.

His gray head lay low at Naseby fight ; his dead body showing seven wounds, received for his king on that bloody field. There, too, the elder of his nephews fell beside him, among many other valiant, but rash and headstrong gentlemen.

Walter Barnstarke had passed the day, on which Will Higgons had worked so manfully though unwittingly in the service of Silas, at Sir John Lovell's ; every one expecting from minute to minute, to see the soldiers arrive there.

Francis, shaking off his usual sloth, had toiled in putting the house in a posture of defence ; arming such men as he could get together, grinding his teeth at the bare thought of rebels, and slaking his thirst with mighty cups of ale.

The Puritans, however, came not ; but Francis sat up in a somnolent state all night to be ready for them ; his little garrison sleeping on the ground, and paying due court to the black-jack, and bread and cheese.

Walter had returned home at supper time ;

sighing over the fate of the Markehams, and of his old friend, “Master Humphries the bailiff,” as he passed the majestic avenue; which seemed, on that evening, doubly silent and solemn, as though it mourned for the fate of its late owner.

On reaching the stile that divided the pathway of the two fields next to the village, Walter Barnstarke was astounded at beholding Joanna Elderfield, sobbing, and wringing her hard-worked, trembling hands. “What aileth thee, Joanna?” he inquired, gently taking her by the arm, and looking into her face.

Between the poor old woman’s sobs the parson could make out the words: “Soldiers—rebels—broke everything—threw his reverence down against a tree—turned me out—he’s dead—oh! my dear foster-son—I’ll work for you—they’re-going-to-bring-a-rebel-parson!”

Walter understood in an instant that the Puritans had paid him a visit; sequestered his living, and dealt hardly with his old friend: and so it was.

The parson tried to console Joanna; left her at a neighbour’s house, and proceeded to the vicarage. As he went, several of his parishioners told him not to be down-hearted, as they meant to have a rising that night and to do for the rebels.

Walter charged them to undertake no such thing.

He told them what mighty soldiers the Puritans were ; and that, even if they conquered those in the village, a larger force would come and take vengeance for their victory with fire and sword. He bade them think of their wives and children, and of their aged parents ; to be patient and to bow before the storm. The parson turned his steps towards the vicarage—that abode of peace and virtue, with its thatched roof and its gable end rising just above the orchard trees. “Until now,” he thought, as he went, “my life hath been smooth, happy, and peaceful. A tempest is breaking over me ; but I must look beyond the black clouds to the clear blue sky and ever-shining sun !”

On reaching the orchard-gate, Walter could see the body of his old friend and tutor lying beneath the tree beside which his chair had been placed. Joanna’s spinning-wheel was knocked over and broken ; and the sound of voices, together with the clang of arms, issued from the open window of the vicarage sitting-room.

Walter knelt down beside the body of the old parson. It was quite cold and stiff. On the right temple was an immense discolouration ; and a few drops of blood were on the funken, deadly white cheek.

Barnstarke reverently kissed the cold shrivelled

hand of the corpse ; then arising, with a deep sigh, he left the orchard to look for one to help him in removing the beloved remains. These were buried at night by stealth, beneath the clear moon's rays ; Walter in suppressed tones repeating the burial-service, whilst the body of his old and cherished friend, wrapped in the long black cloak, was committed to a shallow grave, there to rest in peace. It was after Lieutenant Hew-them-down Higgons had duly dined in the recusant's sequestrated mansion, that he had turned his thoughts towards Walter Barnstarke's living, which was also to be sequestrated. He left his corporal and five men at Sir Peter's late abode, and with the remaining twenty made his appearance in the village, to the dismay and consternation of the inhabitants.

Will Higgons was naturally a kind man with a good-natured heart ; but party zeal gave him a semblance of ferocity not his own.

As he marched up to the vicarage, guided by a boy whom he had pressed into the service, any one would have supposed, from his air and manner, that he was the most savage and relentless of men. And so perhaps he might be called where malignants and recusants were in the case ; for on that point he lost all self-command, and would have cursed and sworn at the bare mention of them, had

not military discipline come to his aid—stifling the evil epithets on his lips.

It is strange to behold a mild man worked up to bitterness and brutality by party-spirit; still remaining gentle on all points save those connected with it.

I do verily believe that there is not one other thing under heaven so capable of making a demon of the best of men, as the hot zeal of party!

“Art thou the parson, firrah!” shouted Higgons, as he stepped up to the old man, who was taking his siesta beneath the orchard-trees, to the sound of Joanna’s spinning-wheel and the humming of her bees.

“Take thy ugly paw off his reverence’s shoulder,” cried Joanna, starting up, and pulling the Lieutenant by the top of his gauntlet glove with both her strong hands.

The old parson aroused from his sleep, stared at the soldiers, saying feebly and politely:—

“Will you please to step in and refresh yourselves, gentlemen?”

“Give us the keys of the church,” quoth Higgons; “make haste, and no fumbling.”

“Nay! nay! nay!” replied the old divine, in the whistling voice of age, shaking his stooping

head as he spoke. “No one shall have them but Walter.”

“His reverence hath not got *’un*,” cried Joanna.

“I have, I have,” said the parson: “the parish was mine. Methinks it is still mine. I am not sure, though: how about the parish, Joanna? I *was* the Vicar; and, gentleman, my wife was the sweetest creature, though somewhat fiery in temper; —but you see——”

“He’s a driveller! Snodgrass, search him for the keys, and be quick!”

At these words from his officer, burly Snodgrass stepped forward; and leaning his musquet against a tree, seized the old vicar.

On beholding this movement, Joanna, uttering a scream, flew on the soldier, attempting to make him loose his hold of her master; dealing blows quick as hail on his hard corflet, and crying “help,” and “murder” the while.

“Take hold of her, Simmons!” said Higgons, coolly; “and you, you old malignant, hold your peace!”

“He’s no keys about him, Lieutenant,” cried Snodgrass, his search being over.

“Let him go, then. We’ll rummage the house.”

Snodgrass obeyed the Lieutenant by giving the

feeble old man a push ; which, though but a slight one for such an arm as the stout musqueteer's, threw the Vicar to the ground, his head striking against the trunk of a tree as he fell.

Higgons and his party entered the house, leaving poor faithful Joanna to sob over their victim ; trying all in her power to bring him back to life.

Her efforts were but vain, as the aged divine remained stretched mute before her.

He never again moved or spoke : the flickering flame of his fragile existence was extinguished for ever.

By the time that Walter had found his old nurse sobbing in the fields where she had awaited his return, the Puritans had committed their accustomed havoc in the church ; had burnt Walter's choice little library, and his mother's portrait ; and had purloined such of his property as they deemed worth the taking.

About a week after these disasters, Silas Barnstarke received a letter from his brother, informing him of them, and telling him that an Independent minister had been installed as pastor in his place. He further added that, like others of his ejected brethren, he meant to work for a livelihood ; not being willing to bring suspicion and odium on his

brother or on his friends by taking refuge with them.

Barnstarke threw the letter on the table, and paced soberly to and fro ; his hands behind him, and his eyes cast to the ground.

His spirit rejoiced at the sequestration of Sir Peter Markeham's property. His mental gaze had long been so fixed on the idea of making that property his own, that the eyes of his mind looked not on the enormity he had committed in order to do so. He was not in the habit of viewing his own soul ; of searching into all the dark parts of it, or of letting the light shine upon them.

No ! Silas was an acute and shrewd man of business ; but he was an utter stranger to himself. He well knew what means to employ, that wealth might surely follow. He could work doggedly at intricate affairs ; he had nerve firmly to stand anxieties of commerce which made others tremble ; but he had no sense of moral good or evil : neither did he notice how the love of gain was gradually enslaving him, and turning his heart to hard, cold iron.—Mammon was Barnstarke's god, and faithfully he worshipped the golden idol.

The thought of the houseless old knight never crossed his money-making mind. His only idea

was, that he had at length wisely and shrewdly compassed his ends ; for he made sure that Government, being eager for pelf, would not hesitate about selling his ancestral estate to him.

The tidings concerning his brother Walter somewhat displeased him. He slackened his pace as he thought of him, and his footsteps fell heavily on the oak-floor.

“ In these times it is an evil thing to be connected with Charles’s party ; with malignants and such like. I would not have the Parliament side to know that I have a brother a parson : and a dispossessed one, moreover. Heaven wotteth how it might tell to my hindrance, in the matter in hand : indeed, it might be the undoing of me, and go to the sequestrating of the land I already own, if I were suspected as not being an honest man on the right side. Not that I care a jot for either side : let the fools fight it out ; but it would not serve my turn to be of the losing party, with my lands and reputation at stake. The King’s is the losing side, and so I will have nought to say to it. The Parliament people smell out a malignant and a good estate as a hound doth a fox ; and if my friend Higgons once took it into his red head that I am a favourer of the monarchy people, he’d be the very first to pounce on me : a psalm-singing rascal ! I must get Walter out of the way,

and make him keep quiet till things have blown over a little.”

Having thus conversed with himself, Silas Barnstarke wrote to his brother, telling him he was sorry for his hard case ; begging him to quit the village at once, and come to him in Town for a while. He likewise advised Walter to change his name, and to dress as a layman ; giving him a very over-coloured account of the danger of the times, as well as of the perils he would encounter if he were known to be a clergyman of the Church of England.

Barnstarke opened his heavy eyes with astonishment on receiving an answer from his brother, which informed him that Sir John Lovell had insisted on Walter’s taking up his abode with him, together with poor old Joanna.

“ My uncle is surely mad : mad as a man can be ; to harbour such an one as Walter, in his own county, under the very eyes of the Parliamentarians ! ”

Thus thought Silas, and continued to read the letter. Walter proceeded to inform him that he could not think of endangering his uncle with his presence, and that Joanna would not hear of leaving him ; he intended, therefore, to go as a farm-servant in a distant parish, in which he knew an honest yeoman who would no doubt engage him ; he being young and strong, and acquainted with farm-labour.

He intended thus to earn a living without being a burthen to any one ; and to follow Silas' advice about changing his name, that he might be no discredit to his family in troublous times.

He ended his letter by thanking his brother for his offers and his counsels ; hoping that better days would come, and that his flock might once again be given back to him.

Barnstarke could not enter into the feelings either of his uncle or of his brother.

“ Mankind be strange beings, and the more a man knoweth of them the stranger they appear. Any way, Walter will not trouble me as to my lands, by breeding suspicions about my way of thinking ; and the sooner I set about the purchase of the estate the better.”

Thus thought the sober merchant.

He had no difficulty in arranging matters with Government ; so that within a month from the day of sequestration, Barnstarke found himself in possession of his ancestral mansion : the mansion upon which he had kept so steady an eye, and to obtain which he had so diligently and perseveringly worked. He perceived not that the making of his fortune, as he made it, was the undoing of his soul.

Barnstarke's cold heart felt something that wore a distant resemblance to a glow of delight, as he rode

up the avenue leading to his house, and called it his own.

The trees appeared doubly grand in his eyes ; and he involuntarily calculated what they would “*fetch*” as timber.

As he entered the house he felt that sensation of satisfaction that ever attends a design brought to a successful ending.

The mansion was quite empty of furniture ; the Puritans having sold all that they did not burn.

Barnstarke inspected his new dwelling from cellars to roof ; telling himself that it would be a most excellent retreat, wherein to make his abode when he retired from active life, to become the great rich man of the county ; and that in the meanwhile he would furnish a couple of rooms for his own use on the ground floor, shutting up the remainder of the vast mansion until he should occupy it in style.

It must not be supposed that Barnstarke furnished his apartments in a niggardly manner.

Not at all. The merchant had a very good idea of his own personal comforts ; and, although he despised luxury as ruinous and degrading, he considered himself to be sufficiently wealthy to allow himself a few of the sober sweets of life.

Consequently, the bed-room and fitting-room in

his new dwelling were made demurely, puritanically, and solidly comfortable.

When he was in Town, they were put under the charge of a widow without incumbrance. Silas had no idea of “a horde of brats” dwelling in, and overrunning his house during his absence.

Sir John Lovell knew Silas Barnstarke far better than Silas Barnstarke knew himself. The Baronet knew from Father Humphries that he had proposed to the merchant to purchase the estate in the event of Sir Peter’s selling it; and that Silas had been the first to give the old priest the alarm about sequestrators. Sir John was likewise aware of his nephew’s acquaintance with Lieut. Hew-them-down Higgons; and that it was that military preacher who had suddenly appeared soon after Sir Peter had declared that fear of rebels should not prevail with him to the parting of his property.

Considering these things, as well as Barnstarke’s turn of mind and his firm determination to possess himself of his ancestral acres, Sir John felt perfectly sure that his nephew had brought about the sequestration of Sir Peter Markeham’s estate with a view to his own private advantage. The old baronet mused deeply over his thoughts on the subject, until his convictions became so deep and clear that he deemed it to be his own duty, as well

as for the good of his nephew, to speak to him on the matter.

It was in the room where stood the ebony cabinet which once contained the three money-bags, that Sir John opened his mind to Barnstarke, keenly eyeing him the while.

Silas, fixing his looks on the pediment of the French cabinet, felt that something unpleasant was at hand.

Sir John Lovell, with the greatest delicacy and tact, told Barnstarke his fears and suspicions.

Silas arose from his seat, pacing about, as he listened, in his usual attitude, hands behind him, and eyes to the ground.

With his grim smile the merchant made answer to his uncle's discourse.

“I fear, sir,” he said, “that you do nourish phantasms.”

“Silas, Silas,” returned Sir John warmly, “you know that my suspicions are based on truth. My fear is that your love of gain growing, growing, growing ever more and more, hath warped your sense of right. The upright, clean-dealing merchant is a man to be venerated. Be such, Silas; let not undue desire for wealth be a snare unto you. Stifle the desire before it breaketh out into evil deeds —deeds that will wring your soul, and be as tortur-

ing demons to you when you lie on the bed of death: but few moments then remaining of your life, and those moments full of sweating pain, may be, and of bodily and ghostly torments hard to bear."

A dark blush overspread the merchant's fallow face. He turned from Sir John Lovell to conceal it, and the momentary trouble which talk of death ever caused him.

"I do not ask you to confess this deed, Silas; but if you have been guilty of it, repent. Take yourself to task, lest your weakness with regard to wealth tempt you to a worse crime. Think that when you die, not one stiver of the greatest riches ever brought together can you carry with you! Is man born, think you, for the collecting together, with toil and harassings, perhaps through crimes, that which he can enjoy but during time: that which he must part with for eternity? Be content with honest, sufficient gains; and when you burn for more than these, call it dirt and drofs: remember death, and think of never-ending ages beyond the grave!"

"I am not going to die to-day, nor yet to-morrow, I take it; and if all men were of your mind, Sir, our ports would be bare of shipping."

Saying these words somewhat bitterly, Barn-

starke put on his high-crowned hat, and taking up his cane he inclined his head to Sir John ; walking off to drown the unpleasant recollection of his uncle's home-truths in the contemplation of, and perambulation about, his new purchase.

Sir John watched his nephew as he crossed the garden and the meadow beyond.

Barnstarke's square, heavy shoulders and firm walk ; the dogged manner in which he handled his cane ; the very set of his hat ; all bespoke resolute determination and an obdurate mind.

“ I may not live to see the day,” said Sir John to himself, caressing his thick gray moustaches thoughtfully ; “ but I much fear that Silas’ love of gold will bring him trouble before he dies. How strange that two brothers should be so different as he and poor Walter ! The devil hath surely got hold of Silas. I hope with all my heart he may make him lose his grasp before it be too late.”

At night, Silas’ journal received the following remark :—“ My uncle did this day accuse me of foul play in a certain matter. I call it shrewd dealing ; so diverse are men’s opinions on the same point. Pity he did not turn his thoughts to trading, for truly he is a man of a good head ; but his country life hath blunted his natural faculties, methinks, which commerce would have strengthened.”

Barnstarke was now the sole possessor of all the lands once lost to the family through the vanity of his grandfather.

He felt proud of the industry that made them his ; and took a selfish pleasure in planning improvements, and in increasing the value of his property to the utmost, for his own special good. Still, he did not allow his estates to take him from his mercantile pursuits, which he pursued with greater ardour than ever ; wondering from time to time how much longer old Master Benson meant to remain on this earth. The thought gave him no anxiety, however, as he knew that he should eventually enjoy one-half of the kind merchant's immense property ; the remaining half going to Damaris his daughter. Master Barnstarke had acquired this gratifying information by reading Benson's will upside down, sheet after sheet, as it lay spread out on the table before the benevolent old man ; Silas sitting opposite to him, his elbow on the table, his head on his hand, with a book open before him, unsuspected by his benefactor.

Barnstarke sometimes thought how lucky he had been in having made such a "useful" acquaintance as Master Benson had proved to be ; but his heart never felt one particle of gratitude towards him for all his benefactions : however, he was always ready

at the merchant's call, and managed their joint affairs with most scrupulous honesty and consummate prudence.

Barnstarke lost his uncle before his benefactor departed. Sir John Lovell, about the middle of autumn, was seized with a calenture, a very common disease in those days.

The malady undermined and wore him down.

On the first anniversary of his son Robert's death, Sir John was lying on his bed, with feeble voice and gasping breath, burning with fever, scarcely able to move.

The country people said it was to be expected, on account of the limpness of "Master Robert's *carpse*."

Indeed they did not think he would have held out so long, seeing that according to popular tradition he should have died "*within the year*."

His spirit quitted his mortal body some days after that epoch, just as day was breaking.

The household affirmed that owls, hooting dismal, had flown against the dying man's windows throughout the night; and that the black greyhound had howled till the moment of his death, just as it had fallen out when Master Robert fell.

Sir John had sent for his nephew Walter, that he

might receive spiritual consolation from him in his agony.

Walter closed his uncle's eyes, whilst Francis wept like a child, and Lady Lovell sunk in a swoon beside her dead husband.

The rising sun, and the cheerful chirping of the lively, just-awakened birds, formed a strong contrast to the silence of Sir John Lovell's room, dark with the still darkness of a sick chamber, with its huge, carved, brown velvet bed, and the pale, ghastly visage of the dead body within it.

Silas Barnstarke posted from London to attend Sir John's obsequies; or, more properly speaking, to hear the reading of his will.

On the day of the funeral a goodly company assembled in the great hall, where an immense quantity of cakes and burnt claret was consumed; some of the funeral visitors talking reverently, and with subdued air of their departed friend; others whispering together of their own worldly affairs.

Walter's heart ached with grief as he sat apart in silence, thinking over all his uncle's kind deeds towards him; all his words and looks, together with the solemn scene of his dying moments.

Silas, too, sat apart, demurely sipping a cup of claret, in which he dipped a cake from time to time. His face wore its usual expression, and his mind

pondered over the sum it was probable his uncle might have left him. He was untouched by any recollections of childhood, or by any feelings of gratitude to his deceased kinsman.

The last ceremonies over, the mourners returned to the old mansion to hear the reading of Sir John Lovell's will: the words by which the dead spoke to the living; the last link between him and this world.

Francis Lovell was too full of sorrow to give his attention to the lawyer as he read.

Walter Barnstarke supported his aching forehead on his hand, listening as little as did Francis.

Silas seated himself with his back to the light, folded his arms, shut his eyes, and suffered his chin to droop on his wide breast. He looked as impassible as an image carved in stone; but he gave his whole attention to the words of his uncle's will.

The whole of the property was left to Francis, Lady Lovell being an annuitant on the estate.

There were numerous legacies to divers friends and old servants. Barnstarke began to wonder that his name was not yet mentioned, and he grew uneasy, until he remembered that there were such things as codicils; and a codicil there was to Sir John's will.

Barnstarke heard his name read, but he neither moved nor opened his eyes.

The words the wealthy merchant listened to were to the purport that he, being rich, prosperous, and well-to-do in the world, needed not the small sum of 500*l.* which his uncle had originally set apart for him, and which was contained in the compartment of the ebony cabinet. Lady Lovell knew the secret of it, and would accordingly open it.

Having premised this, the will went on to say, that Sir John Lovell left the sum of 500*l.* in gold aforesaid, to his dear and dutiful nephew, Walter Barnstarke; together with another sum of 500*l.* partly in gold and partly in silver, which he had lain by as a portion for his youngest nephew, and which would be found in the same compartment of the cabinet as the 500*l.* first mentioned.

As a token of his good will, and as a remembrance of himself, Sir John left the ebony cabinet to his dear nephew, Silas Barnstarke; hoping that he would accept it, and ever bear in mind the advice his uncle had from time to time given him.

Walter had with much ado kept in his tears, on hearing these last words which his beloved uncle addressed to him, as it were, from the grave.

As for Silas, the dark blush crept over his face, remained an instant, then left his full cheek sallow as ancient marble.

His inward man cursed Sir John's memory and Walter's good fortune. The blush departed, his outward man showing no traces of the inward man's thoughts.

He calmly followed the lawyer, Francis, and Lady Lovell to the room containing the cabinet.

Lady Lovell opened the carved door, and the two little brazen gates, pressed her thumb on the spring, and the secret compartment flew open.

It contained four money bags. As he beheld them, Silas remembered the day on which Sir John Lovell had given up the accumulated rents to him; and he bethought him that his refusal to share them with his penniless brother might have something to do with his present disappointment: for a disappointment, and a very great one, it was to our friend Barnstarke, to be cut off with an ebony cabinet.

The lawyer, having duly counted the contents of the bags, delivered them to Walter, who stood by in his coarse and homely suit of mourning, the unexpected possessor of 1000*l.*; the unsuspecting object of his rich brother's envy.

Walter, giving his treasure over to Silas, begged

him to put it away in his ebony cabinet, that it might be safe ; first, however, taking a pound in gold from one of his bags, as a gift to his faithful old nurse Joanna.

The gentle Parson, resisting his cousin's entreaties to remain for the night, set out on foot, with a sad heart, to regain the little thatched cot in which he dwelt with Joanna : a cot belonging to the honest yeoman in whose service he toiled, much against the yeoman's will, and for which that sturdy wight would receive no rent.

Silas Barnstarke pulled his hat over his eyes and tramped off alone, to hide his disappointment in his own home.

The evening set in with a chill and drizzling rain.

Barnstarke bade the widow, his servant, light a good fire ; before which he sat himself down to sup, and to ponder, in solitude. The crackling blaze had, however, no power to charm him.

The merchant's spirit was dark and uneasy within him.

There he sat, in the long-coveted abode of his ancestors, the abode in which his father was born : he sat, unmindful of the acquisition of which he was lord ; unmindful of the wealth he had so industriously made ; wholly wrapt up in the thought of his righteous brother's legacy.

He did not heed the cheerful blazing of the large logs, that shed such a comfortable light and warmth through the room; whilst Walter, in his cot, sat contentedly before a little fire made of dry wood picked up by old Joanna, and by her lighted to cheer him on his return home.

Walter thought and conversed of his uncle; and, although his spirit was grieved, it was calm and at peace.

The walls of his abode were white-washed; no painting or other ornament decked them. Within their homely shelter he passed the evening in reading the Bible, his only remaining book; Joanna crooning and spinning, as was her wont by the firelight; the moaning wind accompanying the wheel and the song of the old woman, as well as the meditations of the Parson.

The walls of Silas' apartment were wainscotted in small oaken panels, on which hung several family portraits, saved by Edmund Barnstarke from the wreck of his fortunes, and by Silas removed from the old farm-house to his new home.

The most remarkable among these was the portrait of his grandfather, painted full length in the most foppish of his garbs. He was represented in a white satin jerkin, embroidered in gold, long waisted, pointed, and stiff as a cuirass. His short

and sticking out *trouffes* were of violet velvet, thickly covered with work in gold ; as was the violet velvet mantle of the smallest proportions, which he wore over the left shoulder. His lace ruff, broad and deep, was formed with regularity of plaits, matching his gauntlet-like cuffs. His hose, shoes, and rosettes, were white. A large gold-hilted sword hung on his left side ; a small dagger, hilt downwards, was suspended on the other. The courtier's white left hand, holding a pair of fringed gloves, was supported by the sword-hilt ; the other rested on a table covered with cut velvet cloth, on which reposèd a black velvet hat decked with a white feather and a splendid jewel. A magnificent gold chain and medal hung from the fop's neck. His visage was smiling, handsome, and silly ; his beard and hair point-device. Immense labour had been spent on the finish of the portrait, but the perspective not being attended to, the figure of the gay spendthrift of the Barnstarke family appeared standing on an inclined plane. His long, hard legs, showed great development of *tibia* : which was the only point of resemblance between the two, so unlike each other had the painter made them.

This portrait, seen by the cheerful light of the

sparkling fire, certainly contrasted much with the square, moody-looking, descendant of the original, in his puritanical, mourning costume of the finest cloth, relieved by a snow-white collar and cuffs of plain linen. The smiling pink and white countenance of the gay fop, was far different from the fallow, austere visage of the merchant.

After much musing, Barnstarke seemed suddenly to rouse himself from his meditations. He kicked a log into a better position for burning, with the square toe of his morocco shoe ; then placed himself with his back to the fire, and rang his hand-bell for lights ; smiling a faint but satisfied smile, as though he should have said :

“ I have found it ! ”

He had, in effect, done so.

The rich merchant, after moodily pondering on his uncle’s legacy to Walter, had set his thoughts to work in order to devise how he might turn the poor divine’s newly acquired riches to his own advantage.

He sat down, on the arrival of lights, to note the events of the day in his diary. A “ *mem.* ” with which he closed the record showed the plan he had hit upon.

“ *Mem.* To persuade Walter to lend me the 1000/. left him, at five per cent interest. It will

be to his advantage, and I shall double and treble the principal over and over again speedily, making it turn greatly to my good.

“ My uncle owed me a grudge about the rents, 'tis plain. He was a strange man, and I shall not miss him.”

Barnstarke wiped his pen carefully, locked up his journal-book, and, taking a light, retired to his bedchamber ; slowly undressing, and applauding himself the while on his new scheme.

He laid himself heavily down in his comfortable bed ; drew the soft warm coverings over him ; settled his head on the pillows ; then, with his eyes steadily fixed on the flickering fire, and his ears carelessly receiving the soothing moaning of the storm without, soon dozed off into a tranquil sleep.

About the same time Walter had laid him down on his hard truckle bed, listening to the pattering rain and sighing wind ; whilst he, too, fell into a tranquil sleep, as he devised on what good deeds to employ his legacy.

Both brothers slept calmly ; but the calm sleep of Silas was that of a man well to do, un vexed by care, and undisturbed by his benumbed conscience ; whilst that of Walter was the sweet slumber of a righteous man, with approving conscience, contented mind, and little care for the things of this life.

It may readily be imagined that Silas found no difficulty in persuading Walter to fall into his views regarding the loan of the legacy.

The merchant sent a messenger to beg his brother to come to him.

The deposed minister, after the labour of the day, trudged over the hills to confer with his rich brother ; whom he found writing before his warm and blazing wood-fire, whilst the family portraits seem to look on him from their carved frames. One lady, who was painted with her little boy on her knees, appeared to be pointing grim Silas out to him. The little fellow, in his Henry VIII. cap and long-waisted tunic, looked as though he clapped his fat hands, and laughed at the solemn figure of his grown up descendant.

“ Sit you down, Walter,” cried Silas, condescendingly, as his brother shook hands with him. The merchant pointed to a chair with his pen, then leant back in his own, clearing his throat in a deep bass tone.

Walter looked around on his brother’s comfortable retreat, on the solid furniture, the old portraits, the huge burning logs reposing on the large silver andirons representing griffins, and on Silas’ solid, opulent-looking figure ; but no feeling of envy or discontent ruffled his placid breast ; he merely

hoped that the merchant's vast wealth might not harden his heart, and prove his undoing.

"Walter," inquired Silas, eyeing the silver griffins intently, "what use art thou going to make of thy legacy, eh?"

Walter replied that he had not fully determined how the whole was to be employed; but that he had found a use for a hundred pounds out of the sum.

Silas looked up sharply at these words; then returned to the contemplation of the griffins, asking his brother how he meant to dispose of the sum he had mentioned.

The Parson answered at once, plainly and honestly, that he intended with part of it to buy a cottage wherein he and Joanna might dwell, and to use the rest in charity.

On hearing this, Silas removed his eyes from the griffins, and fixing them on the portrait of a burly man in a furred black velvet mantle which hung behind Walter, the merchant again cleared his throat and propounded his scheme to his brother; pointing out how great an advantage it would be to him to be sure of fifty pounds a year, punctually paid half-yearly, with the certainty of having the loan returned to him whenever he might think fit.

"Look," said Barnstarke, in conclusion, as he

drew a paper from a drawer, “ I have made out this writing, which will bind us both down to the contract. Thou shalt hold the duplicate of it, and it will make matters safe on both sides.”

Walter read over the dry document ; reflected for a few moments ; then consented to all his brother wished, and signed the papers ; Silas doing so likewise : but Silas said nothing about witnesses, and Walter never deemed them necessary between brothers ; indeed he signed the papers merely to please the merchant.

This affair being terminated, to that personage’s infinite content, Walter, taking up a pen, wrote down the names of three works, begging Silas to bring them to him the next time he visited the country, and to deduct the amount from the first instalment of his dividend.

The rich man put up the poor man’s list of works into his large memorandum-book, promising to fulfil his request ; but never dreaming of *presenting* the desired works to his hard-toiling brother : neither did Walter expect that he would do so.

Walter arose to take his leave, and to return the same bleak and weary way he had come.

“ Thou wilt have the moon to light thee,” said Silas, rising also, and nodding his head towards the

moon, which was rising large and red above the distant downs visible from the window.

With these words he shook hands with Walter, wished him “good evening,” resumed his seat, took up his pen, and suffered his poor and tired brother to depart on his way without refreshment or further rest.

Whilst Walter, hungry and tired, retraced his steps towards his cot, Silas supped well and plentifully on dainty meat and rich wine, as a matter of course; nor once thought of the privations which Walter and thousands more had to endure.

Old Joanna, with her bright eyes and rosy face, was standing at the wicket by the light of the moon, to await her foster-son’s return.

She watched it as it rose higher and higher in the soft heavens, whilst she sang an old and warlike ballad, long and melancholy; thought of her absent children, of her far distant youth, and then, with a sigh, of Walter’s privations.

When she beheld him stepping over the sweet down turf beneath the moonlight, her merry voice greeted him from afar and cheered his weary steps.

As he reached his home, she took his well-worn hat and knotted stick with the respect of a valet attending on a lordly master; and then, with the tenderness of a mother, bade him sit himself down

beside the crackling fire, fondly patting his shoulder as she placed a large wooden bowl full of smoking milk-porridge before him.

Walter's eyes thanked the old woman, though he said nothing : the eyes are oftentimes readier than the tongue.

Better to have been Walter with his undainty supper in the white-washed room—with his faithful, loyal, true, old nurse and friend—with his angel's heart, and the thought of another world filling his soul ; than rich Silas with all his comforts, all his wealth, together with his hard heart, and his money-making soul rivetted to this perishing earth, but not a friend on whom to repose.

Although Walter was no longer pastor of his beloved parish, he was not forgotten there. Some of his people, it is true, had turned to the independent minister, listening with vast delight to his mystical rhapsodies ; but the greater number remained faithful to the expelled vicar. Their remembrance of him was shown by little touching gifts, humbly offered and gratefully received. In troubles and difficulties they would go to him for advice and consolation ; whilst those among them who put no faith in the new order of things, would carry their children to be privately christened by him, after the Presbyterian had performed the ceremony.

So also would some young couples be married at his cottage before going to church.

Many a time and oft had he trudged wearily over the downs by night, secretly to visit some sick person among his flock, who had sent to beg for his presence; or to console dying persons, and watch by them with prayers and comfortings till the ever-living spirit should pass from the toil-worn and labour-warped body.

At the end of the half year, Silas Barnstarke duly remitted to his brother Walter the sum of 25*l.*, minus the amount of the three works which the merchant had bought at his desire; as well as of the pound which Walter had given to Joanna: which pound Silas had missed on counting over the legacy, there being but 999*l.* in the four bags.

Silas demanded a receipt for the dividend, which Walter gave in due form; though with a sigh to think that Silas should so distrust him.

The Parson ceased not to labour, although his fortunes were improved. Many a poor, hard-worked being partook of his little income; many a warm garment it gave to Joanna, who always received her foster-son's gift with a tear and a smile, with an aching yet a happy heart.

Walter pined not beneath his fate. His serene face, and his tranquil eyes, clear with health, were

as signs of the firm peace within him. He lived from day to day, without looking beyond the morrow: not through a careless indifference, but because the only future he *did* look to, and on which his thoughts were ever fixed, was the great and certain future which will not change, neither deceive nor disappoint the happy beings who trust to it, bearing their present toils and troubles as Walter Barnstarke bore his; patiently, meekly, with true courage and righteous magnanimity.

It was not long after Master Barnstarke, the sober and respected city merchant, had so successfully trafficked with the poor hard-working parson in the matter of the loan of his legacy, that the said sober and respected city merchant stept into a great increase of wealth, as well as into a town-house, by the demise of Anthony Benson his patron and benefactor.

Silas comported himself on the occasion with all due reverence, solemnity, and sober outward marks of sorrow; whilst, in his soul, he rejoiced at his good fortune in at length enjoying the rich legacy he had so long waited for. He did not disiect his feelings; but an increase of wealth ever added to his, so-called, happiness; increasing at the same time his hardness of heart, and grasping love of pelf.

As for poor forlorn Damaris, her father's death

left her wealthy, but broken-hearted ; without one bright spot, in this world, whereon to rest her weary eyes.

Damaris, like Walter Barnstarke, could look beyond this earth ; but she lacked his tranquil, cheerful spirit.

Her health was delicate ; her spirit had been crushed in childhood ; her mind needed some one of stronger nerve than her own, to whom she might cling.

Day and night she wept disconsolately for her dear father : day followed day, but her grief found no comforting. Her only hope was that, worn-out and broken down, the grave might soon close over her.

The first joy caused by his increase of fortune having subsided, Barnstarke began to think how much better it would be if he were possessed of the whole of the deceased merchant's property, instead of the half only.

“ Mistreis Damaris is but a poor, cold, pecking old maid. She cannot want one quarter of her money ; she will leave it all to some alms-house or hospital, or something of the kind. She hath a great deal too much for a pining creature such as she !”

Thus began a train of thought into which Silas

Barnstarke fell, as he was taking the air one spring evening in the fields beyond town.

When he emerged from his thoughts, he was re-entering busy, toiling, wealthy London, with his mind made up to offer his hand to poor, broken-hearted Mistrefs Damaris Benson.

The merchant had doubts as to the success of his project, but the prize in view urged him on; the lonely weakness of Damaris' spirit making it just probable that he might succeed. At all events the adventure was worth the trying: "Nothing venture, nothing have," thought the calculating suitor.

Silas being left sole executor to his benefactor, had many opportunities of seeing Damaris on divers matters of business.

It is not to be supposed that the hard merchant cared for the meek, forlorn spinster; or that it was his intention to see much of her after marriage: should she fall into his views.

His design was to use her money to the greatest advantage in the promoting of his fortune; to keep her at the country house, and to pay her a ceremonious visit, now and then: and that was all.

Thus did Barnstarke intend to repay old Anthony Benson's kindness to him; telling himself moreover

that it was impossible Damaris could live long, such a drooping, fragile shade was she.

The merchant had no turn for gallantry.

Had he been consuming with passion, he would not have known how to go through the routine of courtship : he could only have told the fair object of his love that he adored her, and so have bluntly asked for her hand.

He was, however, a man of sense, and felt that there was no need of acting the lover with Damaris.

It was on a bright Sunday in May, that grim Silas Barnstarke took the plunge, and, for the first time in his life, made an offer of marriage.

He was at Mistress Damaris Benson's on business connected with her father's will.

Their *tête-à-tête* dinner was over ; the village bells were blithely ringing for church.

Damaris was seated by the window in a high-backed chair ; her thin and wasted hands, with the marked blue veins, rested on her lap, holding a book which she did not read, and looking supernaturally white against her black dress.

Her gentle blue eyes were slightly inflamed through bitter weeping ; and sighs broke from her sunken chest as she listened to the merrily singing birds ; looked on the bright sunshine and on the

waving trees, thinking on the spring last past, when she placidly enjoyed country sights and sounds with her beloved and venerable father—now for ever gone from this world, with its change of joy and sorrow.

Barnstarke sat at the table leaning on his elbow.

Church bells, the singing of birds, the shining of the sun and the waving of green trees, were unnoticed by him.

He looked from time to time on Damaris, thought her “ an ill-favoured, silly, pining thing ;” told himself it would be best to speak whilst she felt so desolate, and whilst her grief was not unassuaged ; faltered a moment ; bethought himself of her wealth ; cleared his throat solemnly, and spoke as follows :

“ Mistress Damaris, you and I are very old friends, and I have ever felt a great esteem for you. Your good father loved and trusted me ; as all his acts have proved. I gave him my promise that at his death I would be, as it were, a father to you ; and I hope never to break my word.”

Poor Damaris, on hearing her father thus suddenly spoken of, began to weep. Barnstarke, without appearing to notice her, continued—

“ You are very desolate, Mistress Damaris ; and the world is full of roguery, ever ready to take

advantage of a lone spinster. I cannot be with you as I could wish, and as my old friend would have wished ; though I shall ever hold myself ready to do your bidding."

Here Barnstarke paused an instant, cleared his throat, changed his position in his chair, and said bluntly :

"Mistress Damaris, will you be my wife ? You will then be safe from rogues, and rogues' designs !"

Damaris, thus addressed, started ; and, making an effort, stopped her tears, whilst she answered in sad and feeble tones, with her sorrowing eyes fixed on the merchant, who dropped his beneath her gaze :

"Master Barnstarke, I thank you heartily for your good-will towards me, and shall ever feel grateful to you for it ; but my time on earth will not be long : I feel sick at heart, and shall soon follow my dear father. I have no thought of wedlock, or of anything connected with this world. My youth hath been sad, and void of all the joys which youth values ; I cannot now, in my misery, bind myself to worldly cares. I mean to leave the portion of wealth my father earned so honestly and industriously, and which he has left to me, in charity. May heaven receive

the offering; and soon free me from my poor mortal body!"

With these words Damaris extended her trembling hand to the merchant, pressed his, and left the room like a dark shadow; whilst he uttered a scarcely audible oath, called her a fool, and quitted the house.

Barnstarke mounted his horse, riding towards London full of vexation. He saw full well that Damaris' mind was thoroughly made up, and that no rhetoric of his would turn her: if rhetoric he had possessed, which he knew full well was no gift of his.

It was some consolation to him that he had done all in his power to secure Damaris' portion for his own use; yet the thought that it would never be his, harassed his mind, and was hard to chase away.

There was another idea too, perpetually haunting the Mammon-worshipping merchant; an idea which gained strength from day to day, unchecked and unrebuked: cherished and encouraged by Barnstarke.

It had first flashed across his mind a mere thought; a few days changed it to a flattering desire; a few months beheld it with roots striking gently into the merchant's heart: where it grew, taking firm hold, shooting up into a poisonous

plant, fair to view, and not to be eradicated by one of Barnstarke's grasping spirit.

The first thought had struck him suddenly, as he beheld his uncle's body lowered in the vault. The dark blush had spread over his face, as the evil one whispered to his soul :

“Thou art next of kin to thy cousin Francis!”

No sooner had he entertained the thought, than he began mentally to review his kinsman's large estates ; to add up their value ; and then, fatal pastime, to add that value, in his mind, to his own vast income.

Barnstarke never dreamt of searching out whether the thought that filled his mind was good or evil ; or to what it might lead him : he had, moreover, so crushed his conscience that it gave him no light on the subject.

Dark, deadly dark, was his soul where good and evil were concerned ; though full of light where gain and his own advancement were in the case.

The merchant had so steeped his very heart in gain ; had so lived for that and nought beside, that he seemed blind to every thing else beneath the sun.

It is true that his ruling idea, when he started in life, had been to regain all that his vain grandfather had lost ; but he became so enamoured of the

means by which that end was to be compassed, that he had grown to love money-making for its own debasing sake; so that it entirely filled all his thoughts, and all his fleeting time.

In few words, money-making had become Barnstarke's passion: his darling sin, his flattering destroyer.

He was highly esteemed and greatly reverenced among his brother merchants; surely trusted, and quoted as an example by them all.

In this great universe, however, there was not one heart that loved him, or thought on him with pleasure: the certain fate of the grasping, selfish man!

Walter would have loved him, if Silas would have allowed him to have done so; but there was no good to be got from such an one as Walter, therefore Silas took no account of him: indeed, for months and months, the rich merchant would oft-times forget that he had a brother, or that there was such a being in the world as Walter.

Walter, on the contrary, would often think on *his* brother, and that with a tender uneasiness of heart; for he feared that Silas' course of life would lead to the thorough diseasing of his soul: and that fear gave him many a sorrowful moment.

Walter had once written him a letter full of fraternal love; bold yet humble; in which he put before Silas the naked truth and his own fears.

Silas, divided between anger and scorn, with a slight mixture of ghostly dread, sent back the letter to Walter; begging him to preach to his “clowns,” and to remember that he would stand interference from no man on earth, let him be King or Parson.

From that moment, Silas had put on a rough, impenetrable manner with his brother, which afflicted Walter; but which he felt it would be but vain either to speak of or otherwise to notice.

If the righteous Parson could have seen the black thoughts by which his brother had been haunted for the last two years, regarding Sir Francis Lovell’s patrimony, how his pure soul would have shrunk with fear and horror: yet Silas entertained them with pleasure, and ever gave them welcome as his harassing pastime.

Sir Francis had no talent for managing a large property. Laziness had grown on him, and riches had no charms for him.

His rents were in arrear; he was too idle to look after them, and too tender-hearted to press for them when overdue.

Sir John had always managed his estates himself.

It had been his occupation and his delight to have his property in perfect order ; and so he had left it to his son.

By degrees, dilapidations became visible here and there ; which dilapidations Francis talked of having repaired ; but day followed day, and he put matters off to the morrow, idling about with smiling good-nature, thinking all matters of head-work a great vexation and needless toil.

Lady Lovell would sometimes reprove him ; and vainly try to arouse him from his sluggish modes.

Francis laughed, gaped, and promised lustily that he would turn over a new leaf “*next week :*” a mysterious period which never arrived.

His mother had never thoroughly recovered the shock given her by her eldest son’s death, followed so rapidly by that of her husband. She felt, too, the loss of the exercise of her faith ; but her affection for Francis kept her at his side, though her heart yearned for France, and she longed to quit so distracted a land as England then was.

Francis, who felt a great respect for Silas in his capacity of man-of-business, often consulted him about his affairs ; although his supineness prevented him following the advice he received.

The merchant lived in fear lest Sir Francis Lovell

should marry and raise heirs unto himself. He had talked of a wife ever since he had been of age; but courtship was a trouble: there was plenty of time before him, he was wont to say; and young Lovell merged into middle-aged Lovell, still remaining a bachelor and talking of a wife.

Lady Lovell told him seriously that he *ought* to marry; to smarten himself up, and not to doze through life like a dull scholar on a holiday.

Sir Francis smilingly subscribed to his mother's discourse; meant to act on her advice; but, delaying it from day to day, soon thought no more of the matter.

Whilst he was hot upon it, he had consulted Silas, his oracle, on the subject.

Silas, thus consulted, felt his dark blush arising; rubbed his face with his hand to conceal it, and made answer that there was plenty of time yet for his cousin to think of wedlock; advising him not to marry for marrying's sake, but to wait till he saw a maiden who took his fancy. He informed Francis that he himself meant not to marry until he should be fifty, and then with caution; for that "marriage is a very vice," he said; "from the which, when a man's head is well screwed in, there is no getting his ears free again."

Francis laughed at the conceit, and the matter

dropped: but the idea of the baronet's marriage was bitter and vexatious to his cousin the merchant; who often pondered moodily on the thought, and the loss and detriment it would be to *him*.

Barnstarke's only hope was that Francis' lazy, dilatory disposition, would keep him where he was, and had ever been: one day fighing for a pretty maid, dozing into forgetfulness of her the next; ever talking, acting never!

By degrees Sir Francis Lovell gave up the whole management of his affairs to Silas, who felt a tantalising delight in setting the property to rights, and bringing it into its pristine order: a small matter for a man of his powers, with his clear mind and his strong, solid brain.

Francis fished beside tranquil streams; watched the flying clouds and the dancing insects; supped heartily on the fresh trout he had taken, and slept the sleep of health for ten long hours in his comfortable bed.

All his pastimes were of a like nature; and, Silas having taken all worldly care off his shoulders, he felt as happy as ever: “a free man, with nothing on his mind.”

He was greatly beloved by all his tenants and dependents, through his charitable deeds, and the

kindness of his heart ; though they would now and then say, over a cup, that he was “ *main lazy*.”

Barnstarke had no sooner smothered the marriage project, than he was startled by another plan of Lady Lovell’s suggesting.

She had tried to impress on Francis the duty of making a will, to dispose of his property, in case he should die unmarried.

This was revealed to the merchant in a letter from the tormented baronet : a letter which had taken him ten days to write, as Barnstarke gathered from the date at the beginning and the date at the end of it. The epistle had evidently been written with many different pens ; it looked idle, weary, and as if it had been much yawned over. It informed the merchant that it was the writer’s intention to make his will in favour of his friend Walter ; begging Silas to take the matter in his own hands, and to have the document properly made out according to the instructions given in the letter ; when Lovell would sign it and pay all expenses.

This letter was a stab to Barnstarke. However, he duly answered it, promising to act according to his cousin’s wishes, but saying that he should merely delay doing so until he had talked to him on the subject ; thus hoping to gain time, and trusting that Francis, having been at the trouble of writing so

long a letter, would think he had done enough in the matter, and forget to go any farther.

Barnstarke found there to be wisdom in thus delaying without refusing ; an event happening soon after Sir Francis had penned his laboured epistle, which entirely chased from his mind all idea of making his will—at all events for the present.

This event was a visit from Richard Jowles, the parliamentary incumbent of Walter Barnstarke's living ; the said Richard Jowles stepping into Sir Francis Lovell's abode with a vain-glorious and supercilious air, his face wearing the expression of one enduring an ill-odour hard to bear.

The object of the reverend divine's visit was to inform himself whether it was true that Sir Francis' mother was a “recusant ;” and to preach a long homily on the subject : during which the lazy baronet sunk into a kindly slumber, from which the preacher's final roars awoke him with a start.

“Is it meet, think ye,” cried the Puritan, “is it meet, that sin should stalk secretly through the land ? Shall a righteous people suffer the heathen to go unpunished ? Give up the sons of Baal : tear them from their lurking-places ! Verily their eyes stand out with fatness ; their lying lips drop blood ; their fingers are crooked for gain as the talons of obscene

birds ! Will ye conceal, will ye harbour, will ye foster them ? ”

It was the roar of these last words that roused the dozing baronet.

“ Yes, truly ! ” he answered drowsily, the sound of an interrogation having smitten his ear.

Sir Francis’ reply brought a torrent of reproofs from the thick lips of the Rev. Richard Jowles ; the whole winding up with a notice that, unless he sent his mother away, he would be deemed guilty of “ harbouring a recusant,” and be fined and dealt with accordingly.

Lady Lovell having entered the room, brought thither by the thundering and growling of Jowles, heard the threatening he held out to her son.

Lady Lovell at once assured the divine that Francis ought not to be deemed guilty on her account ; that he was a true Protestant, and a peaceful subject ; and that she had no dearer wish than to return to her own country.

“ *Dieux ! qu'il est vilain !* ” cried the disgusted French lady, raising her hands on high, as the Rev. Richard Jowles, without obeisance of any kind, removed his fat presence from the house ; his threats and rebukings dying away in *diminuendo* growls.

This visit caused Sir Francis once more to put

pen to paper; enditing a short letter to Barnstarke, wherein he begged him to give Lady Lovell and himself house-room for a night or two, as they were about to quit England.

The baronet felt no energy for explanations; wherefore he wound up his letter by saying he would tell his cousin when they met "how it all came about."

Behold Silas Barnstarke preparing his house for the reception of his visitors. He did so with alacrity, being intensely pleased at the idea of their going abroad; more especially as the autumn equinox had set in, which might blow up storms, cause wrecks, and—

Barnstarke did not put his concluding thought into distinct form, but it floated through his brain; made tangible by his evil spirit without the aid of words or picturing.

The merchant had of late somewhat enlarged his mode of living. He now and then entertained sober-minded friends, instead of being ever entertained by them: he did so in right good style, beside keeping a couple of fine, strong, round-made horses, for his own riding. He likewise indulged in a good cook of his own, instead of dipping into cook-shops when hungry, as he had hitherto been wont to do.

He moreover had been so lavish as to treat himself to a massive gold signet-ring, whereon his arms were engraved ; and which he wore on the fore-finger of his strong, brown, right hand.

In short, the richest merchant in the City of London was actually prodigal enough to be living at the rate of five or six hundred a year ; being clad, moreover, in a complete suit of black velvet !

We will not relate at full length the particulars of Lady Lovell's journey to town ; how her huge coach, with the leather curtains, was victualled and provided ; how it rolled slowly along the narrow, muddy ways ; how it stuck in ditch-like ruts, needing the extra force of strong cart-horses to drag it out again ; how she rested at night in snug inns ; and how she arrived in London to find a chill river-mist clinging to her, depressing alike to mind and body.

Barnstarke received his guests with demure civility ; conducted Lady Lovell to her room, followed by her woman ; placed Francis before a good fire, and went himself to overlook the preparations for supper.

As he had no desire that conversation should turn on wills and family matters, he had invited a merchant, together with Will Higgons, who was then on duty in London, to come and sup with his guests.

Lady Lovell, unwilling to appear, and maybe excite suspicion, among Puritans, remained in her room.

The supper was ample and well served; the conversation sedate, and devoid of all wit or laughter.

They sat long; the two merchants quitting the table as unclouded in brain as when they had begun to refresh themselves; Lieut. Hew-them-down looking sober, but feeling mightily inclined to preach a long sermon to the chairs and tables; Sir Francis blinking at the candles, as the merchants' voices buzzed in his ears with meaningleſs found; and retiring, with supernatural drowsineſs, to his bed, without putting his candle out.

The next day Lovell begged his cousin, as the greatest favour, to take on himself all the trouble of finding out a vessel about to sail for France, and to see all things made ready for departure; declaring himself to be perfectly ignorant of anything of the kind.

Silas had soon done his cousin's bidding, whilst Francis lounged over the fire, or looked from the window at the passers-by.

The following evening, Lady Lovell and her son were put on board a small French trader bound for Rouen; Silas having undertaken to continue

looking after his cousin's property during his absence.

Barnstarke took leave of his guests when he had seen them safe on board.

“I mean to come back in about a month,” cried Lovell, wringing the merchant's hand, which remained passive in his grasp. “Who knows, though, but I may find some pretty French maiden, so remain longer and bring her back as my wife!”

This speech of the baronet's was a nice “*bone to pick*” for the grasping merchant, who slept none the better for thinking of it; whilst the blustering equinoctial gale roared in the wide chimney, shook the rich man's bed, rattled his casements, and swept down the street like a demon; causing him to dream that the Lovells were lost at sea. Waking, through the hurly-burly without, he turned heavily in his bed; wishing, with his soul half asleep, that his dream might prove true.

It did not do so however.

Although the wind was outrageous and awful, and the sea seemed mad and desperate, tossing the vessel about like a toy, no evil touched Lady Lovell or her son; save that poor Francis felt all the pangs of sea-sickness, lying like one dead on the deck, ashy pale, and washed by the dashing waves.

It was a great joy to Lady Lovell once more to

stand on French ground ; once more to hear lively French voices talking and laughing freely, and not as though they were afraid of being overheard, as seemed to be the case among the Puritans she had just quitted.

Lady Lovell and her son remained a day at Rouen, the greater part of which was passed by her in the beautiful old cathedral, so dark and solemn ; whilst Francis remained in his bed, forgetting his late troubles in sound and renovating sleep.

There was not one particle of curiosity in Sir Francis Lovell's nature ; he, accordingly, felt no desire to see the curiosities of Rouen, that charming Norman town.

The antiquities and fine churches were quite lost upon him ; he cared not to view the spot where the Pucelle d'Orléans was burnt by her English foes ; neither to behold the tower where Arthur of Brittany was said to have been robbed of his eyesight.

The high caps of the Norman country-women made him laugh immoderately ; whilst the gaiety and action of all around him filled him with astonishment. He thought at first that everybody was quarrelling with everybody else, and vowed that it quite tired him to hear them and look at them.

The little French that Lovell had learnt of his

mother, stood him in poor stead in France ; he might as well have spoken English.

When, towards evening, he awoke from his slumbers to find his fire had gone out, the man who answered his loud calls, in spite of French politeness and kindness, writhed with laughter on hearing the “*gros milor*” address him with—

“*Je dis ! mon foo est sorti dehors !*”

“Why can’t they speak good, plain, honest English at once, I wonder !” was ever the Baronet’s soliloquy, after vain efforts to make the Frenchmen understand his hard, dislocated French.

Lady Lovell’s destination was St. Germain-en-Laye ; where she meant, if possible, to occupy apartments attached to the Ursuline convent, in which she had received her education : the spot where she had passed her happy girlish days ; and in the “*parloir*” of which she had first beheld her brother’s English friend, Sir John Lovell.

Relations and friends flocked round her on hearing of her return to France ; all eager to welcome her and to make acquaintance with their English kinsman.

Lady Lovell was installed forthwith in the apartments at the convent, of which one of her old schoolfellows and playmates had risen to be Superior.

Francis gave himself over to his French cousins, male and female, to uncles and aunts, and to various friends of theirs, all bent on making him merry and happy.

The Englishman could understand very little of all that was said to him; but he laughed merrily and answered "*oui*," right or wrong, to all questions and observations addressed to him.

This proceeding caused much mirth. Francis' stout figure and bright, good-natured blue eyes, were objects of admiration, whilst his ready laugh and easy disposition soon gained him the title of a "*bon enfant* :" a title expressing thoroughly, in two words, the whole of the Briton's character.

Some among his new friends wished to present him at Court; to show him the beauties who graced it, and the brilliant monarch who ruled over the "*grande nation* ;" others wished him to proceed with them to the seat of war, there to fight under Condé and gain a name in arms. Sir Francis listened to their propositions; laughed to see their enthusiasm; nodded, and answered "*oui*" all round; but when matters were explained to him by Lady Lovell, and he found to what various enterprizes his universal "*oui*" had engaged him, his merriment waxed very great, and his numerous friends

found it quite impossible to get "*ce bon enfant*" out of St. Germain.

They could not even persuade him to put himself into the hands of a French tailor and hairdresser ; so Sir Francis went about with them in his puritanic English raiment ; which, among their flutter of ribands, feathers and lace, caused him to look like a sleek thrush in a company of gay-feathered, tropical birds.

All this diverted Lovell for a time ; but he soon grew tired of the vivacity of those around him, as well as of the parties of pleasure and *fêtes* to which his French friends conducted him.

It then became a great repose to his indolent nature to sit quietly in Lady Lovell's apartment, doing nothing, or dreamily listening as she vehemently conversed with the Superior or other ladies ; whilst the silvery sound of the convent chapel-bell soothed him into a semi-dozing state, than which he desired nothing better.

However, a change shortly came over the Englishman's spirit.

Among the young "*pensionnaires*" who were being educated in the convent, and there concealed from the public in general till marriage should open the gates and give them to the world, was the daughter of a distant female relation of Lady Lovell's.

This “pensionnaire” was a charming young creature of seventeen, black-eyed, glossy-haired, pink and white, smiling and modest.

On Sundays she was allowed to visit Lady Lovell and to pass the day with her.

Sir Francis laughed to see her make her convent curtsey, and kiss Lady Lovell on both cheeks when she arrived and departed; but he took great delight in watching her, and in listening to her pretty mode of speaking French, as well as to her little ringing laugh.

After a time he arrived at Lady Lovell’s every Sunday with a choice bouquet, which he presented to the young lady with a bow, saying as he did so :

“ *Un bo-quet, Mad-dee-moy-selle!* ”

The “pensionnaire” smiled on the giver; and by degrees, losing all shyness with him, corrected his pronunciation, undertaking to teach him better: a project to which he very readily gave his assent.

Sir Francis Lovell passed in France more than the month he had spoken of to Barnstarke: one month became six, and six became twelve, and still he was at St. Germain.

The cause of his remaining out of England so long, was by him suddenly revealed to Lady Lovell in the following words, spoken most vehemently for one so indolent as Francis—

“ I’ll be shot, but I think I’m in love ! ”

“ My dear Francis, that might be *see* by a *blind*, there is a long time ago ! ” responded Lady Lovell — and Lady Lovell spoke truly.

There were several pretenders to Herminie’s hand and fortune already in the field.

Lady Lovell made this known to her son, who reddened on hearing it ; vowing some steps must be taken in the matter, for that he could suffer no one but himself to wed her.

“ What is to be done ? ” he cried, looking perplexed. “ I swear I could run any man through who won her.”

Lady Lovell laughed, and promised to undertake negotiations with the Vicomte, Herminie’s father, which would, she hoped, make her son happy.

Francis Lovell fell into a state of feverish excitement, which rendered him very unlike himself. Sunday appeared to him to be separated from Sunday by a whole eternity. He would willingly have slept the time away, but sleep he could not ; having a feeling of restless inactivity about him, which kept sleep at bay, whilst it made time appear never ending.

The Vicomte, an old friend of Lady Lovell’s, listened favourably to her proposals for Francis.

An amiable man with a large fortune he declared to be *all* he wanted for his daughter.

Now, the Englishman had a large fortune; and, on becoming acquainted with him, the Vicomte perceived in him every quality which he deemed likely to make his daughter happy.

Herminie was, of course, not consulted in the matter; but the affair was speedily arranged to Sir Francis Lovell's infinite satisfaction; the difference in age between himself and his beloved being deemed an object of no importance.

He was duly presented to Herminie as her "futur;" a presentation which gave her no uneasiness; on the contrary, she felt happy to be launched into life, with so good-looking and kind a man as Sir Francis for her husband.

There now only remained a voyage to England between Lovell and happiness; a voyage he was obliged to perform for the settling various matters of business connected with his marriage.

Being at ease regarding *that*, he still lingered on from day to day in Herminie's society, determined that the "very next day" should see him off: which of course it did not!

However, the fatal time did arrive, when, in thick boots, large spurs and travelling costume, Lovell, with many powerful sighs, kissed Herminie's

little fragile-looking white hands ; embraced his mother, left his respects to Madame la Supérieure, and mounted on horseback just as the well-known sound of the chapel bell burst forth for early mass.

Lovell turned his head several times towards the garden wall of the convent, but it gave nothing to his view save gray and mossy stones, which surrounded trees, and were surmounted by sweetly smelling wall-flowers.

Silas Barnstarke was supping alone when the sonorous door-bell gave forth a peal, which sounded startling as it broke the solitary silence of the bachelor-merchant's dwelling.

Anon entered Sir Francis Lovell, pale and wan from the effects of his sea-voyage ; and who, seating himself, leant both elbows on the table, begging Barnstarke for a large cup of warm spiced wine, wherewith to restore exhausted nature.

A sensation of uneasiness shot through Barnstarke's soul on thus suddenly beholding his cousin. He could find no words to address him in ; being some minutes before he regained entire self-possession. Then, wishing to know the worst at once, he smiled his grim smile, saying :

“ Thou hast been long away, man ! ”

“ I'll tell thee all about it Barnstarke when I've had the wine,” replied Sir Francis Lovell ; adding,

after a long pause, “she’s mighty lovely, by Heaven she is ! ”

These words revealed to Barnstarke that his fears had not deceived him ; however, he said nothing, but going to the door called harshly to his servant to make haste with the wine, and not keep a gentleman waiting.

The effect of the warm drink spread with renovating sensations through Lovell’s frame, wherefore he soon told the merchant of his good fortune, and the reason of his journey to England.

Barnstarke replied by wishing him happiness, and offering to be of service to him in the matter.

This offer Lovell greedily accepted, it being needful that he should proceed home to look over papers ; a business which he pronounced to be vexatious and full of trouble, and in which he said his cousin could be of great use to him.

“Aye,” thought Barnstarke, “to do all the work whilst he dozes by my side ! ”

However the merchant undertook the business ; it being arranged, as the tired baronet took his supper, that he should rest the whole of the next day, and that the following morn at dawn they should set out on their journey to Sir Francis Lovell’s in quest of the needful papers. Barnstarke’s servant was to

start a couple of hours before them, in order to have their quarters ready for them along the road.

It was a work of difficulty the prevailing upon Sir Francis to leave his comfortable bed before day-break, by light of candle: and what, indeed, can be much more dreary than such an arising; leaving the soft warmth of bed and the sweetness of morning sleep to plunge out into the cold room, with shortened rest; whilst the candle looks as though it were burning in its sleep, and the bath seems to bite one for disturbing it at an undue hour.

In consequence of Lovell's falling into a succession of short naps after he had been called, the travellers started a full hour later than Barnstarke had intended; Francis gaping in melancholy guise as they met the fresh morning air, his cousin riding beside him in moody silence.

The merchant was in a full frame of mind. He had slept but little since Lovell's unexpected arrival. Bitter thoughts had rolled through his soul, like black and heavy billows in some dark cave: project upon project, all alike selfish and full of devilish sin, had he entertained, reviewed and discarded as nothing worth, regarding that snare of the evil one, his cousin's estate.

He had meditated setting on the sequestrators, as he had done in the case of Sir Peter Markeham;

but then he considered that buying his own kinsman's forfeited property might sully his good name: besides which, government might not be inclined to sell so fine and productive an estate; or they might ask more for it than he should wish to give. He further reflected that, in the event of Charles freeing himself from rebel hands, the patrimony of Lovell might be restored to him by that monarch: a thought which often troubled him with regard to the Markeham lands. He little dreamt that Theobald, the last of his name, had retired from the world, to end his days as a monk in a monastery of the Levant.

Barnstarke had been sorely perplexed by his diabolical thoughts and plans. Like a lover about to see his mistress torn from him, he clung more than ever to the object of his adoration: the being removed from the near relation in which he stood to the estate was worse than death to his covetous heart. Let there be but one babe born to his cousin and live, the deed would be done, and Silas would no longer be next of kin to the baronet.

He had never thought of saying to himself: "I have enough and far more than enough; what is this estate to me? Millions of acres, the whole world itself, is not worth purchasing by an ill

deed. Let it go, and let me keep myself clean from sin in this matter!"

No; he thought not thus; he said: "This property must and shall be mine! Must so flight a barrier as now existeth, grow, by means of foolish babes, into a thick and lofty wall to shut me out? I am not a man to quake and quail, and to let matters set against me, when my head and hand can turn them for my good. My mind is fixed; my scheme is laid: no babes shall push me from my prize."

As they rode along, the ruddy April sun arose:

"Red in the morning,
The shepherd's warning!"

So spoke Lovell, to which Barnstarke replied moodily:

"We may have a few showers."

He looked not on Lovell as he spoke, keeping his eyes fixed on his horse's ears; neither did he seem inclined to talk; his fine, firm mouth, looking as cold and as fast as that of a statue.

Sir Francis, as the day warmed, woke up by degrees; treated his cousin to many repeated descriptions of Herminie; told him his plans for the future; and engaged him to stand godfather to his first-born son.

Barnstarke answered all these discourses and fallies more laconically than ever. If Lovell could have seen his downcast eyes, he would have beheld in them a lurid light, together with an expression that would have made his blood run cold. He thought Silas' taciturnity greater even than that of yore; but, as he rallied him on it, he said that the vivacious society he had been among of late, made the merchant appear doubly grave to him. Barnstarke waxing more and more silent, and saying that he felt ill, Lovell was forced to feed on his own thoughts; whistling and singing snatches of all the tunes he had ever heard, to pass away the time as they rode along.

As evening drew on, the merchant's full and fallow cheek grew pale and wan, his breathing deep, his look fixed and ferocious.

“Why, Silas, man!” cried Sir Francis Lovell suddenly drawing bridle, “what doth ail thee? Thou art white as a ghost. Shall we stop at the next inn?”

Barnstarke's dark blush for a second chased away his pallor, which returned again with tenfold ghastliness; whilst, unobserved by Lovell, a slight and hardly to be perceived tremour shook his sturdy frame.

“I am tired,” he answered gruffly: “my head and bones do ache. I am not well.”

“ We had better stop without pushing on to the last stage, then.”

“ No, no, I can go on ; Joyce will have got all things in readiness for us to lie at the appointed place.”

Silence was resumed between the travellers, only broken by the tramping of their horses, and the sighing of the evening breeze among the budding trees.

As night began to draw on, the bridle path they were following narrowed more and more, till, running between two high banks topped by hedges and trees, it was little better than a ditch.

Barnstarke, reining in his horse, had dropped to the rear of Lovell, who looked round laughing and calling Silas his “ varlet.”

“ I am mighty hungry,” he cried ; “ how many more miles, Silas ? When shall we get out of this dry ditch ?”

“ Thou hast but a short way before thee now,” returned the merchant, huskily ; “ we shall soon reach the common.”

“ To bed thou goest directly we arrive, man ; and that without supper, for I fear me all is not right with thee.”

Barnstarke made no answer, but he set his teeth tight after taking a deep inspiration.

Night had now arrived at that first stage which,

succeeding to evening, gives just sufficient light for those without to see by ; whilst to one who should leave the house and the lights within, it would seem utter darkness.

The sky was covered by gray clouds : not a star was visible. A light fresh wind blew in the travellers' faces and whistled through the hedges above them.

The bridle road now led them up a gentle rise, at the top of which spread out a large, sweet-smelling, healthy common ; desolate, little frequented, and not having a house within two miles of it.

The spot was well-known to Barnstarke, as, indeed, was every inch of that road so often passed over by him from his youth upwards.

As they left the bridle road he leant his hand on the crupper, and, turning his head, looked with piercing glance down the hill.

“ My friend David Waller in doublet white,
Without any arms either dusky or bright,
Charged through them twice like a little sprite,
Which nobody can deny ! ”

Thus sung Francis Lovell in his melodious bass voice, continuing the ditty as he went.

Barnstarke's heart gave one dull, heavy bound ; he raised himself up in his stirrups ; drew forth one of his pistols ; leant over the horse's head ; stretched

out his arm ; and, pointing the muzzle between Lovell's shoulders, fired.

"Help, Silas, help !" cried Francis Lovell, and fell dying from his horse.

The merchant dismounted, catching his cousin's horse by the rein ; then with his remaining pistol he shot his own through the head.

The fine creature, with a rear, fell dead at his feet. Barnstarke stooped beside his cousin.

Torrents of blood were flowing from Lovell's mouth. He feebly lifted his hand, made an effort to raise himself and to speak, and then fell back suffocated by his blood.

Barnstarke, avoiding the crimson stream, proceeded, with trembling hands, to rifle the dead man ; turning his pockets wrongside out, and concealing the money he found therein on his own person. He then took the valises off the horses, and scattered their contents about. He next discharged his and Lovell's pistols, reloading one of his own and one of his cousin's ; which last he placed beside the still warm body, whilst he returned his own to the holster. He then let Lovell's horse go free ; and disarranging his own garments, to make them appear as though robbers had maltreated him, he laid himself down beside his horse to await the event.

As he lay with head to earth, Barnstarke could hear the heath on the common rustling in the night breeze, as also the heavy beating of his own heart.

The excitement of his murderous deed was still upon him. He tried to calm his hurried thoughts and to compose his trembling body, which shook as the body of a man tired and worn out by an over long and over rapid race. His teeth chattered, and the sweat broke out at every pore; whilst he felt the mute presence of his victim, although he beheld him not.

“Tush! tush!” quoth the murderer to himself. “I have been strong to act, and the deed hath been well thought over and carefully planned. Shall I lose all, through quaking and terror? Shall I find but the gallows for the lands I have won?”

By degrees the trembling passed away, and Barnstarke remained stretched on the ground as one stunned. Faint and sick was he, but well prepared to act the part he had cut out for himself.

Like unto one who, receiving a shot in hot blood feels not the pain at once, so Barnstarke’s soul, wounded by sin in hot blood, felt not as yet the agony of crime. His thoughts were intent on so comporting himself that no suspicion should fasten upon him; and, that such might be the case, he

felt that coolness and firmness of heart were above all things necessary. He therefore removed his thoughts from the deed he had done, to fix them on probable contingencies, and the manner in which such contingencies were to be met; reviewing them over and over again in all their various bearings, and fixing on the words and acts they might necessitate on his part. He had planned the murder before he left his home; had chosen the very spot on which to commit it; having intended to delay on the road that they might arrive on the common at night-fall. Poor Lovell's late rising had saved the merchant all trouble in that respect. As Barnstarke lay pondering, yet listening, the moon had arisen, and, shining through a thin cloud without being visible, gave light enough to distinguish objects near at hand.

The merchant raising his head looked towards Lovell's body.

There it lay in the dark pool of murderously spilt blood; one leg drawn up and the arms spread abroad. The face shone out in marble whiteness; and the rising, stormy wind blowing a fold of Lovell's heavy cloak, the moon-light at the moment bursting through the clouds, caused the body to look as though moving to arise.

Barnstarke leaning on his hand remained as one

turned to stone; his mouth open and his staring eyes fixed upon the corpse.

A thick mass of black clouds was driven by the wind over the moon, and darkness overspread the earth.

A few drops of rain fell upon Barnstarke's flushing face; cooling and refreshing to his beating temples. He had been above two hours on the desolate common, alone with the victim of his covetous passions. It seemed to him days and days since he had fired, and had seen his cousin fall: he recollect^{ed} Lovell's song broken off, and his cry to him for help; he thought of the struggling, distressed expression of Francis's face as he had stooped at his side, and a chill sensation of horror crept over him.

Presently, in the distance, he beheld lights drawing near. He composed his thoughts, and stretched himself out on his face. Two rough sheep-dogs ran up to him, sniffing him and loudly barking; then darted away, again to return and bark beside him.

Voices sounded, borne to Barnstarke's ear by the rushing wind. Anon the speakers were on the spot to be marked for years to come as the scene of murder. The merchant could hear the voice of Joyce, his servant; who, having been made uneasy by the non-arrival of his master at the appointed

sleeping-place, had set out, with the landlord and others, in quest of him.

The common was looked on as a bad place at night, on account of footpads and highwaymen ; a fact well known to Barnstarke.

The first object that met the eyes of Joyce and his party, on arriving at the place singled out by the barking dogs, was the merchant's horse lying dead and stark. They threw the light of their lanterns full upon him.

“ ‘Tis master’s horse ! ”

“ Here be one lying dead in his own blood,” said the landlord, kneeling down by Lovell and raising his arm which had already begun to stiffen. “ ‘Taint Master Barnstarke, however,” he added as he held his lantern full in the ghastly face of Sir Francis.

“ ‘Tis Sir Francis Lovell ! He hath been murdered of thieves : look here how they have thrown things about,” cried Joyce.

“ Here be another lying dead too,” said the hostler who had accompanied his master the landlord, and who now raised Barnstarke, turning him over and calling for a light.

The merchant let his head fall back ; and uttered a moan.

Joyce held the light in his face, calling out that it

was his master, and telling the hostler to support his head.

Barnstarke slowly opened his eyes, and fixing them on his servant, said in a voice so husky, tremulous and unnatural, as even to strike himself with horror :

“ Is that you, Joyce? methinks I have been stunned ! ”

“ Were you set on of rogues, Sir ? ” inquired Joyce, wrapping his master’s cloak close around him to keep off the rain.

“ Aye,” replied the merchant, turning away his looks, as he said: “ take your lantern away, it doth hurt and scorch my eyés.”

There was a silence: the men, not knowing whether Barnstarke was aware of his cousin’s death, were doubtful what to say; and he, being afraid of compromising himself, held his peace—still lying supported by the hostler.

The merchant shut his eyes and hung his head; affecting to be but half sensible of what was going on around him.

Joyce and the landlord whispered together. After awhile, Joyce said to Barnstarke :

“ Sir Francis Lovell hath not been at the ‘ Three Kings,’ Sir ! ”

“ Where is he? What time is it ? ” returned

Barnstarke, muttering : “Carry me to the inn, I am sick and shaken !”

More whispering here took place, which ended in the hostler being sent with others to the nearest house for a cart.

During his absence, Joyce by degrees informed his master of Sir Francis Lovell’s death.

On hearing of it, Barnstarke, pretending to be aroused by the tidings, asked where his cousin’s body was ; and if they had taken the murderer. Joyce replied that the body was *there* ; the murderer untaken.

The lanterns were held to Lovell’s face, leaving Barnstarke in darkness to gaze on the sad work of his own murderous hand.

No man *can* know, until he has committed it, the effect the commission of a crime may have on him.

On seeing Lovell’s blood-stained, ashy pale face, with the long wet hair clinging about it—nought beside that face of death being visible in the darkness of night—Barnstarke’s hardened heart felt a beginning of gnawing remorse. For a few minutes, he felt that he would give all his wealth to bring Lovell back to life again.

He felt too that he was losing his presence of mind, and that he was beginning to tremble.

“Where is he hit?” he inquired, making a mighty effort at regaining his self-possession, and speaking in a voice of dread; which, with the bystanders, passed for emotion at his cousin’s death.

“We can’t see any wound, Sir,” replied Joyce, laying down the dead body. “The rogues have turned both his and your pockets, Sir, wrongside out; and strewed all the things about, out of the valises: besides which they have shot your horse through the head, Sir.”

“Aye, I remember their doing that. He reared and threw me off on my head as he fell. After that I can recollect nothing till I saw you.”

“How many were they, if you please, Sir?”

“Three, all on horseback. I fired and hit one of them in the leg.”

“Did they set upon you of a sudden, Sir?” inquired the landlord.

“They were all three abreast as we left the lane. I was riding first, and we spurred on, trying to break through them. Put a valise under my head; I can talk no more just now.”

Barnstarke was obeyed.

He lay on the wet ground in the wind and rain, trying with all the might of his strong soul to push thought far away from him; whilst Joyce and the

landlord of the “Three Kings” talked together in low tones.

At the end of an hour’s time the sound of wheels was heard, together with that of many voices.

The waggon which the hostler had been in quest of drew near, escorted by a number of countrymen and boys, all under the excitement caused by the hostler’s account of the robbery and murder.

Two or three men raised Sir Francis Lovell’s body, whilst numerous lanterns illumined them and the corpse they bore, making the surrounding darkness to appear doubly dark.

As they passed Barnstarke with their load he covered his eyes with his hand ; but Lovell’s long riding cloak was swept by the wind across his face, causing him to start as though a spectre had touched him.

“Can you walk, think you, Sir ?” inquired Joyce, as he helped his master to arise.

“I will try,” rejoined Barnstarke, stepping slowly towards the waggon with the air of one in pain.

The bottom of the waggon was covered with straw, whereon rested Sir Francis Lovell’s body.

Barnstarke suffered himself to be helped into the cart, placing himself at his dead cousin’s feet. He was supported by Joyce, who sat beside him.

As they travelled, the merchant could feel Lovell's feet against his thigh, shaken by the motion of the waggon; and this for the hour or more that the journey lasted, he endured, fearing to say or do aught that might bring suspicion on him.

He was noted, by all who knew him, to be a man of strong nerve, and firm courage; therefore suddenly to appear horror-stricken or fearful might direct attention to him, and prove his undoing.

On arriving at the “Three Kings” Barnstarke was conducted to the room which had been prepared for him and Lovell. A table was laid out for supper with two covers, the sight of which caused the merchant to turn pale. He seated himself wearily in a large high-backed chair before the fire; Joyce hanging his wet cloak on the fellow to it: which again brought Sir Francis to his mind, and he began to wish he was seated there instead of lying dead, killed by the hand of a kinsman.

The landlord's mother, a shrivelled old woman in a high crowned hat and pinners, presently appeared, bearing a large tankard of hot ale, on the top of which floated a small apple.

Of this tankard the old landlady told Barnstarke

to partake in order “to keep the cold out.” She then recommended him “to be let blood,” to prevent any mischief that might follow from the fall he had had; saying that the barber was in the kitchen with others, and that he would be ready at a moment’s notice to perform the operation.

The merchant saw, from the old woman’s words and manner, that the story he had designed to spread abroad touching the manner of Lovell’s death, had been by her received just as he could have wished; and he had no doubt that the persons who had come to his assistance would talk of it to all listeners, and give the colouring to the event which he wished it to bear.

He felt that for the present he had only to let circumstances take their course. He moreover opined that it would tell well with the jury and others, as well as strengthen the story of his fall, if he gave into the old woman’s views, and suffered the village barber to take an ounce or two of blood.

The man was accordingly sent for; the merchant uncovered his thick, brawny arm; the red tape was bound around it, and anon the warm blood flowed into the basin held by Joyce.

What courage our forefathers possessed, or what

happy ignorance, to confide so delicate an operation as bleeding to beings who knew not the danger that lay under the blue vein they saw swelling beneath the ligature !

When Barnstarke beheld his own blood, he bethought him of Lovell's dying moments and of the red torrent that streamed from him.

He turned away his head ; and after a minute, saying that he felt very faint, he bade the fat dirty barber, who was also a preacher, to bind up his arm.

Having done so the barber favoured the merchant with a homily on the uncertainty of life, as shown forth in Sir Francis Lovell's murder, and Barnstarke's supposed narrow escape from death.

“ Let us, my brethren,” he cried in conclusion, looking round on the merchant, on the landlord and landlady, and on Joyce, “ let us lay to heart this winnowing of wheat ; this great murder ; and may the murderer's feelings never be ours. Let us——”

“ Joyce, light me to bed. My head acheth and I would fain lie down,” cried the murderer rising from his chair.

Barnstarke sought his bedchamber ; whilst the barber regained the kitchen, there to repeat his sermon to an admiring audience.

It was a double-bedded room to which Joyce conducted his master. After having mounted a worm-eaten staircase which seemed hardly strong enough to bear their weight, they turned down a narrow passage, at the end of which was the chamber; a high, raftered, cold room, with a tiled floor, and a smoking chimney.

At one end of the room stood a large bed with green serge furniture, the curtains of which were closely drawn. The other bed was what in those days was called a “trundle bed.” It had been wheeled beside the fire; and made ready for its sleeper.

Joyce informed his master that the room they were in was the only one disengaged. He added, lowering his voice and pointing to the green bed, that they had been obliged to lay the poor murdered gentleman’s body on that bed, as there was no other place where it would be safe from prying eyes; besides which he, Joyce, thought his master might himself wish to keep watch over his kinsman’s remains.

Barnstarke could willingly have annihilated his servant for his officiousness, but he merely nodded his head and said that Joyce might retire.

As the man’s footsteps died away along the passage, and down the tottering staircase, Barnstarke’s heart sank within him.

He sat himself down upon his bed, his eyes riveted on the closed curtains which hid Lovell's body from his view.

The wind, which had arisen to a tremendous force, moaned and whistled about the old inn, causing it to rock in the gale; it dashed the pouring rain against the casements, and, entering through chinks and crannies, blew the green serge bed-curtains, making them to look as though some one within was about to open them and to leave his bed.

Barnstarke repeated to himself that, having done the deed, it was folly and weakness to allow himself to be frightened and daunted by roaring wind, and the presence of a dead body: a senseless thing, a mere mass of lifeless flesh.

“I will view with mine own eyes the doing of mine own hand,” he said, half aloud. “I will harden myself against fear by looking on him!”

With these words Barnstarke took the candlestick, resolutely drew near the bed and pulled back the curtain, holding it in his hand as he stood with stern visage, his dark grey eyes firmly bent upon his cousin's body.

He then beheld violent death in all its untouched ghastliness.

Lovell's eyes were wide open ; the ball of the eye was turned up ; the nose sharp and pinched ; the open mouth black with clotted blood.

The dark curtains formed a lugubrious shade about the corpse ; and as Barnstarke moved his light it shone upon Lovell's eyes, causing them to glare as though he were still in life.

Barnstarke started at the sight, and let fall the curtain ; but only to draw it back again, once more to fix his looks upon the dead man's motionless white face and features.

Thus he stood, until the candle, burning down to the socket, cast a flickering light around.

Barnstarke heaved a deep sigh, unknit his black eyebrows, and let the curtain drop.

He quickly undressed and lay himself down to rest, in darkness ; listening to the stormy wind and rain ; to the creaking sign, and to the strange sound produced by the rats, with which vermin the old inn was overrun : a sound which seemed at times as if some one were pacing about the room, and drawing near to his bed-side.

Barnstarke, worn out and harassed in mind and body, tried to sleep ; but, over-excited and over tired, he lay awake restless and feverish, conscious of the presence of Lovell's remains : feeling the presence, as it were, and in his mind seeing each

hideous particular of all he had gone through since night-fall.

Strange to relate, he never once thought, during that long, appalling darkness, of the prize his crime had won for him.

Towards morning the storm of wind and rain died away, and an unbroken silence reigned through the house: a silence far more horrible to guilty Barnstarke than all the clamour of the tempest.

As day broke, the faint gray twilight of a cloudy morning indistinctly shed its light through the room. The dark curtains of the bed became visible to the merchant, cloudily at first, then more and more distinctly. He arose, and again drew back the green curtain. Behind it he beheld the rigid corpse, lying as he had last seen it: the same expression in the face, the very same undisturbed folds in the dark riding-cloak that wrapped it about: a horrible reality, the witness of a crime that could not be done away.

Barnstarke stretched forth his hand; drew it back hastily, and again put it forth.

With tight-set mouth, and breath held in, he laid the back of his hand on Lovell's forehead. That coldness of death which he felt, well named clay-cold, sent a shiver through his frame. Lovell's eyes seemed fixed upon him, and he hurried back

to his bed, the dead man's face ever present in his mind.

Sleep, by degrees, falling upon him, bound him so fast that it was mid-day before he awoke.

The bright rays of an April sun, shining through the window and lighting on his heavy eyes, aroused him, and brought him back to this world and to the recollection of his crime.

Joyce was sitting in the room, and informed his master that Squire Hargrave, justice of the peace, had been at the inn betimes in the morning, but that he would not allow the merchant to be disturbed: he was to return in the afternoon, when an inquest would be held on the deceased man.

Joyce moreover informed his master that a man had been taken, whom they supposed to be one of the thieves, and whom he might perhaps be able to identify.

As Barnstarke dined, he pondered on these things; attending but little to the old landlady in her hat and pinners, who stood by to entertain him during his repast.

One crime ever leads to others, necessary for the concealment of the first. The merchant weighed within himself whether it would not be a point of wisdom to swear resolutely to the man who had

been taken ; to fasten guilt upon him, and thus push suspicion farther than ever from himself.

The old woman informed him that many people had been to the common to look on the spot where Lovell fell, and which was marked by his blood.

The man supposed to be one of the thieves had, she said, been caught with a powerful bay horse in his possession, which Joyce had identified at once as the one belonging to Barnstarke, which the baronet had rode on his journey.

The merchant now turned his attention to the old woman's discourse, hoping to pick up hints from her which might be useful towards guiding his conduct in the events of the coming afternoon.

He had in the watches of the night made up the tale he should tell when brought before the jury. He had looked at it in every point of view, and finding no flaw in it had learnt every word of it by heart, as it were ; fixing it in his memory, so that however often he might be called on to repeat it, there should be no shade of difference in the least point of it.

Thus prepared, Barnstarke composed himself to await the arrival of Squire Hargrave.

The justice arrived, together with the coroner and jury, about two o'clock. He was a stout old

gentleman, nearly sixty years of age ; a man well to do, and entirely wrapt up in farming, and in his magisterial duties.

His face was red and weather-beaten ; his thick hair was of dazzling whiteness. His light gray eye, blood-shot through exposure to all weathers, had a sagacious, common-sense expression, of which Barnstarke took note.

Squire Hargrave addressed the merchant in a tone that said : “ I feel for you ; ” then, without further delay, entered on the business in hand.

Barnstarke being the first witness called, stood firmly forth ; his soul aroused undauntedly to bear him through.

There was no tremour in his sonorous voice ; the lowering darkness of his visage passed with the bystanders as natural to his situation.

He gave an account of the journey from town, up to the arrival of himself and Lovell at the narrow road. “ Sir Francis Lovell,” he then said, speaking slowly and distinctly, “ dropped behind, the way being exceeding narrow. Night was coming on ; the sky was very cloudy, but no rain had fallen. The road led up a long hill, but not a steep one ; and at the top of a hill it crossed a common. On this common, some twenty feet from the end of the bridle-way, I saw three men drawn up abreast, all on

strong, rough nags. Seeing this, I drew bridle for an instant, as did Sir Francis ; but on hearing the rogues call out : ‘ your money or your lives,’ and on beholding them draw forth their pistols, ‘ Charge through ’em,’ cries Sir Francis ; whereupon we clapt spurs to our beasts, and put’em at the thieves. I being first, and my horse a strong one, broke right through them ; and, firing as I past, I hit one of the villains in the leg. I turned and saw a fellow take aim at my cousin, who was galloping past him. Just then one of the others seizing my rein, shot my horse dead. The beast reared, throwing me very heavily on my head ; which fall did quite stun me, and take away my senses ; but, as I fell, I heard the report of pistols, and saw a smoke about Sir Francis. I remember nothing further until a light, shining in mine eyes, did bring me back to life.”

Having thus spoken, the merchant bowed and remained silent.

The other witnesses all deposed to having found Sir Francis Lovell lying dead in his blood ; and Master Barnstarke as though in a swoon.

An old woman, who had been to sell yarn at a neighbouring town, and who was returning at night-fall over the fields to her home, spoke to having heard four or five reports of a pistol or gun, she

could not say which, in the direction of the common.

The examination of these several witnesses being over, the man who had been taken with Barnstarke's horse in his possession, was then brought in.

As he appeared, the merchant's hardened heart beat thick for a second or two ; then returned to its usual calm pulsation. Then, too, the dark blush had stolen over his cheek ; retreating and leaving him lividly pale.

The justice addressed Barnstarke, saying :

“Sir, have you any knowledge of this man ?”

The merchant arose from his seat ; raised his heavy eyelids, and fixing his dark eyes resolutely on the man, extended his right hand towards him, as he said, in a firm, distinct tone :

“That is the man whom I beheld riding close after Sir Francis Lovell, aiming his pistol at his shoulders, as though about to fire.”

These words and the manner in which they were spoken, caused a great sensation among all present.

The accused man opened his eyes in helpless astonishment, crying out with trembling voice to the merchant :

“Heaven have mercy upon you for a liar !”

The justice rebuked the man ; and, made a

coward by guilt, Barnstarke exulted in his own safety, made doubly sure by a fellow-mortal's peril.

The merchant stated that the man who shot his horse was a tall man, very different from the being before him ; whilst the third had jumped off his nag, as though to be ready for plunder.

Jarvis, the man taken with the horse in his possession, was a known bad character ; a poacher, a horse-stealer, one who was ready to turn his hand to any villainy.

When caught, he was riding a rough horse, and leading Barnstarke's by the rein. He swore, truly, that he had found it feeding on the common ; but his captors, who had been ranging in all directions in search of the fabulous highwaymen, believed not what he said, and so made him fast.

After further evidence, much deliberation, and due weighing of the affair, the jury, late in the evening, returned a verdict of "Wilful murder against Abraham Jarvis."

Silas Barnstarke, as he listened to this verdict, drew a deep breath of satisfaction. He now felt above all suspicion ; safe and free to enjoy his blood-stained wealth : the wealth of his confiding, murdered cousin.

When the mighty Cromwell heard sentence of

death pronounced against Charles, his feelings must have been near akin to Silas Barnstarke's; being a certain troubled satisfaction in the prospect of the undisturbed enjoyment of a guilty, ill-gotten, worldly advantage.

Abraham Jarvis, swearing, explaining, and protesting his innocence, was placed in a cart, and driven off to jail under becoming escort; a warning to all loose characters: it being the known viciousness of his, and the taking that which was none of his own, which had placed him in so awful a situation.

The honest justice, shaking Barnstarke's hand, pressed him warmly and hospitably to sup with him, and to make his house his home as long as he should think fit.

The merchant thanked him, in his usual laconic style, but told him that he intended to ride a stage or two on his journey; leaving Joyce to remain behind, and to make all arrangements for removing Sir Francis' body, whilst he went forward to prepare all things for the reception of it.

The fact was that Barnstarke felt that he must be alone, in order to inure his mind to the new and unexpected horror that had seized upon him since the fatal moment in which Lovell had fallen by his hand.

Before he had committed that evil deed, his mind had been so intent on the contemplation of the wealth within his grasp, and so hurried by the dread of missing it, that he had not once stopped to consider what effect so damning a crime as murder would have upon his soul; indeed he did not view the deed as murder, before he had committed it: he saw it in the light of a means of removing an obstacle standing between himself and the object of his covetous desires; and, hot in the pursuit, had only fixed the eyes of his mind on the mode of removing it, and of insuring his own impunity.

Now that the crime had been committed, the recollection of it smote his guilty soul with an undermining horror. He saw it as MURDER. He felt himself to be a murderer: secret and secure, it is true, but a murderer the more unbearable to himself from the very secrecy that veiled him.

To others he was the prudent, the painstaking, the respected and successful merchant; a fitting man to inherit the vast Lovell property; a most fortunate man in that as in all things. To himself he was a murderer: a cowardly murderer; who, to screen himself the better, had sworn away another man's life.

Barnstarke had hardened his heart and silenced his conscience in matters of gain; but he now felt

that, however hard and calm he had been in such matters, the wilful shedding of human blood called up far other sensations in him than did his other evil deeds.

It had been but skilful planning, and bold acting : but the stretching out of an arm, and the drawing down of a finger, that had procured the death of a man, and brought such depressing horror to his own spirit.

For many a long month he would hear, as he fell asleep, “Help, Silas, help!” cried in his ear, in the very voice of his cousin ; startling him, causing his heart to flutter and beat, whilst the sweat bedewed him ; and he feared to compose himself again to sleep lest he should hear the awful sound repeated.

Barnstarke was very careful to see that all things concerning his cousin should be done in order. He rode straight to his own house, nor would he put foot within the Lovell mansion till he did so with the lawyer, who set seals where seals were necessary.

The merchant went with him from room to room for this purpose ; meeting at every step objects which served to remind him of Lovell, and to bring byegone days to his remembrance.

As they passed over the great hall, Barnstarke had a shadowy, misty recollection of the cold winter’s

day on which his uncle had brought him to his home; of the noisy boys at play, and of the football which, in their company, he had kicked about.

The lawyer was going to seal up the ebony cabinet, when Barnstarke, putting his hand on his arm, said :

“ That is my property, Sir. You can look over it, but need not seal it.”

The merchant, as he said this, remembered the three money-bags containing the rents. He could see his uncle as he appeared when he took them from the cabinet; he could even hear his words: these brought Walter to his remembrance, and he felt an uneasy pang somewhat like remorse.

The lawyer having finished his task, prepared to depart.

“ Are you aware, Sir,” he asked, “ whether the deceased hath left a will ? ”

“ I know nought concerning my cousin’s private affairs, Sir ; we shall see in a few days.”

Saying these words, Barnstarke put on his beaver, and, turning short, walked out of the house before the lawyer, who debonairly followed; saying, as they left the porch, and descended the terrace steps :

“ Faith, Sir, but this is a goodly property ; and,

if no last will and testament be forthcoming, it will fall to you as next of kin. Not so the baronetcy, however ; that, I know to be extinct ! ”

Barnstarke only replied by a sort of gruff laugh, and then added :

“ I take it he *must* have left a will. No man in his senses would overlook a duty of that kind.”

He then gave his hand to the lawyer, who bowed obsequiously, and each went his separate way ; Barnstarke to sit and brood with a book in his hand ; the other to his country town, there to gossip about Lovell’s murder, and the probability of the merchant’s stepping into the vast property of his departed cousin.

The day on which Barnstarke followed his kinsman’s body as chief mourner, was a bitter time for him.

Walter walked beside his brother, his heart wrung with true sorrow for the loss of Francis, his early friend.

Barnstarke fixed his eyes on the ground, never once raising them either to the bier or to the coffin, where lay the remains : the lively picture of which remains was, he felt, for ever stamped upon his soul.

The funeral ceremonies seemed to him of eternal duration.

When Lovell's body was carried to the arched vault, from which a cold air and musty smell of damp arose, Barnstarke, folding his arms beneath his long black cloak, stood by, firm in body, but trembling in spirit.

A voice within him cried:

“Thou, too, must one day die. Behold the end of all men; murderer!”

The rich man quaked as he beheld the coffins, many in number, dimly seen by the light that shone in upon the vault. Of some, nought but the lead remained; they all contained bodies, bones and dust of many generations of Lovells.

Those of Sir John and of his son Robert were nearest the entrance, and by the side of his father's that of Francis was placed.

Barnstarke felt a friendly grasp upon his arm, and Walter whispered in his ear:

“Brother, let us lay this to heart; and so prepare our souls that they may quit our bodies in peace!”

Silas shook off his brother's hand, and, with a slight shudder, turned from the gloomy vault; mounting the steps and saying to himself:

“Must I, too, lie dead, in so darksome a place as that, amid worms and rottenness?”

The merchant did not reflect that he should feel

none of those dreary circumstances. He, like many other men, suffered his mind to be daunted by the thoughts of coffins, mourning, a grave, and decay in darkness ; things which pertain but to a senseless corpse ; whilst, so far, he gave no thought to his real self, the soul within him ; which, freed by death, must live eternally to joy or misery.

The last of the Lovells having been committed to the earth, the lawyer proceeded to remove the seals, and make search for a will among the family and other papers.

Barnstarke, together with Walter, assisted in the search ; the merchant well knowing that no will was there. As he was tying up a bundle of papers the thought struck him that, if he had done his duty, causing a will to be drawn up according to poor Francis Lovell's directions, his brother Walter would have been lord of the estates which now fell to him. He cast a glance on the parson, who was slowly and diligently looking over a box of parchments and papers. His heart was not softened on beholding the expression of his brother's face ; patient, meek and placid ; with a shade of mortified sadness, that told of trials, and resistance to the temptations that assail frail mortals here on earth.

Although Barnstarke's heart was not softened, his rebellious conscience made itself heard, crying :

“Thou hast again defrauded thy brother!”

Walter, perceiving how ill Silas looked, offered to stay with him, to tend him and bear him company; but the merchant gruffly refused his kindness; saying that he had merely taken cold from lying out upon the common in the rain.

Walter therefore departed to his cottage, and his faithful Joanna; taking with him “Lazy,” the black greyhound, which he had begged of Silas as a remembrance of Francis. The dog seemed to know why he was taken from his own home; attaching himself fondly and faithfully to his new master, as though grateful for his protection and care.

The most coveted good is, most times, far different in the possession than in the pursuit.

The estate which Barnstarke had so vehemently longed for, and which he opined he could not live happily unless he possessed,—the estate he had committed so foul a deed to step into—now weighed upon his spirit like lead.

The merchant began to feel that in making it his own he had committed robbery as well as murder.

Then, too, came a heart-broken letter from Lady Lovell, every word of which was a reproach to Barnstarke: a letter which he destroyed, but which he could not forget.

The murderer was secure from fear of discovery.

Abraham Jarvis had been tried, condemned and executed. His blackening body hung in chains on the common ; marking the spot of Barnstarke's uneffaceable deed.

The first time Silas had passed that way, he put his horse to a gallop ; meaning to dash by the scene of such fearful agony, as the agony which he had endured on that bleak common had been to him.

The horse, frightened by the dangling body that hung, swayed by the wind, from the gibbet, snorted, shied, and then stood immovable.

The merchant swore, and stuck the sharp spurs into his steed's sides, using his whip most barbarously.

Vain efforts ! the trembling horse would not stir, or pass Abraham Jarvis' hideous body.

Barnstarke beheld the spot where his cousin had fallen. It was marked by an upright stone, bearing an inscription which recounted the murder.

The country people already avoided it after dusk, as a dreary and haunted piece of ground.

Silas felt that he could not remain there ; so mightily was his enslaved conscience beginning to work in him.

He tied his handkerchief over his horse's eyes, applied spur and whip, and sped like a hurricane past

the spot, where he had gained an estate and lost his peace of mind for ever.

Time brought no lessening of Barnstarke's horror.

It seemed, on the contrary, only to fix every particular of the murder more firmly in his memory.

Night had become a torment to him; his bed a restless misery, where dreadful images and horrid fears assailed him.

He would pass the greater part of the night in writing, and in working at his books; trying by figures and business to push other thought away: and so he would toil in the dead of night when men repos'd, till, worn down by sleep, he went to rest; the cry of "Help, Silas, help!" ringing in his ear as he dropped asleep; the visage of his kinsman, as he had beheld it last, oft-times haunting him in his dreams—looking upon him, white and ghastly, from out of murky darkness; first seen at a far distance, then drawing nearer and nearer, till within a foot of his own it remained still; the staring eyes seeming coldly to look on him, whilst the mouth, dark with blood, muttered words he could not hear.

Barnstarke had caused the mansion of the Lovell family, now his own, to be shut up: the very sight of it was odious to him: he never went near it.

For five long years it remained without any dwellers but a mysterious old woman, commonly reported to be a witch, who lived in one small room ; and this room she shared with a cur, an animal with glaring eyes and staring hair, and several wild-looking cats, sworn enemies to the cur. These cats might have been seen funning themselves in the old porch, if any one had been bold enough to go near the place.

It was commonly reported, and firmly believed, that Francis Lovell's ghost haunted his ancient mansion.

The spectre was said to appear in his grave-clothes, his chin bound up, and the blood oozing through the white winding-sheet. The spot fixed upon as the scene of the apparition was the great hall : how the ghost contrived to make his appearance, at one and the same time, there and on the common where Lovell died, has never been explained.

The dilapidation, and gloomy air of the fine old mansion, certainly justified superstitious minds in entertaining ghostly fancies concerning it.

Most of the casements were broken, the rest covered with dust and dirt. Nettles and grass grew between the flags of the terrace and porch. Moss and lichen covered the stone-work of the

house ; the door hung on loose hinges ; and the garden was nearly obliterated by long grafs, weeds, brambles and self-sown shrubs.

Within the dwelling, for want of repairs, the rains and winds had done their work. Floors were rotting ; wood-work tumbling down ; doors falling from their hinges, and pictures from their rusty nails. The old woman who lived there was oft-times startled from her sleep by banging doors, or by falling armour or paintings, and by other strange sounds. She would merely grumble, silence her barking cur, and then to sleep again. She had been an evil liver in her youth ; in old age she was a desolate and deserted being, spit upon and feared by all. Barnstarke gave her but a small sum to live in his house, barely enough to support her and her ravenous-looking companions.

At length the fall of the mansion was decreed.

The dwelling that had sheltered the merchant as an orphan was to come to the ground ; air alone was to fill the space where it stood.

One fine summer afternoon the cats were startled from the sunny porch, the cur set a barking, and the old woman filled with as much surprise as her benumbed faculties were capable of, by the appearance of Silas Barnstarke on horseback before

the door, loudly calling to the old woman to let him in.

The merchant fastened his horse to a tree, and, without much conversation with the reputed witch, proceeded to look over the mansion.

He stood once more in the little octangular room that had been his bedchamber in his infancy and boyhood.

He there beheld his name carved on the walnut wood panelling; a work of art of young Silas for which his uncle had caned him smartly. He looked from the window on the well-remembered view; the river, downs, and distant village. All these several objects brought back to his gloomy mind the recollection of the thoughts of his youth; and, with something like the suppressed roar of a tiger, he turned from that remembrance to the thoughts that had not ceased to haunt him: the thoughts of the murder on the bleak heath, his cousin's dying struggles, and all the horror of mind he had endured alone with the body of his victim in the wind and rain; of all the dread and awe he had endured, day by day, since that dark night.

The ebony cabinet, which he had never removed, remained where it stood in his uncle's life-time. It was covered by a thick coating of dust; all the brass-work turned to bronze.

This cabinet was an object connected in Barnstarke's mind with most unpleasing events. He determined therefore on selling it with all the rest of the furniture.

As he stood looking on it, his hands behind him, and his black eyebrows knit, he called to mind his uncle, his aunt, his two cousins; many a by-gone day, and many a friendly counsel which he had, till then, forgotten. As he mused, his dark blush spread slowly over his face.

“Sir John did oft-times bid me beware of the love of gain !

“In this very chamber he did tell me it would grow in me to mine undoing, whilst I mocked at him in my soul ! Behold, he spake truly : I *am* undone !”

Barnstarke, no longer able to bear his meditations, left the house, riding off as one pursued ; whilst the brindled, lean-ribbed cur, barked after him ; and the old woman, lighting her pipe, sat smoking in the porch, shaking her head and muttering foul words to herself.

Ere long, labourers were busy pulling down the old mansion ; a mansion which, if it had been allowed to remain, would have been a gem to the architects and antiquaries of this present epoch.

It was a work of time and hard labour, the destroying the well-built, rock-like old house ; so different from the *plâtre et crachat* edifices of the self-sufficient, knowing nineteenth century.

Barnstarke felt some respite to his wearying thoughts, in watching the gradual vanishing away of the Lovells' dwelling. He was always on the spot directing the works, as well as overlooking the cutting down of every fine and full-grown tree in the large park and garden : trees which lay on the ground that once nourished them, and which they, for many a long year, had cast their shadows over.

Barnstarke still, in spite of all things, worked on by his thirst for gain, went from felled tree to felled tree, reckoning up their amount in gold ; and, casting his eye over the land, already viewed it parcelled out into the fields he had planned.

He seemed to breathe more freely when the goodly mansion was level with the earth.

Of the materials, a large farm-house, barns, and outbuildings were solidly built. The park was turned into pasture-land ; not a vestige was left : not so much as a tree, to show what the place had been in former times.

Having found a good tenant for his new farm, and all the excitement consequent on demolishing and rebuilding being at an end, Barnstarke again

fell into the musing gloom which he had, for a space, greatly shaken off.

He looked around him. All his old friends—if friends he might be said to have had—all those who had had his interest at heart, were no more.

His uncle, his cousins, Master Benson, were all gone; and, although he had many acquaintances, he had formed no friendships to console him for the loss of the departed, or, in a measure, to supply their place. He felt himself to be alone in the world: alone, with a secret, unrevealed, damning crime sitting on his soul, like an unclean bird on the ruins of a fair building. He had no children gently to carry him through the pass which leads to age, or to give him an interest in future days.

He seemed to have travelled through rugged roads, promising himself to find a happy land at the end of them; but a happy land he found not. He felt as though entering, weary and panic-struck, on a wide and dreary waste ending in mist; without one ray of sunshine to cheer and brighten the way that yet lay before him. He thought of Walter; but him, grievous to relate, he had learned to abhor.

He had intended to have retired from his wealth-giving toils so soon as he should have reached the

age of fifty ; and then to have married and passed his life in power and riches.

Barnstarke reached the appointed age.

To give up his pursuit of wealth he found to be impossible : it had become a habit, to abandon which would leave his mind without one point of interest, to fall a prey to the everlasting, dreary remembrance of his guilt.

He turned his ideas towards marriage, but the idea gave him no delight. He had lived so long in celibacy that he felt no desire to quit that state and to undertake the trouble and care of wedded life.

As for the weight and power he had hoped to have attained to in his native county, the prospect had lost all charms for him ; he no longer cared to be so much as justice of the peace.

The contemplation of his vast wealth, and of his great name in the City, had ceased to give him any pleasure. He looked on them as matters of course ; and often and often, when he beheld a sturdy porter laughing and joking, tankard in hand and joy on his broad face ; or watermen singing and smoking with the careless air of perfect content, he would have given all his industriously-earned gold, and all his vast property, to have changed souls and conditions with them, if only for a month, so wearied was he beneath his weight of sin.

There was nothing in the modes of the time capable of exciting and giving a false peace to Barnstarke's mind.

No diversions were rife during the Commonwealth ; everything was grave, puritanic, and dreary : even to men's speech and looks.

As the world rolls, so the events thereof change.

Cromwell, the great, powerful, brave, and iron-souled hypocrite, died. Men said that, during the storm which raged at his demise, the evil one received his spirit.

His loss was not wept over ; none cried : “ May he rest in peace ! ”

Cromwell having given up the ghost, there came the feeble interregnum of Richard, his son ; a species of historic blank.

Monk worked the while : not, however, as a celebrated French novelist informs us, by being carried off forcibly, by certain musqueteers, in a large box pierced with air-holes, and so conveyed abroad to confer with Charles II. Imagine such an one as Albemarle allowing himself to be so trapped !

The upshot of Monk's working was the restoration of Charles to the throne of his ancestors.

Great was the joy that burst out on the King's arrival in his metropolis.

Bonfires burnt with flaring hilarity in all the streets ; and citizens gave vent to mirth and jollity.

Barnstarke would not be at the expense of a bonfire, but he walked from street to street, listening to the talk of those around him, and trying to forget his secret upbraiding in the excitement of the moment.

Reaction is apt furiously to roll beyond the boundaries set up by reason.

The English, for many years, cribbed down by fanatical precision and intolerance, seemed to think when their King returned to them, that they could not go far enough in drunkenness and dissipation.

Manners, dress, everything had changed ; the good-natured, amiable sovereign, setting, alas ! but a poor example to the rest.

Then too the long closed theatres were reopened ; long banished oaths decked thoughtless speech, and all was worldly vanity and fleshly pampering.

Barnstarke wondered at the change, opining that the world had run mad of a sudden.

The more puritanic sort adhered to their old modes for a while, but many a one by degrees flipt into the ways of the majority of the town. Others on the contrary, stood fast ; whilst many left the kingdom in disgust.

It may readily be imagined that Barnstarke was not among the enthusiastic portion of the community; neither was he among the generous merchants who offered a money-gift to needy Charles. He laughed his gruff laugh at the bare idea of such a thing, and bled not his money-bags for any such service.

Anon the Presbyterian ministers were turned out of their livings, and the old order of things was restored.

Walter Barnstarke, after many a long year of absence, was given back to his parish.

Once more he sat beside his hearth; whilst old Joanna, white-haired, toothless, but still hale and smiling, blessed the happy day that restored his living to her beloved foster-son.

The Parson sat late and alone beside the dying embers, and his soul was busy with many thoughts.

He, as Silas Barnstarke had done, reviewed the past and looked into the future.

He gave a tender sigh to the memory of the departed; but his conscience could tax him with neither fault nor crime as regarded them.

Walter, as Silas had done, saw himself childless; but that thought brought him neither gloom nor despair.

He looked on his parishioners as so many sons

and daughters, in whom he took the most lively interest.

Unlike his miserable brother, he saw no desolate, misty waste stretching drearily before him. He had made no schemes in which the world bore a part ; and he had, in consequence, gathered neither disappointment nor disgust.

He thanked heaven for all things ; still keeping his eyes as fixed as ever on a life beyond this world ; doing his duty here to the utmost, as a sentry does his in the bivouac of a night.

The Parson found many a change in his parish.

Children grown up ; young men and women become parents of families ; many an old friend dead ; and many a once friendly face turned from him : for not a few among his parishioners, enamoured of the Commonwealth preacher, regretted the return of their former minister.

Walter Barnstarke took this patiently and without harshness ; so that it was not long before he was as universally followed and beloved as in former days.

The righteous parson's hands were hardened and spoilt by toil ; he had contracted a slight stoop about the shoulders, and his brown hair was growing gray.

His face too had somewhat fallen in, and the

marks that lined it contrasted with the clear, soft tranquillity of his calm, blue eyes.

Walter Barnstarke found himself far better off as regarded worldly wealth than he ever dreamt of being. He actually possessed an income of one hundred and ten pounds a year; sixty of which was derived from his living. A great sum it appeared in his eyes; and old Joanna rejoiced at his good fortune, which made itself generously and charitably felt among his sick and poor parishioners.

Rich Silas Barnstarke's mind was gloomy; full of remorse and idle craving.

Poor Walter Barnstarke's mind was calm, cheerful, contented and happy.

In few words, the one was a wicked, the other a righteous man.

* * * * *

In the autumn of 1664, it so chanced that Silas Barnstarke, returning from a young and noble spendthrift's, where, with all legal forms, a mortgage, most advantageous to the rich merchant, most ruinous to the wild nobleman, had been duly and with all legal form settled, raised his heavy eyelids from earth to behold a stream of all grades pouring into “The King's house,” as that particular theatre was called.

Barnstarke stood awhile looking on them, for he

had become glad of any outward objects whereon to repose his mind from the gnawing contemplation of himself.

The merchant stood, as heretofore, firmly planted on his strong legs, both hands resting on the silver head of his thick cane ; his dark gray eyes moodily viewing lords and ladies, gentlemen and gentle-women, citizens with their wives and daughters, and their daughters' tender "servants," as they all entered the house to pass a few hours in being amused. Silas beheld, too, his tall and swarthy Majesty step from his coach ; whilst the crowd cheered him, and he smiled a smile with his melancholy-looking mouth, made "a leg" with his beautifully-turned limb ; bowed, nodded, and passed in.

"Son of perdition!" cried a voice, accompanied by a groan, close beside the merchant.

Barnstarke, on slowly turning his head, beheld his old friend Will Higgons, accompanied by a boy carrying a quantity of light rapiers.

The honest Puritan, having attained the rank of captain, had, on the disbanding of the Commonwealth-men, followed the peaceable example of most of his fellow-warriors by engaging in trade. The dry-salter's business still "stunk in his nostrils," as he was pleased to express it ; wherefore, following

his bent, he became a cutler, at the sign of “The Goliath’s Sword :” which sword was represented by a huge, gilt, basket-hilted, Puritanic-looking weapon, measuring six feet from pummel to point.

William, late Hew-them-down, Higgons dealt more largely in swords of all kinds than in knives, forks, scissors, and such-like peaceful cutlery. He was moreover preacher at a small, hot, close conventicle, bearing the name of “Zion ;” husband to a lovely, little, plump, puritanic wife ; and father to three little priggish-looking children, freckled and red-headed as their respected sire.

Having greeted the merchant, and suppressed his disloyal feelings, Higgons informed Barnstarke that he was taking some rapiers to the “heathen,” on probation ; and so, having denounced the play-house, and given it a startling epithet, he went his way ; leaving his old schoolfellow to look after him, and to envy him his free mind, as well as his gusto in his pursuits.

With a long-drawn sigh, Barnstarke slowly moved on, one hand in his breast, his cane tucked beneath his right arm.

Suddenly he stopped as though irresolute ; turned, stopped again, and then, stepping quickly up to the door of the theatre, he drew forth the sum of eighteen-pence, paid for his entrance, bought a bill,

and anon found himself seated in the pit, between an officer and the fat wife of a citizen.

Barnstarke had not been in such a place since the days of his youth ; when Master Benson was wont, from time to time, to take his family to see a play, treating Silas with the rest.

The merchant felt that the theatre was not exactly the amusement for a man of his weight and gravity ; but he had suddenly bethought himself that a few hours passed there might serve to take him from himself, and to drown care.

There then he sat, with looks fixed on the curtain, little caring what its drawing up was to give to his view ; a buzz of voices sounding in his ears, but no words reaching his inattentive soul. He did not even cast one glance towards His Majesty’s box, or so much as heed the increased buzz which arose when the tyrannical Lady Castlemaine appeared in hers.

The merchant might have collected a nice little amount of Court gossip and scandal, more or less true, if he had leant his ears and eyes to what was passing around him, instead of sitting dead, as it were, to all outward things ; musing with melancholy heart on his past crime, and the dreary void he felt his life to be.

He did not see, neither did he hear, a smart young

wit, all ribands and fribble, pointing him out to some kindred spirits as “the ghost of Oliver Cromwell :” a folly which served to amuse the young gentlemen, on and off, during all the intervals of the performance.

They could not imagine, “for the life of them,” what so puritanic a personage could come to the play for ; unless, indeed, it was because such wicked doings would not suffer “old Noll to rest in his grave.”

“ Maybe to ogle Mistress Nelly,” cried wit the first ; which bright idea produced a shout of applause among the party, increased by Barnstarke’s abstracted and indifferent air.

After a while the curtain slowly rose ; the buzz of many voices ceased, and the attention of the house was given to the stage.

The play to be represented was “ Rule a Wife and have a Wife ;” which information Barnstarke received by looking at his bill after the rising of the curtain ; not having taken the trouble to inspect it before.

The two noble captains who open the play, swaggered and talked in big voices, much as “*Cavaliers*” are apt to do on the stage in these days ; taking no heed of fine points or delicate shades of feeling, and seeming fully impressed

with the superiority of their personal appearance.

In due time the two veiled ladies made their appearance.

The voice of Estifania so roused Barnstarke's attention, that he fully gave himself to the scene before him.

The voice was silvery, infantine, and full of music; not strong, but so distinct as to make itself heard all over the house; and so enchanting to the ears of the grave and guilt-harassed merchant, that he felt as anxious as Perez that Estifania should raise her veil, and uncover the mouth that gave forth such pleasing sounds.

When she quitted the stage, Barnstarke consulted his bill, from which he learnt that the actress with the clear, silvery voice, was called Mrs. Catherine Page. Just then he heard the officer who sat beside him speak of her to another as "Kitty" Page, which familiarity sounded disagreeably in the ears of Silas Barnstarke.

He attended to the play just sufficiently to follow the thread of the story, waiting most impatiently for the reappearance of Estifania.

When she made her second entry, Barnstarke's dark blush crept slowly over his cheeks; nor did it quite die away until Mistress Page made her exit.

This actress was of middle height and fair complexion; one of those light and fragile looking beings who seem as though their frame was made of nothing more solid than *chicken-bones*. She was neither plump nor lean; her eyes were blue and large: those blue eyes which are of a darker shade on the outer edge of the iris than they are towards the pupil. They were clear and full of laughter, corresponding with Mistress Page's beautiful, carnation, smiling mouth: a mouth inclining perhaps to be just a little too large, but decked with the most charming pearly teeth: teeth that seemed to laugh with the mouth and eyes.

Her nose was Grecian; small and well chiselled, with a little roguish attempt at turning up: in which attempt, however, it failed.

Mistress Page did not present a very Spanish appearance, with her soft, snow-white skin, delicate pink cheeks, and light curling hair: which hair, dressed in tufts of airy ringlets, called in those days “*moustaches*,” set off the playful, infantine beauty of her face.

She formed a great contrast to the tall, coarse man, who played Perez; both in acting and in appearance.

There was so much *esprit*, cleverness, liveliness, and coquetry, in her mode of performance, without

one grain of vulgar *archness* or clap-trap piquancy, that even her little finger seemed to bear a part ; and her very foot stood with an expressive air. Yet her acting did not look like acting : she rather seemed to *be* the personage she represented, so naturally and without effort, so playfully and prettily, did she go through her part.

Barnstarke could not remove his dark gray eyes from beholding this charming being.

When she was not on the stage, the play lost its interest for him : he saw without seeing, and heard without hearing ; but as soon as she reappeared, his eyes, burning with a lurid light, were again stedfastly fixed upon her, not to be withdrawn so long as she remained upon the stage.

Estifania is, in point of fact, a cheating and vulgar waiting-woman ; but the character in the hands of Mistress Page gave a different impression to the audience. She made Estifania to appear so drolly coquette, so playfully a rogue, that in the scene where she reproaches Perez with his copper chains and rascality—his Majesty having set example—the whole house became a mass of applauding hands, beneath the sound of which Estifania's silvery voice was lost.

Barnstarke did not applaud with the rest ; he was intent on watching Mistress Page as she received her honours.

The first piece was followed by a little play in which “*Kitty*” Page both danced and sang; so charming the merchant by her movements, and the beautiful, clear, delicate ringing of her voice, that, when the play was over, the falling curtain seemed to shut him out of paradise; and he awoke to a sense, doubly bitter, of all the horrors he had for a short space forgotten.

As he slowly wended his way home, he bought the comedy he had just seen; passing the evening in reading over, again and again, the part of Estifania; recollecting every tone and look of the fair Page, and totally forgetting in the occupation that he was to have supped in grave company at a rich merchant’s.

When Barnstarke awoke the next morning, the events of the preceding afternoon appeared to him as a delightful and refreshing dream. He did not note his inward feelings, but he felt it to be heaven upon earth, the escaping from his own thoughts as he had done at the théâtre; and the finding such an entirely new subject of interest as he had found in the playful beauty of Mistrefs Page.

To the “King’s House,” therefore, he repaired so soon as he had dined; and at the “King’s House” he again found a lull to his miseries in the fixed contemplation of Catherine Page,

her beauty, her wit, her talent, and her liveliness.

Day after day did Barnstarke take up his place in the pit, as near the stage as possible ; feeding his passion, without heeding how mightily it grew and raged within him.

Mistress Page had noted his appearance, as well as his first beholding of her with such saturnine passion.

She had made researches and enquiries with a view to finding out who her grave admirer might be : an admirer so different from the gay youths, and the old would-be-young beaux, who paid their devoirs to her.

The result of Mistress Catherine Page's enquiries was very satisfactory to her. She discovered that the heavy-shouldered man in the pit, with the high forehead, strange eyes and dark countenance, was no other than Silas Barnstarke, the richest merchant in the city of London, and the greatest landed proprietor in the county of —.

She learnt moreover that he was a bachelor ; and, having made quite sure of all these particulars, the charming actress, one day as she was playing Rosalind in “As you like it,” cast a momentary look on Barnstarke, which caused him to start involuntarily, and which fixed the dark blush on his fallow cheek.

Barnstarke fed on that one look of Mistres Page's

until he found himself the next day again at his place in the pit, anxiously awaiting the drawing up of the curtain.

The curtain duly mounted, and gave the stage and its actors to view. The fair "Kitty" surpassed herself on that occasion in voice, looks, manner, and acting: but she did not once look towards the merchant; fending him home gnawed by dark and gloomy love and rage.

Barnstarke began to think that it would be impossible for him to live without Mistress Page.

If he had been in a normal state of mind, he would clearly have seen that any acquaintance between a man of his age, gravity and wealth, and a young actress of five-and-twenty, *must* inevitably end to his disadvantage.

The merchant saw no such thing; shrewd and prudent though he had ever been.

Since the awful night on the bleak common, his mind had been so horrified, harassed, and wearied, that it had swerved from its normal state of cool, clear prudence.

The sight and remembrance of Mistress Page had given such a lull and diversion to his thoughts, and she had shone so brightly in his heart, that Barnstarke connected the ideas of the young actress and happiness inseparably in his mind.

There was no tenderness in the hard merchant's love ; he burnt with a tiger-like passion, which consumed him : to the farther dimming of his reason and of his good sense.

Mistress Page played her part towards him with such coquetry, unnoticed by any one but himself, that Barnstarke, after many and many a sleepless night, many and many a day of thought and restlessness, resolved upon despising the opinions of men, breaking all barriers, and making pretty little Mistress Catherine Page his wife.

“ Let the world talk : let them say their worst. I have no need of their good word *now*, for I am wealthy beyond all of them. I will pass the remainder of my life in long years of happiness. I am stronger than others and my days will yet be many. With *her* I shall forget past foolish thinking and vain regret. But it will not do to have her here for men to stare at and corrupt. No ! I will give up all money-getting toil ; I will carry her to the country and hide her from all eyes. She shall be mine—mine—mine, and mine *alone*. I could rip up the fool that did but look at her.”

Thus spoke Silas Barnstarke to himself ; presently falling into black jealousy at the bare thought of Mistress Page being spoken to by any one but himself : he who had never even addressed her.

Having resolved on his future fate, the merchant, led on by his passion, waited one day without the theatre till the performance should be over ; little caring who saw him, or what was said of him.

He eagerly watched the actors as they departed.

By ones and twos they left the house, laughing and merry.

On seeing Mistress Page step forth, a young gallant in flowing, curling, perriwig whispering at her side, Barnstarke's knees trembled, and he reddened angrily.

The actress, on perceiving him, frowned on her beau, without appearing to have seen the merchant.

He stepped resolutely forward ; presented his hand boldly ; turned his back on the slim youth ; handed Mistress Page into the hackney that awaited her ; and placed himself beside her, bidding the coachman drive to her home.

Catherine Page, with all her playfulness and artless bearing, possessed an acute, and so to speak, business-like mind.

She had a spirit of quick and correct observation ; and that spirit had led her to note that stage beauty and prosperity were captivating and lasting but for a time : passing away soon, rapidly, and for ever.

Catherine had been comparatively well conducted, with a view to ultimate advantage ; and she had no

sooner found out who Barnstarke was, and observed his growing passion, than she determined on winding him round to marriage ; that she might quit the stage, and pass the remainder of her life in wealth and luxury.

She had spoken to no living soul on the subject of her saturnine lover. Catherine was too clever to give a secret scheme to the wild winds of “confidence.”

It must be confessed that Silas Barnstarke and Catherine Page entertained very different ideas on the subject of their future wedded life.

The merchant meant to marry the actress, that he might never lose her : to shut her up rigorously at his country-seat, that no profane eyes might look upon her ; giving her every luxury and indulgence short of perfect liberty.

The actress meant to marry the merchant, that she might lead a gay and merry life in Town ; that she might possess a coach ; rich apparel ; much and rare jewelry, and be her own mistress.

From her observations on others, she deemed all this to be easy of attainment from a man of the merchant’s age.

Mistress Page little knew the hard dogged mind and resolute selfishness of Silas Barnstarke.

He looked on *his* pleasure, and not to *hers*.

Let her but once be his, she would then learn how strong, how selfish, and how hard-hearted a passion he entertained for her.

As they journeyed from the theatre to her home, the pretty actress laughed inwardly at Silas Barnstarke's taciturnity. He only spoke by looks and sighs ; leaving Mistress Page to say a word from time to time in her beautiful, clear, little voice.

Her conduct towards the merchant was so prudishly precise, that it amounted to coquetry of the most refined order ; driving Barnstarke half out of his senes.

He made his proposals as bluntly to Catherine Page as he had, years before, made them to poor, cold Damaris Benson ; but this time he did so with far different feelings, as well as with far different success.

“ Catherine ! ” he cried, “ I love you with all my soul. I am no longer young, but I am rich beyond compare ; and there is no end of my possessions, so vast are they. You are young, and you are beautiful ; but you are poor and dependent ; trusting to the will and whims of others for your daily bread. Be my wife, and cast profitless vanity behind you ! ”

The soul of Mrs. Catherine Page rejoiced greatly as she listened to this blunt speech ; given forth as

it was in a deep and trembling voice with breathless rapidity.

"Kitty" might have answered to it in one word ; but she thought it better to play off her best stage airs upon the merchant ; thereby lengthening his suspense, and amusing herself with the agitation of so sturdy-minded a being as her taciturn lover.

At length, after various *minauderies*, Mistres Page, scarce able to hide her feelings of triumph, graciously stretched forth her little, delicate, pink and white hand to be kissed by the merchant ; at the same time smilingly promising to be his wife.

Barnstarke did not leave Mistress Page until he had made her promise to throw up her theatrical engagement the very next day ; to quit her present abode for one of his choosing ; to give up all her actual acquaintances ; and to speak to no man save himself : engaging, on his side, to be at all expences for her.

Considering the prize within her grasp, the blue-eyed fair one readily consented to all Silas Barnstarke's demands ; but she told him he was "a jealous old lion :" a sally which delighted her grim gallant beyond measure.

She told herself, at the same time, that, once married, the "old lion" must turn over a new leaf, submitting debonairly to *her* good-will and pleasure

in all things, or that his life would not run smoothly with her.

“ May 3rd, 1665. This day I did persuade Catherine Page to be mine, and I do think she will be a wife entirely to my mind. I may now give up the care of money-making : and I do intend to take mine ease in a country life ; to forget past troubles and fancies ; and to make me a name in my own county, being so great a landholder therein. Talk this morning on ‘Change that the plague hath come among us, which I do believe to be but a bugbear. I never did feel greater content than now, after some bitter days which are only fit to be forgotten.”

Thus wrote Silas Barnstarke in his journal-book on quitting Mistress Page.

There was much surprise and wonder among the players and frequenters of the “ King’s House ” on “ Kitty ” Page’s seceding from the stage.

Barnstarke took a house for her at Hammersmith, in which he caused her to reside under a feigned name, until all things should be ready for his marriage ; and there each day she infatuated him more and more with her coquetish prudery.

None of her old friends and allies could find out her retreat. The slim youth in the flowing perriwig raved and pined at the lovely Catherine’s dis-

appearance, with all the *bonne foi* of his seventeen summers disappointed in a first love. He had serious thoughts of turning misanthrope, or of going abroad to perish in war; but time came to his relief, and he learnt to survive many worse disappointments in his march through life.

Silas Barnstarke, with lively energy and great activity, proceeded to the winding up of his mercantile affairs; as well as to the preparation of the home of his ancestors for the dwelling of himself and his wife: looking upon it as the rest from toil, and the scene of future happiness and content.

The excitement of passion had given a false peace to his guilty soul: the voice of his upbraiding conscience was again stilled; his heart was full of Catherine, and all seemed to smile around him.

The merchant made many visits to the country, superintending the furnishing of his mansion. Waggons full of splendid furniture and fine pictures arrived, one after the other, at the beautiful old house.

Hangings in various suits, of all colours and fabrics, together with tapestry rare and beautifully wrought, decked the walls that had so long remained bare.

The oaken floors were rubbed and burnished; large Venetian glasses reflected objects on all sides;

splendid cabinets and glittering lustres and girandoles rejoiced the eye ; together with Persian carpets, soft as the mossy grass of the forest glades.

The greater part of all this magnificence came from foreign parts ; being landed at various sea-ports, in consequence of the plague which was raging in London.

Silas Barnstarke looked with delight on all that his wealth had done for him.

Walter looked on the merchant's wealth with the calm indifference of a soul on pilgrimage ; rejoicing at Silas' expected happiness, but fearing for the hardness of his brother's heart.

Meanwhile the awful pestilence was growing in strength from hour to hour, making London one large pest-house, and carrying off multitudes by night and by day.

It was as though some foul demon, hovering in the air, filled it with his hot and noisome breath, poisoning the very sources of life.

Many fled in time ; many remained with impunity, living through those times of death and horror.

Barnstarke took but small heed of the scenes and events around him. His passion gave him a supernatural excitement : he felt as though nought on earth could put his life in jeopardy.

He heard unmoved the bell tolling incessantly for departed souls ; hugging himself in the contemplation of his approaching happiness. In time the deaths were so many that the bell was no longer rung : a mournful, full silence reigned throughout the streets ; the very air, and even inanimate objects, seeming to partake in the doleful, despairing awe of mankind.

The atmosphere felt thick and heavy with fever ; unapt to sustain life : fit but to be rent by the raving voices, loud and unnatural, of dying men—by the piercing shrieks and startling groans of pain—or by the sad and heart-breaking cries of those who wailed for the dead.

Barnstarke heard them unmoved. Unmoved he beheld house after house marked by the red crofs : fatal, outward sign of the horror that reigned within ; unmoved he heard, night after night, the rumbling of the dead-cart ; the cold voice calling through the darkness :—“ Bring out your dead ! ” and, after the pause that denoted the carrying forth of the ghastly plague-giving burthen, the renewed sound of the heavy slowly-moving cart.

Catherine Page frightened and scared by all she gathered concerning the pestilence, had provisioned her house ; and then barricading it, had shut herself up within its walls.

It was in vain that Silas Barnstarke raved and stormed beneath them.

The obdurate Page looked from an upper window, like some fly fox of fable, and from thence conversed and coquettred with her intended ; or threw him billets, which he read as assiduously as he had formerly plodded over affairs.

Vain were the merchant's intreaties that she would quit her dwelling to marry him at once ; to fly from the neighbourhood of infection, and proceed with him to his home in the country.

The bare idea of doing such a thing as leave her walls, threw Catherine Page into a panic : she wrung her hands and screamed at the very thought. She deemed that death would seize her for his own, did she but go forth.

It was an unlucky proposition on Barnstarke's part.

The next day, when, towards evening, he had left the close, heated streets of London to enjoy an unsatisfactory *tête-à-tête* with his beloved—had put up his horse, and opened the garden-gate, looking up at the window at which Catherine was wont to await his arrival, and from which she gave him audience—he perceived it to be close shut ; and that the curtains of that and every other window lacking shutters were drawn.

Barnstarke's heart smote loudly against his ribs ; his hands trembled, and he feared to move.

The hot sun of July was dipping towards the horizon ; but the garden remained heated and glowing with the fierceness of his mid-day beams.

An unnatural silence reigned over both house and garden ; the odours of the flowers were sickening and oppressive ; Barnstarke tore open both his black velvet doublet, and his shirt, trying in vain to catch one breath of air to cool his panting breast.

As he stood, dark and trembling, a letter fell at his feet ; and he heard a window suddenly and quickly closed.

He seized the letter. It had no address ; he held it irresolutely ; wishing, yet afraid, to read the contents.

“ Tush ” he said to himself. “ I shake like a child. Better know the worst at once, than fill myself with vague terrors.”

With these words he opened the letter ; endited in the well-known writing of Catherine Page.

“ Dear old lion ” it began, and went on to express the writer's fixed resolve to remain in her house, with closed windows, for one whole month ; at the end of which time she would open them, hoping to hear that the pest should have ceased to rage. She told Barnstarke that nothing on earth

would cause her to alter her resolution, so greatly had he terrified her by the proposal of leaving her retreat.

She ended by appointing that day month for their next meeting ; when the merchant was to come beneath the window and bring her tidings concerning the plague.

The lovely Page enclosed a couple of her beautiful, fair, perfumed “*moustaches* ;” and, *in a postscript*, conjured Barnstarke to start at once for the country ; there to remain until the appointed rendezvous.

Catherine Page, from her window, had that day heard, from various neighbours and passers-by, such accounts of the awful violence and increase of the plague, that she feared lest, after all her pains, her rich prize should slip through her fingers if he recklessly exposed himself to infection.

It was therefore in very strong terms that she intreated him to take care of himself and to fly at once and full speed from pestilential London.

Barnstarke remained during some moments with Mistress Page’s letter in one hand, the silky “*moustaches*,” on which his eyes were fixed, in the other.

He looked up at the closed window ; he called “Catherine.”

No answer, but the barking of the actress’s little

turn-up-nosed “King Charles,” from within the house.

The merchant shook the door, and angrily kicked at it with his square-toed riding boot. This attack served but to redouble the angry, furious, lilliput bark of little “Rowley,” the black-and-tan spaniel, who actually shrieked with fury.

Barnstarke remained till nightfall calling on Mistress Page, shaking the door and throwing pebbles up at the window, vainly expecting the answer which came not.

“Kitty” was well aware that if she looked out, or gave the least token of appearing at or answering to his call, the merchant would return each day to his post, instead of quitting London and fleeing from the pestilence as she had set her soul upon his doing: so fearful was she of losing her prize.

As he was about to retire, angry and vexed, a paper was passed beneath the door.

Barnstarke pounced upon it; and by the waning light, with great difficulty, contrived to read the following words:—

“ You old roaring lion, I solemnly vow and declare; and I will stedfastly keep my word; that

if you do not return home this instant and proceed to the country betimes to-morrow, there remaining till the plague abates, I will break my promise to you ; I will *not* marry you ; I will *never* be yours ; I will return to the stage, and to my old friends and lovers ; so take warning.

Your true sweetheart,

C. PAGE.”

On reading this *ultimatum*, the swarthy merchant stamped with rage, and tore the paper into a hundred pieces.

“ Ungrateful wretch ! vile woman ! hard-hearted monster ! ” muttered Barnstarke, irresolute what to do next.

He cast his heavy, blood-shot eyes towards Catherine’s window, with a roar of passion and anger ; then, turning on his heel, furiously left the garden, swearing that he would give her up for ever.

As he rode towards London, however, Silas Barnstarke’s rage cooled ; and he began to view Mistress Page’s conduct in quite another light. He began to tell himself that it was love for him, and care for his safety, that had caused her to act as she had done ; and in his soul he commended her prudence.

Not to behold Catherine Page, or to hear her voice for a month ! This thought funk Barnstarke's spirits, and filled him with a savage melancholy. He allowed his horse to fall into a walk as he meditated.

For the first time, a panic dread of infection seized upon him. He beheld distant lights across the fields ; links borne by those who were carrying bodies to their graves.

He saw dead-carts coming forth to start on their dreary round ; and he wondered how he could have remained so long and fearlessly in the midst of such dismal danger.

Thoughts long forgotten came crowding back : thoughts which had been chased away by Catherine Page, and by the excitement she had cast him into. These thoughts were the more overpowering and tormenting from their long absence ; they violently took possession of Barnstarke's mind, harassing and frightening him as of yore.

As he entered the city, he saw large fires luridly burning in the grass-grown streets ; he heard shriekings, groanings, and wailings ; he beheld bodies—some wrapt round in winding-sheets, some in their usual clothing, others naked—brought out and added to the pestilential burthen in the carts. Some houses looked dark and deserted, lights burnt

here and there in others. Before the doors of some of them stood watchmen with their halberts ; the doors of some few were wide open, but no one dare to venture in for spoil.

In a narrow street one light only was to be seen, dimly shining through a small window in a gable.

In the room it lighted, the last inhabitant of the house was lying dead : a poor servant girl who had crept up to her bed in horror and sickness, there to die alone. The candle she had lighted burnt beside her remains, rendering the solitary aspect of the narrow street more solitary still by its dim and steady shining.

As the merchant left this street he passed a company of drunken men ; who, rendered fool-hardy by drink, sang and blasphemed as they reeled along ; defying the plague to touch them, and breaking the awful, solemn silence of the town by shouts, that sounded diabolically and frantically through the heavy, oppressive, night air.

Barnstarke seemed to see and hear all these things for the first time ; and they made a fearful impression on his soul. He had hitherto been so taken up by his raging passion that he barely noticed them, or had looked on them as matters of course ; expecting from week to week that the bills of mortality would bear a less number of deaths,

and that trade and commerce would speedily revive. As for the pestilence touching *him*, he had never dreamt of such a thing.

On the evening in question, with his spirits depressed and his old thoughts preying upon him, an awful and great dread crept over him. Death seemed to stare him in the face,—he felt helpless before it.

Barnstarke, suddenly putting spurs to his horse, the sooner to reach his house, the sound of the ringing hoofs striking the paved way echoed clearly and sharply through the deserted streets.

As the merchant drew near his home, he heard a loud and sonorous voice; he beheld a red light approaching.

Suddenly through the gloom rushed, wild and frantic, Solomon Eagle; naked, powerful, and terrific. He threw his bare arms aloft; he smote his sounding breast: he denounced London and the inhabitants thereof.

As he passed Barnstarke, who had involuntarily reined in his horse, he was rapidly, and, as though in a phrensy, shouting out the crimes that had drawn a judgment, he said, on the city; repeating them several times over; his eyes glaring, his skin looking luridly red by the light of the burning charcoal he bore on his head.

“None shall escape ; neither the robber, nor the drunkard, nor the murderer, the foul murderer !”

He had paused on seeing Barnstarke, the only living man beside himself in the hot, dark street. He put his burning sinewy hand on the merchant’s knee ; fixed his wild, staring eyes on him, and cried loudly :

“Murder ! Murder ! If the murderers repent not, the fire of hell awaits them. Repent, ye murderers !”

Then again rushing on, he filled the turbid air with his wild shouts ; whilst Barnstarke, spurring his horse into a gallop, seemed as though flying through the night from his evil genius.

On reaching his home, the door was opened to him by his boy.

“Where’s Joyce, why does he not open the door ?” cried Barnstarke, angrily, as he pushed past the boy.

“He is sick, Sir ; and gone to his bed.”

“Sick ? What aileth him ?” asked the merchant, stopping suddenly.

“I can’t tell, Sir. He was seized in a moment. Send it be not the plague !”

“Lock him into his room, and bring me the key ;” cried Barnstarke, his heart sinking within him.

“ There’s no lock to the door, please, Sir ; only a latch.”

“ Hell and —— ” the merchant checked himself in the midst of his oath ; and, bidding the boy begone, sat himself down to sup.

Appetite he had none, but he drank until his brain began to grow confused ; hoping thus to chase grievous thoughts away, and to strengthen himself against the pestilence.

As the rich wine mounted to his head, Catherine in all her beauty filled his heart and soul ; false peace stole over him ; he reposèd in his large, high-backed chair in a state of delusion and short-lived beatitude.

Tired and languid, Barnstarke began to sleep ; the image of Catherine Page still present to his imagination, all else misty or forgotten.

The door of the room was suddenly thrown open ; a loud cry aroused the merchant, and words of despair smote his ear.

“ I am a dead man ! The tokens are upon me ! Master, save me, save me ! I *cannot* die. Oh ! save me from death. Oh ! preserve my life : may Heaven have mercy on me ! ”

Before Barnstarke stood Joyce, his servant.

He was half naked, with one of his blankets cast about him.

His face was livid ; his eyes were dim and sunk in the orbits ; his teeth chattered ; and he shivered with fever and despair.

“Get thee gone, Sirrah ; go to thy bed ;” roared Barnstarke, starting from his chair, and eyeing the being before him in dread and fury.

“Save me !” shrieked Joyce. “Oh ! master, do not let me die. Let me stay here. Oh ! send for the physician, or in an hour I may be dead. Do not desert me, and Heaven will reward you. Just now when I awoke, I felt somewhat uneasy about my breast. I looked ; I beheld the tokens. Oh ! Sir, send for help before it is too late : do not let me die !”

With these words the poor man frantically cast himself at Barnstarke’s feet ; embracing his knees, and sending his poisoned breath upon him from his upturned mouth.

“May Heaven damn thee ! Let me go,” cried the merchant, attempting to force Joyce to let go his hold ; but he clung with the strength of despair, still entreating his master to send for help and to save him.

“Let me go, fool, or I’ll murder thee !” roared Barnstarke, grinding his teeth with rage.

Still poor trembling Joyce embraced his knees, and besought him.

Barnstarke spoke not another word, but struck his servant in the face with the whole might of his strong arm; rendered doubly strong by fury and horror.

The blood spurted forth; and Joyce, with death upon him, fell moaning and fainting to the ground.

Barnstarke cast one look upon the ghastly, dying being he had just struck down; then going to his bureau he filled his pockets with coin; took his pistols and loaded them; threw his cloak across his arm; drank a long draught of sack; took the light and left the room; locking Joyce in, lest he should rise again and follow him.

The merchant crept from his own house as though he had been a thief. The thought of the bare possibility of being there shut up with dead and dying, to breathe poison and himself to die—perhaps the last, with none to tend him—filled guilty Barnstarke with such panic-dread that his heart beat with so strong a pulsation, he was fain to stay a moment and press his clenched hand against his breast.

He did not feel safe until, having himself saddled the strongest of his steeds and led him forth, he put his foot in the stirrup, mounted and rode away; thus, as he hoped, flying from death in all its horror.

As he left the city, a distant clock slowly struck twelve.

It seemed as though a solemn voice was calling away the souls of the righteous; so calmly did the sound ring through the air.

Barnstarke rode hard, and was soon abroad in the open country. As he went, he strove mightily to push away the tormenting thought that the clinging grasp of Joyce and his feverish breath had, perhaps, sown in him the seeds of death.

His hand trembled as he held the reins, and the sweat burst forth, as he thought on the despairing embrace which he still seemed to feel about his knees.

“Tush! I am well. I feel strong and vigorous. Many have handled both dying men and dead, and have lived through it. A ride through the fresh night air, and the sack I have drank, are enough to keep the pestilence at bay, and I have nought to fear.”

With such like reflections, Barnstarke tried to fortify himself; but a panic-fear was upon him, and it was all in vain that he tried to shake it off.

It was in vain too that he tried to fix his mind on the recollection of Catherine Page and her beauty.

Her image would appear for a instant, to

be chased away by black thoughts and guilty dread.

Passion was dead within him.

On he went.

As he rode through villages, he could see a light burning here and there, with tranquil ray, in small casements beneath the thatched roof.

Watch-dogs, disturbed by the clang of the horse's hoofs, barked long and loudly after him ; their bark being the only sound of life that smote his ear.

Towards morning he beheld the moon setting behind a clump of firs ; and the beautiful morning-star shining bright, clear, and cold, with white, pure ray, in the high heavens. How different was the country, with its fresh, healthy air, and sweet smells, from London, full of ghastly sights, pestilence, despair and death.

The wholesome air and the sweet smells of the country touched Barnstarke no more than the sight of the moon setting with a sort of supernatural serenity behind the dark fir trees ; or the morning-star with its tranquil, sublime beauty.

His head was heavy, a burning thirst was upon him ; and he longed to reach some inn where he might rest awhile and refresh himself.

As night disappeared and birds began to chirp

and to hop forth, whilst the rosy and saffron colours that tinged the east announced that the life-giving sun was at hand, the merchant spied a distant and well-known way-side inn.

He fiercely spurred his willing though tired horse and reached the long-desired spot.

Before the inn door stood the square-built ostler, who had jumped from his truckle-bed into his clothes, and had plunged his face and hands into the horse-trough by way of cleanliness.

He was gaping and scratching his head as Barnstarke drew near; but, on seeing a traveller trotting along the London road, he retreated into the inn-yard, shut to the gate, and mounting a ladder, proceeded to reconnoitre the merchant over the wall.

“ You be from London ? ” he cried, as Barnstarke stopped his horse.

“ What of that ? I want breakfast and an hour’s rest. Come and take my beast.”

“ Ah ! not such a fool. I’m not going to catch the plague, I can tell ‘ee. We bain’t far enough from London to let travellers in from there. I see death in your face.”

“ I’ll pay you double.”

At these words the ostler scratched his head and reflected; whilst the cock crowed in gal-

lant style, and the red sun appeared above the horizon.

“ You bide there, and I’ll toss you a feed of hay over the wall for your nag ; and get master to let you down a can of beer, and some bread and cheese from the window.”

So saying, the man disappeared.

Barnstarke dismounted ; loosened the girths, took the bit from the horse’s mouth, and washed the dusty nag’s muzzle in the cool water of the trough.

The horse stretched out his head and shook himself ; whilst his master sat himself down on a bench before the door, wearily closing his eyes and hanging his head ; the ruddy beams of the rising sun tinging his falk and fallow countenance with a passing glow.

Anon the hay was thrown over the wall, and the horse proceeded to munch his welcome feast.

Then, too, from an upper window, the host, in his nightcap, let down a shining can of ale ; on the top of which was balanced a huge slice of bread, supporting its accompaniment of cheese.

Barnstarke seized the can. The cold metal was refreshing to his burning hands ; and he drained off the cool, fresh ale, to the last drop. He tried to eat, but the food stuck in his throat, and he left his morning meal unfinished.

“ You can’t stop here, poisoning the place,” quoth the landlord from the window. “ If you want to sleep you must go into the fields. I don’t think you be long for this world, anyhow: a babe might tell you’re a breeding of the plague. Here! put your reckoning in the vinegar, and get you gone.”

With these words he let down a pot of hot vinegar, into which Barnstarke dropped the money without speaking a word.

As soon as his horse had fed, Barnstarke again set out.

The words of the landlord and his ostler rang in his ears, adding to the agony of his mind.

All doors were shut against him.

In passing through a country town he vainly tried to interest a physician in his favour.

The doctor would only survey him from an upper window, asking him a few questions, and banging to his casement with the words :

“ Drink as much sack as you can, my good man, and get you home and die.”

Wearisome was the way, and slowly sped the time.

Barnstarke had, as usual, galloped over the common, the scene of Lovell’s murder.

He beheld the stone with the inscription.

On the weather-beaten gibbet that had once sup-

ported the body of Abraham Jarvis, sat a raven which, croaking, flew slowly away as Barnstarke galloped past.

“ ‘Twas a double murder ! ” cried Barnstarke ; and then, startled by the sound of his own voice, he whispered :—“ A double murder, a double murder. If I die, what am I the better for it ? ”

In the middle of the day, the merchant, with his horse’s rein over his arm, laid him down to sleep beneath an old oak, which stood alone in a wide field.

A heavy sleep came over him, and for two or three hours he lay as one dead, fanned by the gentle summer breeze that whispered through the shivering grass around him and the sheltering leaves above.

On awakening he felt better : but his head was giddy and his limbs stiff ; which he imagined to proceed from his long riding.

He sat up, asking himself the oft-repeated question :

“ *Have I the plague ? Must I die ?* ”

Then he would reply :—

“ *Tush ! I am out of sorts for want of sleep. My life is good : I have many years before me wherein to take my pleasure. I shall be better after a night’s rest.* ”

Hearose heavily, and with aching limbs remounted his strong steed.

As the distance increased between Barnstarke and London, people became less suspicious, though they still eyed the merchant with some distrust ; looking after him as he sped along.

Late at night, unable any longer to sit his horse, he halted before a large inn ; taking care before doing so, however, to walk his horse gently past it ; then turning his head towards London, Barnstarke trotted him up to the gateway as though he had been riding from the country.

The merchant's head ached, and a burning sensation spread within his chest, whilst he shook with fever and anxiety.

He called for a bottle of sack, together with a pipe of tobacco, the smoking of which soothed for awhile the throbbing of his head, and calmed his agitation.

No sooner did he stretch himself out in his cool bed, than a deep sleep fell upon him ; but although it was deep it was restless.

Barnstarke moaned and muttered ; turned over wearily, and dreamt the confused and burning dreams of fever.

He thought he was on a vast and arid sandy plain, the sun darting down upon him his scorching

rays ; whilst thirst consumed him, and huge slimy serpents rolled and crawled over each other, reared themselves up from time to time and darted at his head with open jaws, emitting a deathlike stench. He tried to fly, but could not raise his foot. Then a long and thick gray snake wound around his knees, and he thought he heard the voice of Joyce calling on him. The voice appeared to come from on high, sounding far distant, piercing and unearthly ; changing suddenly into that of Lovell, and crying loudly in his ear—“Come, Silas ! come, come !” The snake wound around his body ; and, darting his small pointed head beneath his arm, gnawed him, he thought, to the bone. In vain he tried to drag the serpent’s head away ; it seemed to grow to him, still gnawing his flesh with burning bite.

With a violent effort Barnstarke awoke, and started up in his bed ; a faint sweat bedewing his trembling limbs.

Thick darkness was around him : he seemed still to feel the gnawing snake.

He raised his hand and touched his arm-pit.

The touch pained him : and a blow, as of a keen sword, smote his panic-stricken soul.

He jumped from his bed, and, groping in the dark, struck a light.

Then, tearing off his shirt with shaking hands, he raised his arm, and fixed his eyes on the spot where the serpent of his dreams had buried its poisonous fangs.

A roar of agony burst from Barnstarke.

He threw himself on the ground; and, for the first time since childhood, big scalding tears burst from his eyes and ran down his cheeks; whilst moans escaped from his heaving breast.

Barnstarke had beheld a plague-boil beneath his arm!

In that supreme moment, the riches he had toiled and finned for were of no avail to comfort him: he would have given them all to have removed that token, or to have freed himself from the agony of that hour.

He lay grovelling on the floor; his soul shaken, and afraid to meet death: his crimes starting up before him in all the freshness of reality; no one at hand to succour and to comfort him: rich, friendless, alone and the hand of death upon him.

Thus did he lie till break of day; ever and anon touching and looking at the aching, growing boil; as though he would fain have thought it all a dream, and that the next touch and look would assure him that it was so.

But no ; there was the pain, and there was the burning tumour.

Barnstarke felt the solitude about him to be insupportable ; and yet, coward-like, he dreaded to call for help and remedies.

It seemed that so doing would be, as it were, a confirming of his malady and of his death.

He arose from the ground and slowly dressed himself.

Daylight and travelling appearing to him to be a flying from death, a remedy against disease.

Barnstarke was consumed by so burning a thirst, that nought on earth seemed capable of quenching it, or of cooling the fiery heat of his mouth and throat.

A feverish drowsiness was upon him, rendering him scarce alive to outward objects, though his dejected mind dwelt with preternatural clearness on the evil deeds of his past life : his long-enslaved conscience shaking off its chains, and starting up to shout those deeds to his startled soul ; scaring him with a great and horrible dread of the darkness of the grave, and the never-ending life beyond it.

The day was a day of scorching heat and dry fultriness.

The dust raised by the horse's hoofs added to Barnstarke's bodily torments ; whilst beneath his

arms the swelling plague-boils grew in pain from hour to hour.

As the long summer's day wore on, the drowsiness which had seized upon the merchant gave place to a rising delirium, rendered worse by the burning sun, and by the lack of cooling air.

The torments of conscience then took another form.

Instead of reproaches, and pictures of never-ending woe in another world ; his guilty conscience, still acting within him, even in his feverish delirium, pictured to him the form of his murdered kinsman riding beside him.

This spectre of Barnstarke's raving brain stared upon him with glazed and staring eyes, never once dropping the stiffened lids over the balls. The mouth was open, (so thought the merchant) black, and full of clotted blood, as he had seen it on the long and horrible night he had passed alone with Lovell's corpse.

Barnstarke turned away his dull and muddy eyes.

Vain precaution ! on whichever side he looked he still beheld the ghost conjured up by delirium and an evil conscience.

Then he spurred and flogged his jaded horse, who, covered with dust and lather, sped along panting beneath the spur and lash ; his veins swollen,

his eyes staring, and his large nostrils crimson and dilated.

The sensible animal knew the oft-travelled way ; carrying his dying master towards his ill-gotten home ; who pitilessly goaded him, shouting, “murder !” as he went ; rousing peaceful villagers from their toil by the loud, ferocious, and unnatural tone of his strong voice.

They gazed after him as he rode, shook their heads, and declared, as they resumed their work, that he was “some poor, crazy creature,” or one who had taken “a cup too much : a noisy lot !” Some cried : “Shame !” as they beheld the poor horse ; others hoped that the rider might “fall off and break his good-for-nothing neck.”

Late in the afternoon, Barnstarke drew near his mansion : the mansion he had caused to be fitted up so splendidly, therein to pass long years of rest and happiness : the mansion he had obtained through the ruin of another man.

The sultriness of the day was such that not a leaf stirred.

The birds chirped and sang languidly ; the cattle stood with drooping heads in streams or beneath trees.

On galloped Barnstarke, crying in furious, despairing voice, that he was a murderer ; that hell

was opening before him ; that serpents were gnawing him, and that demons were stifling him with their hot breath : and still he lashed his straining horse, defying Lovell to keep up with him.

The sky was calm, of deepest blue, and cloudless, except towards the sea ; over which spread a huge dark, lurid, thundercloud. The heavy mass came boldly and slowly up against the wind ; its black breast marked here and there with smaller clouds of a yellowish white ; whilst the indented and deep edges of it shone bright as silver.

On sailed the heavy cloud majestically over the downs, screening them from the red and scorching sun ; effacing the bright lights and bringing them to one uniform shade ; causing them to look bleak and very dreary.

Walter Barnstarke, calm and happy in age as he had ever been in childhood and youth, watched the grand approach of the immense cloud ; listening to the distant, deep roar of the thunder, so full, round, and sublime, whilst he heaved a soft sigh and worshipped in his heart.

The Parson had passed the latter part of that still, sultry afternoon beneath one of the tall beeches in the avenue leading to the home of his fathers.

He had read in Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," his favourite work.

He had read with meek and serious attention ; then, shutting the book, he sat surveying the landscape, as with a heart full of peace and pious thoughts, he meditated on his late reading ; laying it to heart, and gently wishing for the day of death, which had nought of terror for his righteous soul.

A gleam of yellow lightning shone about the advancing cloud ; followed, at a long interval, by an echoing peal of rumbling thunder.

Walter arose from his mossy seat beneath the beech-tree.

A light breeze sprung up, as though it issued from the bosom of the frowning cloud. It gently stirred leaves and branches, whilst the corn in the meadows waved refreshingly beneath it.

The Parson walked quickly down the avenue, hoping to reach his home before the storm burst over him ; well knowing how anxious old Joanna would be if she thought he was out in it : poor Joanna, so aged, so feeble, so bent, and so dear to his heart.

As Walter opened the iron gate to quit the avenue, the black cloud passed over the sun, and darkened the atmosphere. The birds loudly twittered, the wind freshened, and a vivid flash of lightning was soon followed by a loud peal of

thunder, together with a few large, heavy drops of rain.

Just then, a voice, as of one in fear and trouble, smote on Walter's ear.

He listened—again and again he heard the cry.

There was something so unearthly and diabolical in the sound, combined with the distant thunder and the dusky lurid light, that a shudder passed over Walter as he leant a startled ear: his heart chilled within him.

The voice drew nearer.

“Murder!” it cried.

The Parson at once hurried in the direction of it, hoping to carry succour to him who raised his voice in such frantic despair.

Walter heard hoofs at full speed; he beheld a horseman galloping along the road, waving his arms, and shouting “Murder! murder!” as he rode.

He stepped aside as the man galloped past.

What a shudder ran over him! how his brotherly heart sunk within him!

It was Silas, his hard-hearted but still loved brother, who sped furiously past him!

The horse turned towards the avenue; but, blind with over-exertion, he ran his head against the iron gate, falling stunned with his rider beside him.

Walter hurried up, and helped his brother to arise.

“Is it you, Walter?” inquired Silas, looking vacantly at him.

“Yes—what aileth thee? what is the matter, Silas?”

Silas grasped Walter’s arm, and, putting his lips close to his brother’s ear, he said :

“The plague hath struck me! I am a murderer: ’twas I who shot Lovell. Oh! murder, murder! *That* brought the plague on the city. Oh! Oh!” and the merchant roared, tearing his hair in agony of mind and body.

Walter, full of horror as he was, dreamt not of flying from his death-giving brother.

He calmed his disturbed thoughts, and, taking Silas by the arm, led him towards the house.

The flashes of lightning were becoming more and more frequent, shining vividly blue and forked; the thunder crashing and echoing, and the rain beginning to dash down, as the sifhing wind, increased in force, bent the tops of the tall trees.

Walter called out in a loud voice, as they drew near the mansion.

The servants, five or six in number, ran forth on hearing the cry.

“Stand back!” cried Walter. “Your master

is sick : he is from Town : make his bed quickly ; and then leave the house, lest you be infected."

The servants turned pale on hearing these words, and on beholding the distressed horror imprinted on Barnstarke's countenance, and the disarray of his dress.

His cries of agony, as he threw himself on the ground when he entered the house, rang mournfully through it, accompanied by the roaring thunder, the dashing rain, and the moaning wind.

The servants, having made his bed ready, sped from the house in terror, in spite of the raging storm around them.

Walter called after them to bid them tell Joanna that he should shelter for the night at the "great house."

Walter was left alone with his raving brother.

He succeeded in getting him to his bed, and tried to soothe the raging pains of his arms by warm applications ; whilst his pure soul trembled at the frantic confessions of Silas.

The storm continued for hours to rage above them ; Barnstarke's unearthly voice, raised in loud cries, ringing through the house.

Towards morning the storm rolled away ; and towards morning the merchant recovered his scattered sensés.

Then his bodily agony was felt by him in all its force.

He sprang from his bed, and rolled himself naked on the cool oaken floor.

Walter, with grave and pitying looks, knelt down beside him. He had seen so much of death that he knew his brother's end was at hand : besides he beheld the fatal purple spots spreading over the merchant's body.

“ Brother,” cried the Parson, and his gentle voice trembled, “ thou art about to die. Try and master thyself awhile, and prepare thy soul for its departure.”

Barnstarke supported himself on his hands, and fixed his dull eyes anxiously on Walter's.

“ Die ? die ? ” he cried. “ No I *cannot* die : I *will* not die ! Walter, keep death from me ! Pray for me : save me, save me from the grave. I am not fit to die. I am a murderer ; my crimes appal me : hell will be my portion. Oh ! wretch that I am. Oh ! miserable, miserable man ! ”

With these words Barnstarke smote his head against the floor, crying out under his intolerable pains ; and startling Walter with his oaths and blasphemies, as well as by his terrific struggles against death.

The merchant threw his arms around his unre-

fisting brother, entreating him to save him, if only for a week, if only for a day, that he might repent; then again intense pain made him to writhe, and to shout with the voice of a hopeless demon.

Walter watched him in mute horror.

Suddenly Barnstarke sprang up, stretched his arms towards his brother; staggered a step or two; stared wildly; tried in vain to speak, and fell back senseless on the floor.

His agony was short: after an awful struggle his guilty spirit fled. He gave a mighty cry, as though the soul wounded the body in its flight.

Then a death-like silence fell around.

There, naked and disfigured, lay the lord of thousands: unavailing his vast riches to recall him to life; unavailing his bold crimes to save him from death; his life a span—his eternity endless torment.

Walter knelt down and gently closed his brother's mouth and starting eyes, composed his limbs, and threw a sheet about him.

“Alas! alas!” he cried, “Oh! what a death!” then entered the next room, and fell upon his knees, as the gray dawn was breaking over the face of the still country.

On his knees he long remained, composing his mind after the horror he had gone through.

He tried ardently to believe that the damning deeds confessed with such agony and terror by Silas, were only visions brought before him by the delirium of fever; and yet the merchant had never varied as he repeated them.

His words had sounded too real to be the mere representatives of phantasm.

Walter felt ill. A death-like sickness was upon him; and he shivered slightly from time to time.

“ This may be,” he thought, “ nought but want of sleep, and the effects of the awe I have been shaken by; or it may be the beginnings of death! The will of Heaven be done! and may I have strength to bear my pains and to die as becometh a Christian ! ”

The Parson sat him down beside an upper window.

The storm of the night before had freshened the air, and a ruffling breeze was blowing the drops of rain from the trees, whilst all nature looked gay and revived.

A few boughs, torn from the trees by the wind of the tempest, were lying on the fresh, green grass; which glittered, covered with bright drops, beneath the mounting sun.

The lowing of herds in distant meads reached

Walter's ear, combined with the whistle of a shepherd stepping forth to view his flocks.

The vicar sighed a resigned sigh as he thought on the horrible death which probably awaited him ; but, in his soul, there was no panic-dread or frantic terror.

A religious awe descended on his calm spirit, and he bowed his head beneath the expected blow.

Then came thoughts of his parish ; and what means were to be taken to save his flock, if possible, from the pestilence.

As he reflected, he heard the sound of voices and footsteps in the avenue.

Two or three farmers of Walter's parish were drawing near, with offers of their hearty services.

He called to them from the window, bidding them only to approach sufficiently to be able to hear his words ; for that death was in the house, and the plague might spread to them and to others.

He then informed them that his brother was no more, and that he himself was stricken : that he had perhaps but few hours to live ; but that if he died no one should lament for him.

He begged them to send some who would dig a grave for Barnstarke ; adding that he would bury him with his own hands.

Walter's voice faltered a little as he bade his

friends take care of poor old Joanna and comfort her in her sorrow.

He then begged them to give her the little money they would find in his *bureau*; in which they were also to look for his agreement with Silas Barnstarke concerning the loan of the thousand pounds left to him by his uncle.

The Parson, then and there, made two of the farmers present his executors; begging them to have the sum put to interest as they should see fit; and that the profit should every Christmas be distributed among such poor persons as should stand in need of it.

Walter bade farewell to his silent and sorrowful listeners; thanked them for their offers of succour; sent his blessing to all his flock, and left the window, with an intreaty that no one would come near the house till the next day, as he had all he needed.

Labourers soon appeared in front of the old mansion.

Walter watched them as they silently dug a deep, wide grave, and then departed; leaving a spade stuck in the fresh mould, wherewith to fill it.

Walter opened the door of the room containing his brother's body.

He proceeded reverently to wind it in a sheet:

made sad the while by the stern, defying, hardened, yet horrified expression of the stiffened features.

Walter kissed Barnstarke's cheek ; and a warm tear fell on the dead-man's cold breast.

Silas had died in his own room on the ground-floor ; but his brother felt such a languid faintness that it was with great difficulty he was able to remove the body to the grave.

The sun was brightly shining ; the freshness of morning was still in the sky and on the earth.

There was a cheerful stir on all around, caused by a brisk breeze ; whilst the sky-larks sang as though wild with the loveliness of the day.

Walter Barnstarke repeated some portion of the service for the dead over his brother's corpse ; then, as well as he was able, lowered him into his lone grave.

Softly and gently he covered Silas with earth : until the white sheet and the body it contained were hidden beneath it.

Walter filled but half the grave ; and then with trembling knees, and uncertain gait regained the house.

There now remained no doubt on the Parson's mind.

He felt ; he knew ; that the plague was burning in his veins.

He opened his breast.

There were the fatal tokens !

Walter Barnstarke remained awhile in meditation ; firmly and patiently looking death in the face.

He then strengthened himself by dipping bread in wine, and so taking it ; having yet a task to perform.

This was to burn his brother's clothes and bed-coverings.

As he took Silas' black velvet doublet, covered by the dust of the journey, a letter fell from one of the pockets.

Walter opened it.

It was Catherine Page's letter, containing her soft, perfumed "moustaches."

"Poor Silas!" thought Walter, as he gave letter and all to the flames.

He had but just finished this task of charity, when he fell into a swoon ; overcome by his exertions and the heat of the fire.

On recovering from it a cold sweat burst out from every pore.

Walter knew that his moments were but few.

He thanked heaven that no torment came near him ; full of pain and hard to bear as were the torments of Silas.

It was a sickening faintness, a burning thirst, a high fever, and a rapid, but gradual, wasting of life that he felt.

The whole of that beautiful day there was a solemn stillness spread over the little village ; like unto the silence that pervades a house in which a beloved being lies dying.

The children neither laughed nor played, awed by the grave looks and sad discoursing of their elders.

Their pastor to be suddenly taken from them ; dying alone of so dire a disease ; filled the hearts of all with dread and sorrow.

His last directions touched them with a lively gratitude ; and they waited for the morrow with fear and anxiety.

Walter gathered together his little remaining strength ; and, with tottering steps and heavy breathing, he left the house, to die beside the grave which had received his crime-tormented brother : and which was soon to receive him.

As he sat himself down on the green turf, casting a last look on earth and sky and all the natural beauties he so fondly loved, he little thought that, at that moment, he was lord of thousands : owner of nearly all the land that met his patient, languid eyes ; whilst Silas, who had amassed it

all, could not even call the earth that covered him his own.

The day had reached that point, radiant and glowing, when afternoon and evening meet. The gay breeze had died away ; the sky was without a cloud : everything was hushed, calm and tranquil ; as though nature paused reverently to look on the peaceful death of a righteous man.

The hour was at hand.

Walter's last prayer was on his lips, when, redoubled faintness coming over him, he sank gently down beside Silas' grave ; and, with the sweat of death upon him, lost all consciousness in a deep and fatal swoon : still thanking Heaven, as he fell, for so gentle a departing.

During that long swoon, Walter's spotless soul left the body ; his countenance after death wearing an expression of gentle patience and tranquil resignation, which told better than words can tell, how just and holy and righteous his peaceful life had been.

The king, as “universal heir”—none other being forthcoming, and no will having been made— inherited all Silas Barnstarke's worldly possessions.

Was it for this, then, that he denied himself,

toiled hard, and committed crimes to the losing of his soul?

Oh! fool, of few days and of uncertain life: why didst thou give thy heart to such poor wisdom as crafty, worldly wisdom? wherefore didst thou gather together no better treasures than land and gold?

Can'st thou enjoy them in the grave?—wilt thou find them again in eternity?

“*Vanitas vanitatum, et omnia vanitas!*”

THE END.

By the Author of “Silas Barnstarke.”

I.

THE SCHOOL FOR FATHERS.

An Old English Story.

By T. Gwynne.

One Volume, Crown 8vo. Price 10s. 6d.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

“‘The School for Fathers’ is one of the cleverest, most brilliant, genial, and instructive stories that we have read since the publication of ‘Jane Eyre.’ It is one of those volumes that you cannot dip into for a moment without feeling instantly that you are in gifted and accomplished company. The style is at once simple, vigorous, and decisive. It places the scenes and circumstances with which it deals before you in the most striking and delightful manner by a few effective strokes. The story is one which many fathers would do well to read and reflect upon. The snatches of domestic scenes, and peeps into the country, give a charm to the volume; which is not burdened with a single page or passage that you desire to skip.”—*Eclectic Review.*

“The pleasantest tale we have read for many a day. It is a story of the *Tatler* and *Spectator* days, and is very fitly associated with that time of good English literature by its manly feeling, direct, unaffected manner of writing, and nicely-managed, well-turned narrative. The characters have all of them the air of reality—the charm derivable only from what one feels to have been sincerely observed; and the effect is genuine and perfectly satisfactory. The descriptions are excellent; some of the country painting is as fresh as a landscape by Constable, or an idyl by Alfred Tennyson.”—*Examiner.*

“The materials of this story are thoroughly new; and the contrasts of manners and character they afford are many and effective. Minute and careful painting of scenes, originality in the conception of persons, living individuality of character, and variety of incident—these are the leading features of Mr. Gwynne’s book. It is capital as a picture of town and country a century ago; and is emphatically the freshest, raciest, and most artistic piece of fiction that has lately come in our way.”—*Nonconformist.*

“A more masterly performance than this has rarely appeared in the world of fiction. It is a book to draw tears, alike by its highly comic effects and its deeply tragic touches. The persons seem to be moving before the reader’s eyes, and their voices sound in his ears. There is all that wonderful power which Fielding’s pen possessed in tracing out the secret working of the human heart, and in setting forth peculiarities and follies in caricatures of richest humour.”—*John Bull.*

THE SCHOOL FOR DREAMERS.

BY T. GWYNNE.

One Volume, Crown 8vo. Price 10s. 6d.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

“The master-limner of the follies of mankind, the author of ‘The School for Fathers,’ has produced another tale, to the full as attractive as the former, and abounding with traits of exquisite humour and fallies of sparkling wit. The book is, what few books are, a rich treat.”—*John Bull*.

“‘The School for Dreamers’ may be credited with life, humour, and vigour. There is a spirit of enjoyment in Mr. Gwynne’s descriptions which indicates a genial temperament, as well as a shrewd eye.”—*Athenæum*.

“Mr. Gwynne touches the conventional absurdities as well as the proprieties of life with a masterly hand, and by a few strokes of singular delicacy lays bare the follies and the sensibilities of mankind.”—*Bell’s Messenger*.

“A story which inculcates a sound and sensible moral in a manner equally delightful and effective. The style is fresh, fragrant, and vigorous; the characters are strongly marked, and the incidents interwoven with skill and ingenuity.”—*Morning Post*.

“There is pith in the writing. The descriptions, whether of persons or things, are true and life-like. The personages, too, are realities, and talk and act naturally. Throughout the story, the reader’s attention never flags.”—*Critic*.

“There is purpose in the present story. It is, in effect, a biting satire upon ultra-devotion to the crude and undigested mouthings of the leveller and the socialist.”—*Weekly Dispatch*.

“‘The School for Dreamers,’ a powerfully and skilfully written book, is intended to show the mischief and danger of following imagination instead of judgment, in the practical business of life. The characters of the tale are ably sketched, and the incidents effectively described.”—*Literary Gazette*.

“An admirable and caustic satire on equality and fraternity theories.”—*Britannia*.

“One of those clever books which lift the veil from delusion.”—*Era*.

LONDON:

SMITH, ELDER, AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

June 1853.

A CATALOGUE
OF
New and Standard Books,

PUBLISHED BY

SMITH, ELDER AND CO.,

65, CORNHILL, LONDON.

Works in the Press.

I.

THE STONES OF VENICE. Volume the Second.
THE SEA STORIES.

By JOHN RUSKIN, Esq.,

Author of "Modern Painters," "Seven Lamps of
Architecture," &c.

Imperial 8vo, with Twenty Plates, and numerous Wood-cuts,
from Drawings by the Author, price 2*l.* 2*s.*

(*Next month.*)

II.

MEMORANDUMS MADE IN IRELAND IN THE
AUTUMN OF 1852.

By JOHN FORBES, M.D.,

Author of "The Physician's Holiday."

Two Vols., Post 8vo, with Illustrations, price 1*l.* 1*s.*

(*Now ready.*)

III.

LECTURES ON THE ENGLISH HUMOURISTS.

By W. M. THACKERAY, Esq.

Author of "Esmond," "Vanity Fair," &c.

In One Volume, crown 8vo., price 10*s.* 6*d.*

(*Just ready.*)

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

IV.

MUSIC IN GERMANY.

By HENRY F. CHORLEY, Esq.

Two Volumes, post 8vo.

V.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF SILAS BARNSTARKE.

By TALBOT GWYNNE, Esq.,

Author of

"The School for Fathers," and "The School for Dreamers."

One Volume, crown 8vo., price 10s. 6d.

(Nearly ready.)

VI.

TRAITS OF AMERICAN INDIAN LIFE.

By a FUR TRADER.

Post 8vo.

(Now ready.)

VII.

THE BHILSA TOPES;

Or, Buddhist Monuments of Central India.

By MAJOR A. CUNNINGHAM.

One Volume, 8vo, with Numerous Illustrations.

VIII.

AVILLION, AND OTHER TALES.

By the Author of "Olive," "The Head of the Family," &c.

Three Volumes, post 8vo.

New Travels.

I.

TWO THOUSAND MILES' RIDE THROUGH THE ARGENTINE PROVINCES : with an Account of Buenos Ayres, the Rio de la Plata, Monte Video, &c.
By WILLIAM McCANN, Esq. 2 Vols., post 8vo, with Illustrations. Price 24s. cloth.

“The animated narrative of an observant and sensible man; which enables the reader vividly to realize the regions the author traversed. It contains much general information of value to commercial men, and a full history of the recent civil war.”—*British Quarterly Review*.

“A complete hand-book for the Argentine Provinces, giving a lucid and intelligible account of their political condition.”—*New Quarterly Review*.

“This is neither a history, a commercial and political treatise, nor a book of travels, but a mixture of all three; containing good and instructive matter, much local knowledge of Buenos Ayres, and information concerning the Banda Oriental, and Paraguay.”—*Athenaeum*.

“Two highly interesting volumes, descriptive and historical, handsomely illustrated, and characterized by highly agreeable reading qualities.”—*Weekly Dispatch*.

“As a traveller Mr. MacCann is amusing; and the vigilance of his observation, and accuracy of his intelligence are remarkable.”—*Morning Advertiser*.

“Mr. McCann's volumes present an admirable account of life in the Argentine Provinces. The incidents of his adventures are replete with interest, practical value, and amusement.”—*Literary Gazette*.

II.

THE SECOND BURMESE WAR.

A NARRATIVE OF THE OPERATIONS AT RANGOON.

By Lieut. WILLIAM F. B. LAURIE, Madras Artillery.
Post 8vo, with Map, Plans, and Views. Price 10s. 6d. cloth.

“The events of the current campaign are here condensed into a well-replenished volume, written on the very theatre of war, and illustrated by skilfully-drawn plans of each important scene of action. A concise account of the Burmese Empire is furnished by the author, who combines with his talent for research a lively style of narrative.”—*Globe*.

“The work before us is a military narrative, told in the cheerful tone of an officer who is proud of his profession, and anxious to do justice to his comrades: there is nothing about himself. It is illustrated by plans, views, and sections, and is calculated to remove many erroneous impressions as to the character of the second Burmese war.”—*Literary Gazette*.

“This volume exhibits war in its details, as seen by the subaltern, and in its larger aspects as picked up from the gossip and criticism of the camp. Mr. Laurie varies actual warfare by the antiquities of the country, and a description of the temples and tenets of Gaudama—a variety of Buddhism.”—*Spectator*.

“An interesting account of the recent operations in Burmah; the details of which, the maps and plans in the book enable us fully to understand.”—*New Quarterly Review*.

“A rapid narrative, in soldierly style, of the warlike operations at Rangoon.”—*Athenaeum*.

New Fictions.

I.

AMABEL.

By MARY ELIZABETH WORMELEY.

In Three Volumes.

"This fiction displays ability of a high kind. Miss Wormeley has considerable knowledge of society, much skill in depicting its persons and salient features, with the penetration to pierce below the surface. She is gifted, besides, with considerable power of reflection, and her manner is easy and effective. The characters are well conceived and sustained; many of the latter parts possess considerable and rapid interest, and the composition is buoyant and animated."—*Spectator*.

"'Amabel' embodies four great phases of a woman's life, of which love is the active element, is remarkable for intensity of sentiment, for its vigorous and polished diction, great range of scene and character, and for an originality and energy, developed by the principal persons figuring in it, who are all drawn by a master hand; and it is, in effect, perfect as a work of its class, and may be looked upon as a decided success."—*Weekly Dispatch*.

"An exceedingly interesting story, developed with fine womanly tact, and related in a style at once simple, polished, and eloquent. To enforce the moral that love, the principle, not the passion, infused into our duties, works its own reward, is the task undertaken by the writer of this pathetic and deeply affecting story, and that moral is beautifully held up to admiration and adoption throughout the chequered career of the heroine Amabel, in whose affliction and recompenses the reader feels a lively interest."—*Globe*.

"This work is of a very high order; scarcely inferior to 'Ruth,' with which, indeed, it has much in common. Miss Wormeley writes with a flow of fresh and healthy sentiment, affording proof that she has followed the human emotions to their source. The characters are living men and women."—*Weekly Chronicle*.

"There is a deep meaning in this tale. The characters are exceedingly well-drawn; that of the heroine in particular. In the latter portion of the work the interest is of the deepest kind; the force and pathos of its final scenes are enough to entitle the authoress to consideration, and of the highest order."—*Sun*.

"Miss Wormeley imparts to her scenes and characters an interest which must place them in the first class of fiction. The trials of Amabel, her Christian love, the fountain of pure integrity, that gives freshness to her whole life, make her a study for everyone's improvement. The book contains moving spirit, stirring absorbing scenes and events, and the persons are real flesh and blood."—*Morning Advertiser*.

"This is one of the best novels which have lately come under our notice. The story is a perfect romance of real life. The authoress has an easy, graceful style, her dialogues are animated and natural, and her descriptions truthful and attractive. 'Amabel' is a remarkable work. It is rife with interest; the principal character is beautifully and truly drawn. Let our readers procure these delightful volumes."—*Sunday Times*.

"'Amabel' is a good addition to fictitious literature; it inculcates true principles, and is written with a purpose that everyone must appreciate. It contains some powerful writing, and reflections that strike us by their truth and depth of observation. Miss Wormeley's power lies in her knowledge of the female heart: every turn, every stage of love, from the mere passion to the principle."—*Court Journal*.

"A charming tale, which will delight the taste and elevate the mind. For vigour of delineation and freshness of manner, it is one of the very best specimens of fiction that has come before us this season."—*Bell's Messenger*.

"'Amabel' has many passages of great power, and more of truthful pathos."—*Britannia*.

New Fictions.

II.

THE SCHOOL FOR DREAMERS.

By T. Gwynne, Esq., Author of "The School for Fathers." One Volume, crown 8vo. Price 10s. 6d.

"The master-limner of the follies of mankind, the author of 'The School for Fathers,' has produced another tale to the full as attractive as the former, and abounding with traits of exquisite humour and sallies of sparkling wit. The book is, what few books are, a rich treat."—*John Bull*.

"'The School for Dreamers' may be credited with life, humour, and vigour. There is a spirit of enjoyment in Mr. Gwynne's descriptions which indicates a genial temperament, as well as a shrewd eye."—*Athenaeum*.

"Mr. Gwynne touches the conventional absurdities as well as the proprieties of life with a masterly hand, and by a few strokes of singular delicacy lays bare the follies and the sensibilities of mankind."—*Bell's Messenger*.

"A story which inculcates a sound and sensible moral in a manner equally delightful and effective. The style is fresh, fragrant, and vigorous; the characters are strongly marked, and the incidents interwoven with skill and ingenuity."—*Morning Post*.

"There is pith in the writing. The descriptions, whether of persons or things, are true and life-like. The personages, too, are realities, and talk and act naturally. Throughout the story, the reader's attention never flags."—*Critic*.

"There is purpose in the present story. It is in effect a biting satire upon ultra-devotion to the crude and undigested mouthings of the leveller and the socialist."—*Weekly Dispatch*.

"'The School for Dreamers,' a powerfully and skilfully-written book, is intended to show the mischief and danger of following imagination instead of judgment in the practical business of life. The characters of the tale are ably sketched, and the incidents effectively described."—*Literary Gazette*.

"An admirable and caustic satire on 'equality and fraternity' theories."—*Britannia*.

III.

THE SCHOOL FOR FATHERS; An Old English Story.

By T. Gwynne. Crown 8vo. Price 10s. 6d.

"The pleasantest tale we have read for many a day. It is a story of the *Tatler* and *Spectator* days, and is very fitly associated with that time of good English literature by its manly feeling, direct, unaffected manner of writing, and nicely-managed, well-turned narrative. The characters have all of them the air of reality—the charm derivable only from what one feels to have been sincerely observed; and the effect is genuine and perfectly satisfactory. The descriptions are excellent; some of the country painting is as fresh as a landscape by Constable, or an idyl by Alfred Tennyson."—*Examiner*.

"A hale, hearty, unaffected, honest, downright English tale—such a one as is very rarely met with in these days. A vigorous painting of English men and manners, by an artist who is thoroughly national in his genius, taste, education, and prejudices. Few are the tales so interesting to read, and so admirable in purpose and style, as 'The School for Fathers.'"—*Globe*.

"'The School for Fathers' is at once highly amusing and deeply interesting—full of that genuine humour which is half pathos—and written with a freshness of feeling and raciness of style which entitle it to be called a tale in the *Vicar of Wakefield* school. It is a tale to amuse and instruct both old and young, and which we should wish to see in the hands of our sons and daughters."—*Britannia*.

Currer Bell's New Fiction.

VILLETTE. By CURRER BELL,

Author of "JANE EYRE," "SHIRLEY," &c.

In Three Volumes, Post 8vo, Price 1l. 11s. 6d.

"This book would have made Currer Bell famous had she not been already. It retrieves all the ground she lost in 'Shirley,' and it will engage a wider circle of readers than 'Jane Eyre,' for it has all the best qualities of that remarkable book. There is throughout a charm of freshness which is infinitely delightful: freshness in observation, freshness in feeling, freshness in expression. Brain and heart are both held in suspense by the fascinating power of the writer."—*Literary Gazette*.

"This novel amply sustains the fame of the author of 'Jane Eyre' and 'Shirley' as an original and powerful writer. 'Villette' is a most admirably written novel, everywhere original, everywhere shrewd, and at heart everywhere kindly. The men, women, and children who figure throughout it have flesh and blood in them, and all are worked out in such a way as to evince a very keen spirit of observation, and a fine sense of the picturesque in character."—*Examiner*.

"The tale is one of the affections, and remarkable as a picture of manners. A burning heart glows throughout it, and one brilliantly distinct character keeps it alive. The oldest man, the sternest, who is a genuine novel-reader, will find it hard to get out of Madame Beck's school, when he has once entered there with Lucy Snowe, and made acquaintance with the choleric, vain, child-like, and noble-hearted M. Paul Emanuel."—*Athenaeum*.

"Of interesting scenes and well-drawn characters there is abundance. The characters are various, happily conceived, and some of them painted with a truth of detail rarely surpassed. The style of 'Villette' has that clearness and power which are the result of mastery over the thoughts and feelings to be expressed, over the persons and scenes to be described."—*Spectator*.

"'Villette' may claim the unhesitating commendations of readers and critics. The autobiography of the heroine is at once natural, interesting, cheerful, piquant, and thoughtful."—*Britannia*.

"'Villette' is not only a very able but a very pleasant book. It is a tale which, though here and there it is dashed with wonder and melancholy, is as a whole cheerful and piquant; abundant in clear, clear-cut, strongly-drawn etchings, presenting so pleasant and effective a transcript of manners, English and Continental, that its success cannot fail to be remarkable."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"Everything written by Currer Bell is remarkable. She can touch nothing without leaving on it the stamp of originality. Of her three novels this is perhaps the strangest, the most astonishing, though not the best. The sustained ability is perhaps greater in 'Villette' than in its two predecessors. The whole three volumes are crowded with beauties; with good things, for which we look to the clear sight, deep feeling, and singular though not extensive experience of life, which we associate with the name of Currer Bell."—*Daily News*.

"The author of 'Jane Eyre' and 'Shirley' has again produced a fiction of extraordinary literary power, and of singular fascination; it is one of the most absorbing of books, one of the most interesting of stories. 'Villette' will add immensely to the author of 'Jane Eyre's' fame, as a philosophical and analytical expositor of the human heart and feelings."—*Globe*.

Mr. Thackeray's New Fiction.

ESMOND. By W. M. THACKERAY,
 Author of "PENDENNIS," "VANITY FAIR," &c.
 Second Edition.

In Three Volumes, Crown 8vo, Price 1l. 11s. 6d.

"A second edition of "Esmond" within a few weeks of the issue of the first, speaks significantly for Mr. Thackeray's growing popularity. . . . Mr. Thackeray has selected for his hero a very noble type of the cavalier softening into the man of the eighteenth century, and for his heroine one of the sweetest women that ever breathed from canvass or from book, since Raffaelle painted and Shakespeare wrote. Esmond will, we think, rank higher as a work of art than "Vanity Fair" or "Pendennis," because the characters are of a higher type, and drawn with greater finish, and the book is more of a complete whole. The style is manly, clear, terse, and vigorous, reflecting every mood—pathetic, grave, or sarcastic—of the writer."—*Spectator*.

"Once more we feel that we have before us a masculine and thorough English writer, uniting the power of subtle analysis with a strong volition and a moving eloquence—an eloquence which has gained in richness and harmony. His pathos is now sweeter,—less jarred against by angry sarcasm, but perhaps scarcely so powerful. Esmond must be read, not for its characters, but for its romantic though improbable plot, its spirited grouping, and its many thrilling utterances of the anguish of the human heart. Having reached the middle of the first volume, "forward" will be the wish of every reader of this highly-wrought work."—*Athenaeum*.

"The interest of 'Esmond' is, in the main, purely human interest. The story is more than anything a family story. The effect is as if you had suddenly come into that old time as into a chamber; and the light you see things by is that of the warm domestic fire blazing there. By that light you see the faces of the painted old ladies, and the jolly men of letters, and the great lords, and the brave soldiers. The book is as interesting as any previous book of the author's, and more absolutely real than any historical novel since Scott's early ones."—*Daily News*.

"We have at once to express in the warmest terms of praise our appreciation of the skill and taste with which 'Esmond' is written. The story of the novel is ingenious and very elegantly constructed, and carried onward so as to gratify constant curiosity until the end. In short, the book thoroughly occupies our minds with a sense of strength on the part of the writer, of which the manifestation is always made gracefully."—*Examiner*.

"In quiet richness, 'Esmond' mainly resembles the old writers; as it does also in weight of thought, sincerity of purpose, and poetry of the heart and brain. It is wise and sweet in its recesses of thought and feeling; and is more hopeful, consolatory, and kindly than 'Vanity Fair.' Thinking and educated readers will discern in it an immense advance in literary power over Mr. Thackeray's previous writings."—*Fraser's Magazine*.

"This is the best work of its kind that has been published for many years. As a picture of the social life and manners of English society in the reign of Queen Anne, it must long remain unrivalled. The characters dress, think, speak, and act, just as the men and women did in the time of Queen Anne; they are not mere puppets—Mr. Thackeray's genius makes them live."—*Atlas*.

Works of Mr. Ruskin.

I.

THE STONES OF VENICE. Volume the First. THE FOUNDATIONS.

With Twenty-One Plates and numerous Woodcuts. Imperial 8vo, 2*l.* 2*s.* in embossed cloth, with top edge gilt.

“The book before us contains Mr. Ruskin’s theory and doctrines of the elements of architecture, applied to the various points of practical building. Throughout is manifest the great aim of inculcating, by every possible form of precept and example, the absolute necessity of preserving an unfailing correspondence between the destinations of buildings, and their forms and decorations. Mr. Ruskin’s book cannot be read by any one without improvement to his moral sense and mental discipline. The book has an indestructible value. It tells us the truth on much where it greatly imports us to be informed. The eloquence of the book is extraordinary.”—*Examiner*.

“At once popular and profound, this book will be gratefully hailed by a circle of readers even larger than Mr. Ruskin has found for his previous works. He has so written as to catch the ear of all kinds of persons.”—*Literary Gazette*.

“The reputation which Mr. Ruskin has earned by his former works will probably receive a great accession of lustre from ‘The Stones of Venice.’ This work, as we had a right to expect from the age and evidently growing powers of the author, may be justly described as his most valuable performance, and fitted to become the most popular of all his productions.”—*British Quarterly Review*.

“Mr. Ruskin has seized on the great principle that all art is the expression of man’s delight in God’s work. This is his clue through the universe; holding fast by that, he can never get far wrong. His pursuit of truth is as admirable for its clear-sightedness as it is for its honesty.”—*Eclectic Review*.

“We adjudge this to be an excellent book, and a valuable assistance, if studied with caution, to students of art. The matter is weighty and suggestive; the style, both forcible and beautiful; the lucid order of the composition, admirable.”—*Architectural Quarterly Review*.

* * * The Second Volume is nearly ready.

II.

EXAMPLES of THE ARCHITECTURE of VENICE, Selected and Drawn to Measurement from the Edifices.

Now in course of publication, in Parts, of Folio Imperial size.

Each containing Five Plates, and a short explanatory text, price 1*l.* 1*s.* each.

Parts One to Three are published.

Fifty India Proofs only are taken on Atlas Folio, price 2*l.* 2*s.* each Part.

Works of Mr. Ruskin.

III.

MODERN PAINTERS. Imperial 8vo. Vol. I. *Fifth Edition*, 18s. cloth. Vol. II. *Third Edition*, 10s. 6d. cloth.

“Mr. Ruskin’s work will send the painter more than ever to the study of nature; will train men who have always been delighted spectators of nature, to be also attentive observers. Our critics will learn to admire, and mere admirers will learn how to criticise: thus a public will be educated.”—*Blackwood’s Magazine*.

“A generous and impassioned review of the works of living painters. A hearty and earnest work, full of deep thought, and developing great and striking truths in art.”—*British Quarterly Review*.

“A very extraordinary and delightful book, full of truth and goodness, of power and beauty.”—*North British Review*.

“One of the most remarkable works on art which has appeared in our time.”—*Edinburgh Review*.

* * * The Third Volume is in preparation.

IV.

THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE.

With Fourteen Etchings by the Author. Imp. 8vo, 1*l.* 1*s.*

“By the ‘Seven Lamps of Architecture,’ we understand Mr. Ruskin to mean the seven fundamental and cardinal laws, the observance of and obedience to which are indispensable to the architect who would deserve the name. The politician, the moralist, the divine, will find in it ample store of instructive matter, as well as the artist.”—*Examiner*.

V.

PRE-RAPHAELITISM. 8vo, 2*s.* sewed.

“We wish that this pamphlet might be largely read by our art-patrons, and studied by our art-critics. There is much to be collected from it which it is very important to remember.”—*Guardian*.

VI.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER; OR, THE BLACK BROTHERS. With 22 Illustrations by RICHARD DOYLE. 2*s.* 6*d.*

“This little fairy tale is by a master-hand. The story has a charming moral, and the writing is so excellent, that it would be hard to say which it will give most pleasure to, the very wise man or the very simple child.”—*Examiner*.

VII.

NOTES on the CONSTRUCTION of SHEEP-FOLDS. 8vo, 1*s.*

“A pamphlet on the doctrine and discipline of the Church of Christ.”—*Britannia*.

Works of Mr. Leigh Hunt.

I.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LEIGH HUNT: with Reminiscences of Friends and Contemporaries. 3 vols. post 8vo, with Portraits, 15s. cloth.

“These volumes contain a personal recollection of the literature and politics, as well as some of the most remarkable literary men and politicians, of the last fifty years. The reminiscences are varied by sketches of manners during the same period, and by critical remarks on various topics. They are also extended by boyish recollection, family tradition, and contemporary reading; so that we have a sort of social picture of almost a century, with its fluctuations of public fortune and its changes of fashions, manners, and opinions.”—*Spectator*.

II.

THE TOWN: its Memorable Characters and Events. 2 vols. post 8vo, with 45 Illustrations, 1l. 4s. cloth.

“We will allow no higher enjoyment for a rational Englishman than to stroll leisurely through this marvellous town arm-in-arm with Mr. Leigh Hunt. He gives us the outpourings of a mind enriched with the most agreeable knowledge.”—*Times*.

III.

MEN, WOMEN, AND BOOKS. 2 vols. post 8vo, with Portrait, 10s. cloth.

“A book for a parlour-window, for a summer’s eve, for a warm fireside, for a half-hour’s leisure, for a whole day’s luxury; in any and every possible shape a charming companion.”—*Westminster Review*.

IV.

IMAGINATION AND FANCY. 5s. cloth.

“The very essence of the sunniest qualities of the English poets.”—*Atlas*.

V.

WIT AND HUMOUR. 5s. cloth.

“A book at once exhilarating and suggestive.”—*Athenæum*.

VI.

A JAR OF HONEY FROM MOUNT HYBLA. 5s.

“A book acceptable at all seasons.”—*Athenæum*.

VII.

TABLE TALK. 3s. 6d. cloth.

“Precisely the book we would take as a companion on the green lane walk.”—*Globe*.

Works of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell.

I.

SHIRLEY; a Tale. By CURRER BELL. A new Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s. cloth.

“The peculiar power which was so greatly admired in ‘Jane Eyre’ is not absent from this book. It possesses deep interest, and an irresistible grasp of reality. There is a vividness and distinctness of conception in it quite marvellous. The power of graphic delineation and expression is intense. There are scenes which, for strength and delicacy of emotion, are not transcended in the range of English fiction. The women will be the favourites with all readers. Both are charming. The views of human nature which pervade the volumes, are healthy, tolerant, and encouraging.”—*Examiner*.

“‘Shirley’ is an admirable book; genuine English in the independence and uprightness of the tone of thought, in the purity of heart and feeling which pervade it, in the masculine vigour of its conception of character, and in style and diction. It is a tale of passion and character, and a veritable triumph of psychology.”—*Morning Chronicle*.

“‘Shirley’ is very clever. The faculty of graphic description, strong imagination, fervid and masculine diction, analytic skill, all are visible. Gems of rare thought and glorious passion shine here and there throughout the volumes.”—*Times*.

II.

JANE EYRE: an Autobiography. By CURRER BELL. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s. cloth.

“‘Jane Eyre’ is a remarkable production. Freshness and originality, truth and passion, singular felicity in the description of natural scenery and in the analyzation of human thought, enable this tale to stand boldly out from the mass, and to assume its own place in the bright field of romantic literature. We could not but be struck with the raciness and ability of the work, by the independent sway of a thoroughly original and unworn pen, by the masculine current of noble thoughts, and the unflinching dissection of the dark yet truthful character.”—*Times*.

III.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS and **AGNES GREY**. By ELLIS and ACTON BELL. With a Selection of their Literary Remains, and a Biographical Notice of both Authors, by CURRER BELL. Crown 8vo, 6s. cloth.

“‘Wuthering Heights’ bears the stamp of a profoundly individual, strong, and passionate mind. The memoir is one of the most touching chapters in literary biography.”—*Nonconformist*.

IV.

POEMS. By CURRER, ELLIS, and ACTON BELL. Fcap. 8vo, 4s. cloth.

“Remarkable as being the first efforts of undoubted genius to find some congenial form of expression. They are not common verses, but show many of the vigorous qualities in the prose works of the same writers: the love of nature which characterises Currer Bell’s prose works pervades the whole of the present volume.”—*Christian Remembrancer*.

Miss Kavanagh's Female Biographies.

I.

WOMEN OF CHRISTIANITY, EXEMPLARY FOR PIETY AND CHARITY. By Miss JULIA KAVANAGH. Post 8vo, with Portraits. Price 12s. in embossed cloth, gilt edges.

“The authoress has supplied a great desideratum both in female biography and morals. Her examples of female excellence are taken from the earliest ages of the church, and come down to recent times: she has a niche in her temple for every one who deserves a position there. The style is clear, the matter solid, and the conclusions just.”—*Globe*.

“A more noble and dignified tribute to the virtues of her sex we can scarcely imagine than this work, which Miss Kavanagh has reared, like a monumental tablet, to the memory of the ‘Women of Christianity.’ To this grateful task the gifted authoress has brought talents of no ordinary range, and, more than all, a spirit of eminent piety, and admiration for the good and beautiful, and a heart entirely absorbed in the work she has so ably accomplished.”—*Church of England Quarterly Review*.

“The women portrayed have been selected from every period of the Christian era; the same range of female biography is taken by no other volume; and an equal skill in the delineation of characters is rarely to be found. The author has accomplished her task with intelligence and feeling, and with general fairness and truth: she displays subtle penetration and broad sympathy, joining therewith purity and pious sentiment, intellectual refinement and large-heartedness, and writes with unusual elegance and felicity.”—*Nonconformist*.

“Miss Kavanagh has wisely chosen that noble succession of saintly women who, in all ages of Christianity, are united by their devotion to the sick, the wretched, and the destitute.”—*Guardian*.

II.

WOMAN IN FRANCE DURING THE 18TH CENTURY. By JULIA KAVANAGH. 2 vols. post 8vo, with Eight Portraits. 12s. in embossed cloth.

“Miss Kavanagh has undertaken a delicate task, and she has performed it on the whole with discretion and judgment. Her volumes may lie on any drawing-room table without scandal, and may be read by all but her youngest countrywomen without risk.”—*Quarterly Review*.

“Elegantly illustrated with a series of line engravings, this work has claims upon the boudoir-table, in right of its guise and garniture. But its letterpress is superior to the general staple of books of this class. Miss Kavanagh proves herself adroit in sketching, and solid in judging character. Which among us will be ever tired of reading about the women of France? especially when they are marshalled so agreeably and discreetly as in the pages before us.”—*Atbenæum*.

“There is a great deal of cleverness and good taste in this book. The subject is handled with much delicacy and tact, and takes a wide range of examples. Miss Kavanagh’s volumes are to be commended as a compact view of a period of always reviving interest (now more than usually attractive) pleasingly executed. The book shows often an original tone of remark, and always a graceful and becoming one.”—*Examiner*.

Miscellaneous.

POETICS : AN ESSAY ON POETRY.

By E. S. DALLAS, Esq.

In One Volume, crown 8vo. Price 9s. cloth.

“This book is one of the most remarkable emanations of the present time. It actually overflows with the nectar of thought. ‘Poetics’ should be read, for no reviewer can present a perfect idea of the richness of language and aphorism which run, like silver threads, through the soberer line of argument.—*Critic*.

“A remarkable work—the work of a scholar, a critic, a thinker. It contains many novel views and much excellent matter. The style is fresh, independent, sharp, clear, and often felicitous. Amidst the intricacies of his complex subject, Mr. Dallas moves with the calm precision of one who knows the labyrinth.”—*Leader*.

“A mind at once acute and imaginative, a range of reading so wide as to seem marvellous, a power of classification which we have rarely seen equalled, are the characteristics shown on every page. The work is deserving of a most attentive perusal.”—*Free Church Magazine*.

CONVERSATIONS OF GOETHE WITH ECKER-MANN. Translated from the German by JOHN OXFORD. 2 vols. post 8vo, 10s. cloth.

“These conversations present a distinct and truthful image of Goethe’s mind during the last ten years of his life. And never was his judgment more clear and correct than in his closing years. The time spent on the perusal of this book will be usefully and agreeably employed. Mr. Oxford’s translation is as exact and faithful as it is elegant.”—*Spectator*.

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF CASTE.

By B. A. IRVING, Esq.

One Volume, post 8vo, price 5s.

“An elaborate and painstaking performance, exhibiting a digested view of the old theory and the actual operation of caste, from the best authorities, and giving rise to some hints that may be useful in our future dealings with the people of India.”—*Spectator*.

“A volume worth consulting, especially for the indications it affords of the sources of our success in establishing a peaceful dominion in India, amongst races of different religions.”—*Globe*.

THE LAND TAX OF INDIA, According to the Moohummudan Law.

By NEIL B. E. BAILLIE, Esq.,

Author of the “Moohummudan Law of Sale,” &c.
8vo, price 6s.

“A most valuable addition to the stock of materials accessible to the English reader on the ‘Land Tax of India.’ Mr. Baillie may be said to exhaust the subject of which he affords a complete elucidation, and the accuracy of his translation may be implicitly relied on.”—*Press*.

A PORTRAIT OF W. M. THACKERAY, Esq. Engraved by Francis Holl, from a Drawing by Samuel Laurence. Engravers’ Proofs on India Paper, 2*l.* 2*s.* ; Prints, 1*l.* 1*s.*

Works of Practical Information.

GEOLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS ON CORAL REEFS, VOLCANIC ISLANDS, AND ON SOUTH AMERICA. By CHARLES DARWIN, M.A. &c. In 1 vol. 8vo, with Maps, Plates, and Woodcuts, 10s. 6d. cloth.

THE BRITISH OFFICER; HIS POSITION, DUTIES, EMO-
LUMENTS, AND PRIVILEGES. By J. H. STOCQUELER.
8vo, 15s. cloth extra.

“In writing this book Mr. Stocqueler has performed an acceptable service to the military profession. The style is clear, vigorous, and precise; and the arrangement perspicuous and systematic. The book has also a value to non-professional readers.”
—*Athenaeum.*

THE SAILOR’S HORN-BOOK OF STORMS. By HENRY PIDDINGTON, Esq. Second Edition, 8vo, 10s. 6d., with Charts and Storm-Cards.

“A valuable practical work.”—*Nautical Magazine.*

CONVERSATIONS ABOUT HURRICANES, FOR THE USE OF PLAIN SAILORS. By HENRY PIDDINGTON. 8vo, 7s. With Diagrams and Storm-Cards.

CRAWFURD’S GRAMMAR AND DICTIONARY OF THE MALAY LANGUAGE.

2 vols. 8vo, 36s. cloth.

“These volumes are inestimable to the philologist as well as the Eastern traveller and trader; and the first is interesting to all educated readers, because in that are included the preliminary dissertation and the grammar. It is a book of standard and enduring value, and at once establishes its claim to take rank as the best authority now extant on the subject of which it treats.”—*Examiner.*

DR. ROYLE ON THE CULTURE AND COM-
MERCE OF COTTON IN INDIA.

8vo, 18s. cloth.

THE GOLD VALUER; being Tables for Ascertaining the Value of Gold, as Naturally Produced, or Artificially Amalgamated. By JAMES H. WATHERSTON, Goldsmith. Post 8vo, price 3s. 9d. cloth.

Religious, and Educational.

THE NOVITiate; OR, THE JESUIT IN TRAINING: being a Year among the English Jesuits. By ANDREW STEINMETZ. *Third Edition*, post 8vo, 5s. cloth.

“This is a remarkable book. It describes with a welcome minuteness, the daily, nightly, hourly occupations of the Jesuit Novitiates of Stonyhurst, their religious exercises and manners, in private and together; and depicts, with considerable acuteness and powers the conflicts of an intelligent, susceptible, honest-purposed spirit, while passing through such a process.”—*British Quarterly Review*.

A CONVERTED ATHEIST’S TESTIMONY TO THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY: being the Autobiography of ALEXANDER HARRIS. *Fourth Edition*, fcap. 8vo, 3s. cloth.

“A very interesting account of the experience of an intelligent and sincere mind on the subject of religion. We can honestly recommend the book to the notice of our readers.”—*Eclectic Review*.

THE RECTORY OF VALEHEAD. By the Rev. ROBERT WILSON EVANS. *Fourteenth Edition*. 3s. cloth.

“Universally and cordially do we recommend this delightful volume. We believe no person could read this work and not be the better for its pious and touching lessons.”—*Literary Gazette*.

ELEMENTARY WORKS on SOCIAL SCIENCE. Uniform in fcap. 8vo, half-bound.

- I.—OUTLINES OF SOCIAL ECONOMY. 1s. 6d.
- II.—PROGRESSIVE LESSONS IN SOCIAL SCIENCE. 1s. 6d.
- III.—INTRODUCTION TO THE SOCIAL SCIENCES. 2s.
- IV.—QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON THE ARRANGEMENTS AND RELATIONS OF SOCIAL LIFE. 2s. 6d.
- V.—OUTLINES OF THE UNDERSTANDING. 2s.
- VI.—WHAT AM I? WHERE AM I? WHAT OUGHT I TO DO? &c. 1s. sewed.

“The author of these various manuals of the social sciences has the art of stating clearly the abstruse points of political economy and metaphysics, and making them level to every understanding.”—*Economist*.

PARENTS’ CABINET OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION. 6 vols. 2s. 6d. each. Each volume is complete in itself, and may be had separately.

LITTLE STORIES FROM THE PARLOUR PRINTING PRESS. By the Author of the “Parents’ Cabinet.” 2s. cloth.

THE CALCUTTA REVIEW. Published Quarterly, and received regularly by the Overland Mail. Nos. I. to XXXVI., 6s. each.

The articles, written by gentlemen long resident in India, connected with the Civil and Military services, the Missionary establishments, the Bar, the Church, Commerce, the Press, &c., contain, in a condensed form, an immense mass of information relating to the contemporary History and Biography of India, Eastern Ethnography, Philology, Topography, Statistics, Science, Literature, Missionary labours, Society, Manners and Customs, and a large body of original intelligence of the most authentic character.

THE BOMBAY QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.
Nos. I. to X., Price 4s. each.

BOOKS FOR THE USE OF THE BLIND,

Printed with a very distinct Raised Roman Letter, adapted to their Touch.

The HOLY BIBLE, in 15 vols. 4to, bound. Any volume separately:—

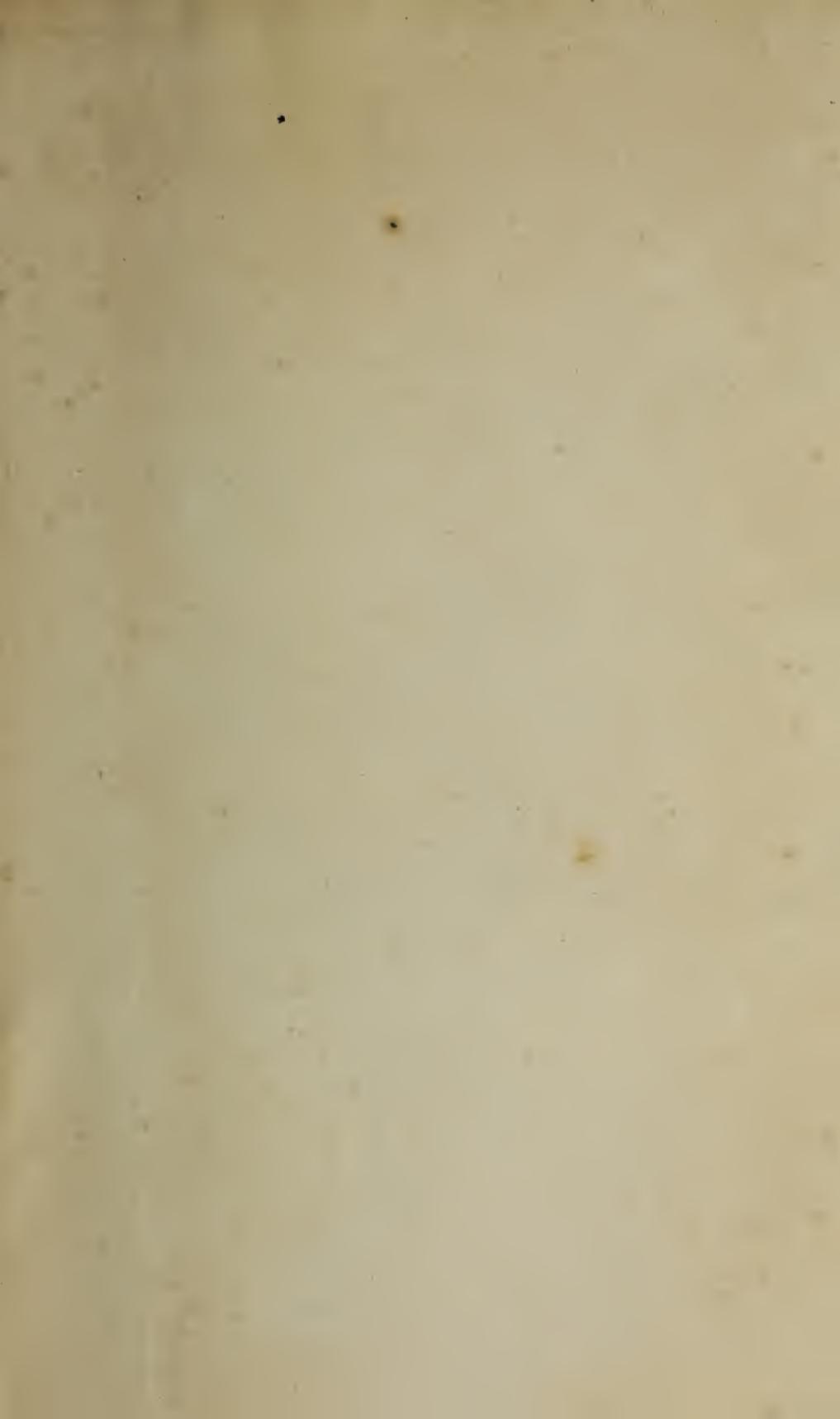
Vol.	£	s.	d.	Vol.	£	s.	d.
1. Genesis	0	10	0	10. Psalms	0	13	0
2. Exodus and Leviticus ..	0	13	0	11. Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Song of Solomon, and Esther	0	8	6
3. Numbers	0	9	0	12. Isaiah	0	10	0
4. Deuteronomy	0	7	6	13. Jeremiah and Lamen- tations	0	11	0
5. Joshua, Judges, and Ruth ..	0	10	0	14. Ezekiel	0	10	0
6. Samuel	0	11	0	15. Daniel, to the end	0	11	0
7. Kings	0	11	0				
8. Chronicles	0	11	0				
9. Job, Ezra, and Nehemiah ..	0	9	0				

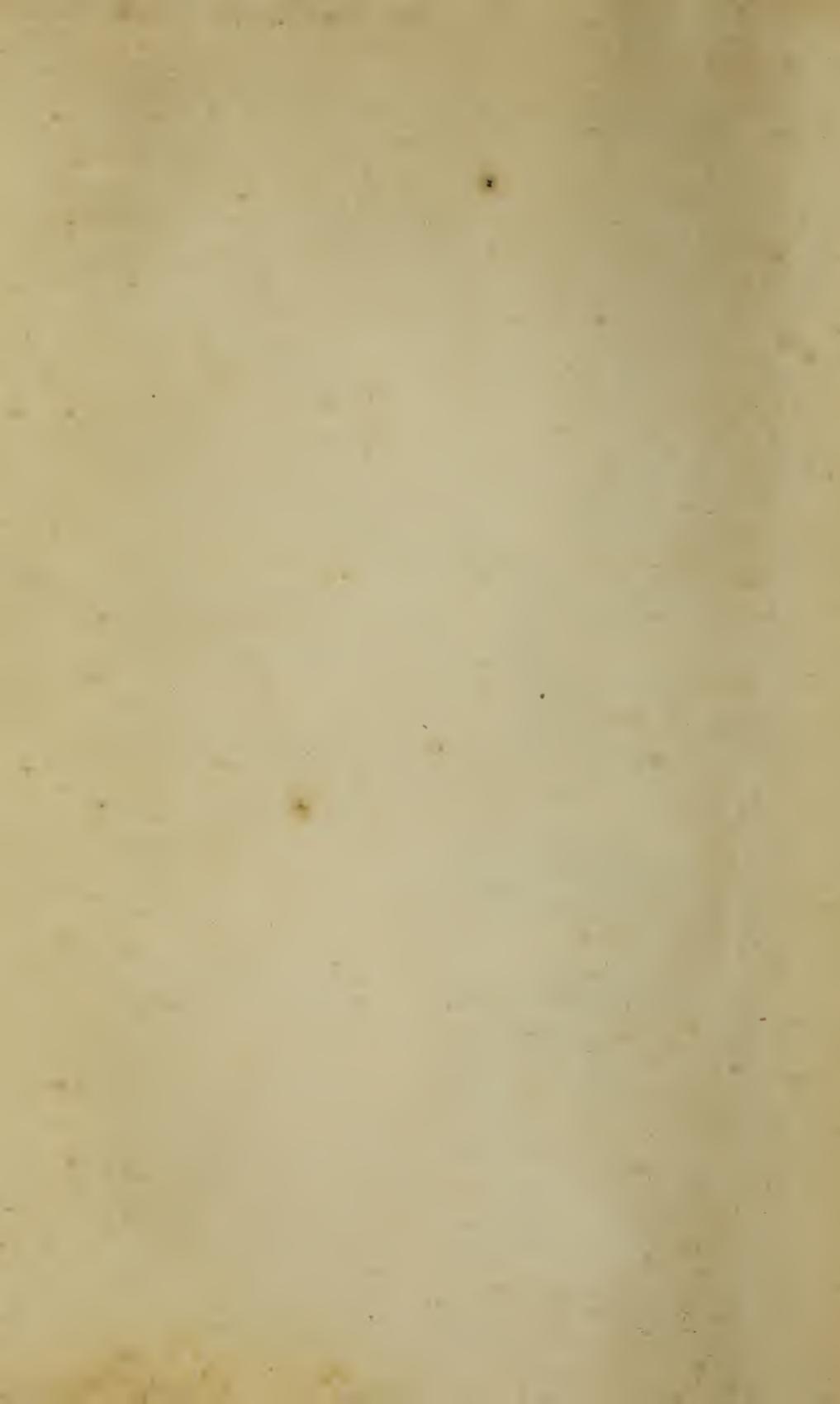
The NEW TESTAMENT, complete, 4 vols. bound £2 0 0

The Four Gospels, separately:—

Matthew	0	5	6	Acts of the Apostles	0	5	6
Mark	0	4	0	Epistles to the Ephesians and Galatians	0	4	0
Luke	0	5	6	Epistle to the Romans	0	4	0
John	0	4	6				

Church of England Catechism ..	0	1	0	Lessons on Natural Religion	0	1	6
Church of Scotland Shorter Catechism	0	2	6	Psalms and Hymns (English version)	0	12	0
Selections from Eminent Authors	0	1	6	Morning & Evening Services	0	2	6
Selections of Sacred Poetry, with Tunes	0	1	0	History of the Bible	0	2	0
Arithmetical Boards	0	10	6	Musical Catechism, with Tunes	0	3	6
Map of England and Wales	0	2	0	English Grammar	0	5	0
Ruth and James	0	2	6	Tod's Lectures, vols. 1, 2, and 3, each	0	2	6
Report and Statement of Education	0	2	0	Description of London, by Chambers	0	3	0
First and Second Book of Lessons	0	1	6	Meditations on the Sacra- ment	0	4	0
A Selection of Aesop's Fa- bles, with Woodcuts	0	2	0	Scottish Songs	0	3	0
Psalms and Paraphrases, 2 vols. (Scotch version) ..	0	16	0	Introduction to Astronomy	0	3	6
				Alphabet, on Card	0	0	1





UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 045848238